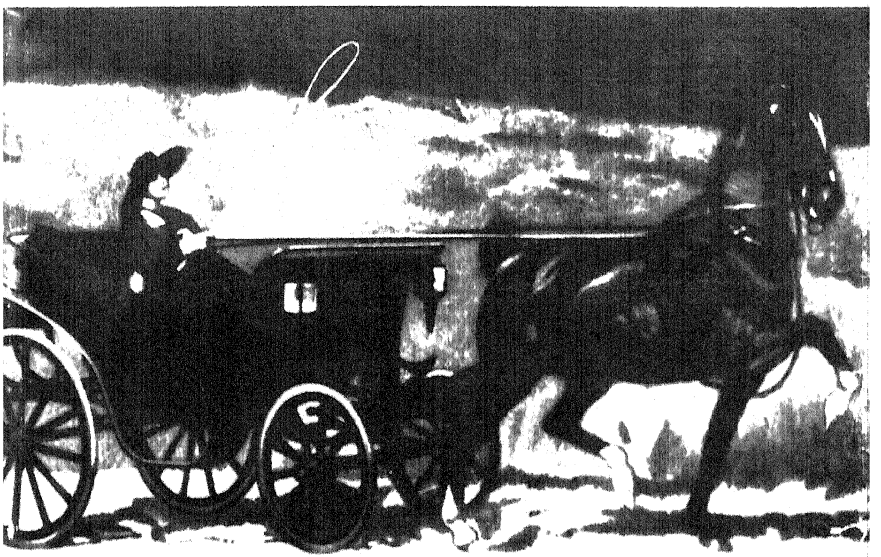
Loula Long Combs



My Revelation

My Revelation

Admirers of Loula Long Combs and lovers of horses far and wide have eagerly awaited the publication of this book. Mrs. Combs speaks of herself as the Grandmother of the show ring, and it is generally agreed that she has shown horses longer than any other living person. She has shown her horses in over half the states of the Union and in the District of Columbia, also in England and in Canada.

The author's love for horses dates back to early childhood; and, in a facetious moment, she suggests that it probably goes back even further than that—to January 30, 1881, the day of her birth. At any rate, her consuming interest in animals in general, and horses in particular, has profoundly influenced her entire life. The depth of her concern is graphically portrayed in the closing words of the first chapter of her book: "We wonder whether, in that afterlife, there may not be 'Green Pastures' of surpassing loveliness, watered by the crystal heavenly stream, where we may find again these animal friends. . . . Who knows?"

In a lighter vein, and from a decidedly more mundane point of view, this concern is summed up thus by an admiring reporter, in speaking of the expense of keeping up a hundred harness horses: "Well, no doubt such a hobby costs money, but Loula gives you the impression that if she owned nothing but a horse, an apple and a one-room shack, she'd split the apple with the horse and toss a coin to see which one would sleep in the house."

The book takes its title from the name of the horse that was especially dear to her—Revelation—so called because he was just that, a revelation, when put through the paces. But while Revelation occupies a central place in the book, he is on one of numerous horses that prance through its pages. All her harness horses—she disposed of her saddle horses some years ago—have names ending in "ion," this method of naming them beginning with Sensation in 1908 and continuing to the present. You will meet a number of these fine horses within this book.

The author succeeds admirably in catching the spirit of the times and places that have impinged upon her life. Her treatment of the days of horse-drawn fire engines and the numerous other quaint conveyances in use around

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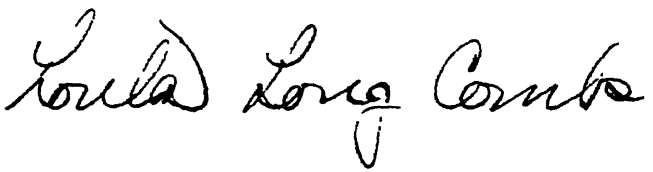
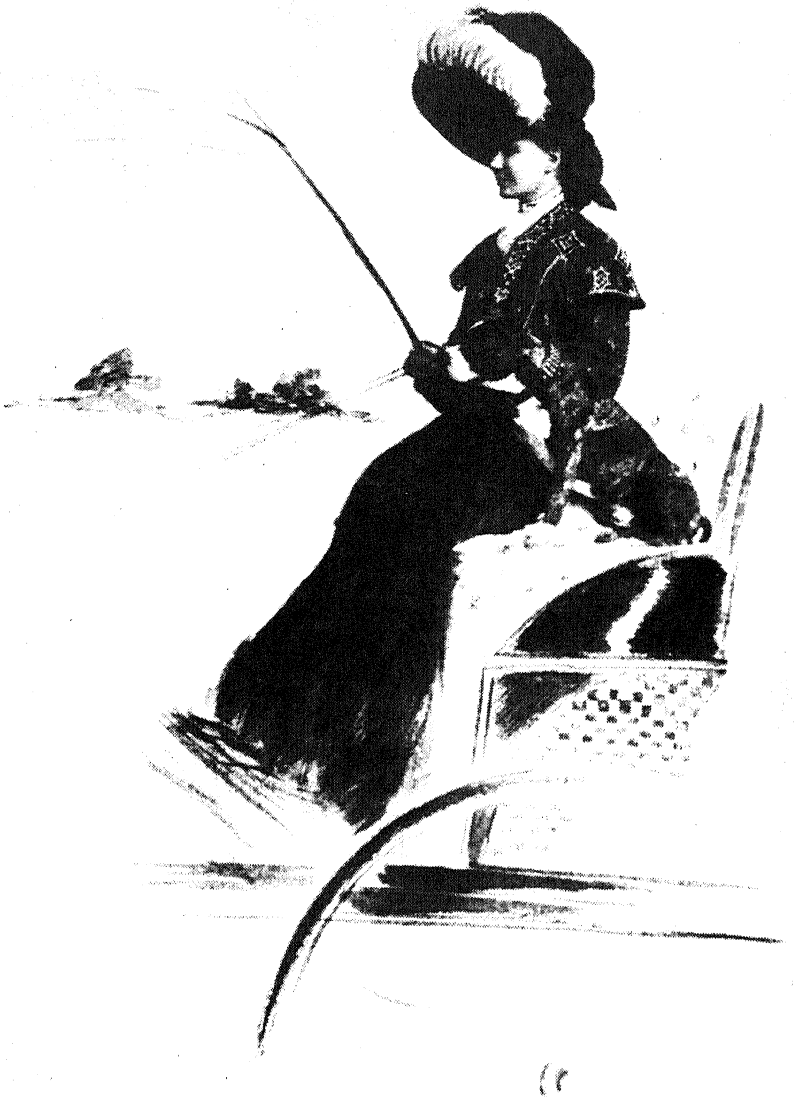


Reproduction of Loula's signature from original autographed edition.

My Revelation

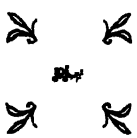


Off for a Drive in 1903

My Revelation

By

Loula Long Combs



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LOULA LONG COMBS

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To

My Father and Mother

INTRODUCTION

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

LOULA LONG COMBS. *If the potency of her prayers* is measured by the depths of her love for all animals, both great and small, and for horses in particular, then the power of those prayers would be as great as the wide open spaces of her Western world. Her love for horses is as natural, as rugged, and as vigorous as the sunflower, her birth state's native flower, which turns its golden face to the sun and sends its tenacious roots deep into the soil, withstanding drought and the wild winds, giving its numberless brown seeds to feed the birds of heaven and lavishly replenish the earth with its kind.

She is a true child of nature, and her love encompasses all animal life; the wild animal as well as the domestic senses her love and understanding and responds in a manner which seems like magic to the ordinary individual.

A baby coyote was given to her. Soon she tamed its wild heart and when she called, it responded with its peculiar sounds, coming to her to be fondled, thus showing its faith and trust in her, though it turned from the rest of the human family in fear. She touched a responsive chord in its heart by her gentleness and understanding.

A young skunk she tamed so that it stayed with her dogs, slept in a little bed, ate from her hand, and ran about the house. It grew into maturity; then the love call of its kind drew it back into the wild. This worried Lou for she had had

it deskunked to make it acceptable to civilized life, and she feared that it could not defend itself in the wild animal kingdom.

A lost dog, running, running in frantic fear, a lolling tongue, a foamy mouth, a drooping tail. Into a huge department store it ran, where on every side were strange human beings, all enemies. "A mad dog!" is the cry of the crowd; then a humane woman to the rescue, and a haven in kind arms. The dog was taken home, where water, food, and kindness quieted the wild fear. An advertisement located the owner and restored the dog to its home—another example of the love and sympathy of Loula Long Combs for animals.

In her, a sick dog found a devoted nurse, for she would sit up all night to care for it and minister to its needs.

A mother dog was delivered of its puppies by a Caesarean operation. She died, so every few hours, day and night, the pups were fed with a medicine dropper by a soul whose love of animals was so great that no task was too menial for her to render if it meant their comfort and well-being.

When Loula Long Combs's show horses are too old for the show ring, does she sell them? Oh, no! They are turned out on pasture at Longview Farm, a paradise for animals and man. There they pass the years, dreaming of victories won over their competitors and of the glories of the past.

Loula Long Combs's heart is a big heart, big enough for "all things both great and small." And if animals know her care and sympathy for their needs, the human family as well finds her tenderly compassionate in her effort to alleviate suffering of body and distress of mind and soul.

In the following pages she will tell you of her "love for horses" in her own style, but this book would be incomplete without this glimpse of the heart of this woman, seen by one who knows her well.

BURDETTE READ ELLIS.

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1

WHEN a small child if someone asked where I was born, I answered, "I was born in Kansas, but I was pedigreed from Kentucky and Pennsylvania." So you can see I thought of myself in horse terms at a very early age. And so, I begin this story with a sketch of my pedigree.

My Little Mother, Martha Ellen Wilson, was born on a farm near Oxford, Chester County, Pennsylvania. My maternal grandfather was a Quaker, and as my story progresses, you will probably recognize that I have inherited some of the Quaker traits.

My Grandfather Wilson died when my Mother was fourteen. After due consideration Grandmother decided the undeveloped West would offer greater opportunities for her nine children. There was that slogan to spur the ambitious youth of that era: "Go West, Young Man, Go West!" It was a battle call to the pioneer spirit of the American. Grandmother was a woman of great courage and foresight. Neither daunted nor dismayed by the hardships such a move would entail, she gathered her family and journeyed to that new and primitive town, Columbus, in Cherokee County, Kansas. It was nature in the raw: sleet, snow, and bitter cold in winter; the deep

mud of unpaved streets and roads in spring; and the torrid heat of summer, devoid of the comforts and conveniences they had known in the sturdy brick house on the fertile farm in a beautiful part of Pennsylvania.

Grandmother must have often wondered if she had been wise in making the change, but when the children were grown, the daughters married to fine men, the sons settled and successful in business, I am sure she felt repaid for the struggles and sacrifices she had made. Her Quaker training had given her sturdiness and steadfastness of character; her American heritage was a pioneer spirit which could hear the call of the mysterious forces of the unknown. She and her children gallantly faced nature in all its power in that prairie state of hardships. Battling against such forces developed brawn and brain in her stalwart sons and courageous daughters.

Even as this sturdy family of the East heard the clarion call of the opportunities of this western state, so it came with equal force to Robert Alexander Long, an ambitious youth of the South. My beloved Daddy was twenty-two when he decided to leave the farm in Shelby County, Kentucky, near the little village of Simpsonville, where he was born, to go west to seek his fortune. The glowing accounts of the unusual opportunities of the West took him as far as Kansas City, Missouri. This was the end of the first lap of his journey. There he remained for a short time in the home of an uncle. The lure of the undeveloped West was strong as he adventured on to Columbus, a small town in Kansas.

Perhaps Fate was writing a page in Destiny's Book when he, too, moved to the same town where lived Ella Wilson.

Having been reared on a farm, he felt perhaps he would do well to engage in the hay business. One had only to cut the great quantities that grew wild, and then protect it with sheds built of lumber. This first venture, however, was not successful, for that year the hay crop was a failure. So he tore down his sheds and sold the lumber, realizing more from this sale than the original cost of the material.

A new idea was born in his fertile brain, that of dealing in lumber. And that was how my Daddy became a lumberman—building the vast business which was later to be known world wide as the Long-Bell Lumber Company.

Daddy had found it hard to leave the old home, his father and mother, the brothers and sisters. Especially hard was the parting from his sister Sallie. There was an unusual bond of love between these two, so the separation was a bitter trial for both. He missed, too, the lovely Southern girls, for he had been quite a beau.

Soon this latter loneliness was past, for he met the charming blue-eyed, golden-haired Ella Wilson. Friendship soon grew into love, and on December 16, 1876, they were married. Even on his wedding day, this day of days, he was away from his office only two hours. That may seem queer on first thought, but it was indicative of his determination to succeed, of his steadfastness of purpose as related to duty. It foreshadowed that he would be a husband who would always protect and care for this lovely woman of his choice to the utmost of his ability. Because he performed every task in the little office and lumberyard, time was an important element, and he met the demands of the hour unfalteringly.

Many of the customs of that day seem strange now. For example, I never heard my Mother call Daddy anything but "Mr. Long," and they had been married over fifty years when my Little Mother left this world. That was a custom of the Old South. Likewise, the man always addressed his future wife as "Miss So-and-So." It seems to have been a mark of respect of one sex for the other—so unlike the "hail-fellow-well-met" attitude of today. "Mr. Long" had a little cottage waiting for his winsome bride, and I have heard him say that many of the happiest hours of his life were spent in that modest home.

As the lumber business grew—and it did grow rapidly, for Kansas was a young state with a great demand for lumber to build homes—and as prosperity smiled upon this young

couple, rooms were added to the little cottage. The first child, a boy, lived only two weeks, his passing away bringing the first sorrow to the youthful parents. To them life without children would have been incomplete, so when two years later Sallie America was born, there was sincere rejoicing in the Long household.

Again one wonders if Fate was writing a chapter in her Book of Destiny, foretelling in a rather unique way the future of this child. Observe the wholly unpremeditated facts as they appear through the years: Sallie America was born in *Columbus* on *election* day and later lived on *Independence* Boulevard in Kansas City, Missouri. She was educated in *Washington*, D. C.; married an *officer* in the *United States Navy;* her first child, born on the *Fourth of July*, was named *Martha.*

On January 30, 1881, I, Loula Long, came to the home of Ella Wilson and Robert Alexander Long. The fleeting years of infancy and early childhood quickly passed. My earliest memories are of the happiness in that little home.

If the conjunction of the stars at birth indicates the future of the individual, my birth star must have pointed to a stable, for my love of horses has always been the dominant force ruling my activities through the years. When I was four, Daddy built a new house; but it was not the new house that made the impression on me—it was the *new stable!*

Those were happy, carefree days in Columbus. In small towns everyone knows everyone else, and close personal friendships are the result of neighborly deeds and neighborly interest. A number of our relatives lived there, members of Mother's family; so Sallie and I played mostly with our four boy cousins.

A great event in our lives was the arrival of a circus in town, which all of us would attend. The next day we would have a circus of our own. George, one of the cousins, who was small for his age, was always Jumbo, the elephant, and he would be down on all fours chained to a tree. Between two

trees with overhanging branches was a wire clothesline. Sallie, being very active, would hold to the branches while she performed as the lady on the tight wire. I tried it several times but always landed on the ground. However, I was fairly successful as the bareback rider.

When we were small, Sallie and I frequently took part in school and church entertainments. These occasions brought our parents and close friends out to observe and to be entertained by the talents of their offspring. Sallie and I would speak our pieces with whatever oratory we had at our command. However, a duet was our chief contribution. This was not supposed to be funny, but the listeners were always convulsed with laughter. I was so busy smiling at my friends I would forget to sing until Sallie would nudge me. Then I would remember to make the gesture we were supposed to make, but would always be about a second behind Sallie. I admired all she did and copied her every act with great enthusiasm.

How my thoughts turn back to these memories of childhood—the gay, the grave—like pictures upon a shadowy wall, whose colors have grown dim, until the floodlight of recollection brings each color, each figure, into clear view and I again relive these almost forgotten incidents.

How vividly this one comes back to me: the peace of a quiet evening, when suddenly the dread sound of the fire bell broke that quiet calm. The fire alarm always filled hearts with terror in a little town, for it meant some friend was in distress, and everyone rushed to the fire to render whatever aid he could. The bright blaze guided us to the stable of a man who did the hauling for the whole town. There under the burning hayloft were his two beautiful horses that he drove with such pride. He gave them real love and such diligent care that they were as slick as moles. They were a handsome pair, one a big red roan, the other a dappled gray.

The poor helpless things were terrified and were squealing with fright. They were fastened with chains, and in their

fright were pulling back trying to get loose. That tightened the chains and made it impossible to loosen them. If they had been tied with a rope, it could have been cut. As it was, it was impossible to save them. How dreadful it was to see the owner frantically walking back and forth, wringing his hands, while great tears rolled down his cheeks. And there were tears rolling down other cheeks, too. Since that night the thought of a fire in a stable has filled me with horror. And I never like to see a horse fastened with a chain.

Stores opened early in Columbus, and at half-past seven the next morning Sallie and I were going around to all the stores on the square and on the side streets taking up a collection to buy the man a new pair of horses. By noon we were able to turn over to him enough money to do just that.

Sallie and I were always fond of animals and were always bringing home stray dogs and cats, which must have caused our Little Mother a great deal of trouble. One of the most memorable experiences of this kind took place when I was about eight and Sallie was ten. We had been playing in the home of one of our little friends and were on our way home. While passing the fairgrounds, we heard the pitiful cry of a kitten. We went in to investigate, and what a sad sight greeted our eyes. Some heartless boys had been using live kittens for targets and had killed three, but the poor little thing whose cries we had heard was lying there with both front feet shot off. It is beyond my imagination to conceive how any human being could be so cruel to a helpless little animal. Surely some day those boys will pay in some way for causing such suffering to one of God's creatures.

Sallie tenderly carried the poor kitten home in her arms and took it to the stable. She has always been a wonderful executive, so she gave the orders, and I carried them out. I usually felt very important when I was doing something she had told me to do. On this afternoon I was rushing back and forth between the house and the stable, carrying a doll bed, mattress, sheets, pillowcases, and a quilt to fit the small bed

for the injured kitten. Then there were chairs for our use, as well as medicine, cotton, and other things needed in caring for the torn and bleeding legs of the unfortunate little animal.

Sallie certainly knew how to work me. She was the doctor, and I was the nurse. I was made to feel that she was helpless without the assistance that I as a nurse could give her. Her praise made my many trips between the house and the stable a real pleasure instead of causing my short fat legs to ache.

We dressed the kitten's legs and gave it some warm milk, and the poor little thing seemed more comfortable. Then we went in to eat our dinner, but we were too upset to eat very much and were soon back in the stable, keeping our vigil at the bedside of our small patient. That was before the days of electricity. We had gas in our home, but we used lanterns in the stable. We had lighted a lantern and were prepared to sit up all night and do whatever we could to make the poor little kitten more comfortable. Soon after eight o'clock we heard Mother calling, "Sallie, you and Loula come in now; it is time for you to go to bed." Sallie, acting as spokesman, replied that we were going to sit up all night with the kitten. Little Mother said, "Indeed you are not; you are coming right in the house." We knew Mother meant what she said and in we walked, but it was unbelievable to me that my Mother could be so hardhearted and expect us to leave that hurt and frightened kitten in the stable all alone.

We were up bright and early the next morning and hurried to the stable to see whether our patient was still alive. We were delighted to find it living; and now it was crying for food, which we hastened to get for it. Dr. Sallie Long and Nurse Loula Long must have been good, because the kitten got well, and we had it for a pet for a number of years.

One more picture from the memories of childhood. We made frequent trips to St. Louis and Kansas City to visit friends. One of these visits to the former city stands out more vividly than all the rest, due to the impression made on me by

a blind man sitting on a corner playing a hand organ, while another man stood beside him holding out a tin cup for the coins tossed by the kindly crowds.

Daddy bought us a cute little hand organ, which we thought quite wonderful. Soon two flaxen heads were bent together concocting a scheme which we considered perfect in the light of our success in securing funds for the man whose pair of horses had been burned to death.

Had not Daddy always granted our every desire? Here was an opportunity to help him. The hand organ was ours; all we needed was a tin cup, which we could easily secure from our kitchen. So again we were up bright and early to carry out our scheme—Sallie with the hand organ, and I with the tin cup. Mother, sensing some mischief, questioned us, and we unfolded our excellent plan. We were going to the north corner of the square, where people would pass on their way home for lunch. Sallie would play the hand organ, while I would take in the money, which we thought would be a big help to Daddy. Mother said, "No," most positively. You can imagine our disappointment and lack of understanding of the "No." We had been much praised for our former efforts at helpfulness. "Were not adults queer?"

The games that are played most frequently by a child often indicate the bent of its mind and character, the things for which it is best fitted, the innate longings of its soul. As the years have come and gone, and as I have displayed my deep-rooted love for horses, many people have asked me when I *first* became interested in them. It seems to me that it was the first time I saw one, because from the time I was a very small child, just being near a horse caused my pulse to quicken its beat; after all these years it is still so. In fact, my Daddy always said that the first words I ever formed into a sentence were, "Please buy me a pony!" When Christmas came around, and I was old enough to express a wish as to the gifts I desired, it was never for a doll, a play cookstove, or furniture to play housekeeping. No, indeed! I wanted some sort of toy horse

and a miniature stable in which to keep it. My love for horses must have begun on January 30, 1881, the day I first opened my eyes on this mundane sphere.

Of course, when I was a child, the automobile had not been invented, so almost everyone had a horse and buggy. My Mother drove a horse named Bill, hitched to a phaeton. He was the first horse that I really remember clearly. Bill was a bright bay gelding and was around fifteen hands, two inches high, I should say. I judge he had some Morgan blood, because he was a full-made horse, with a great deal of natural style, a short back, arched neck, a nice small head, and a smart pair of ears. He was a very spirited horse, and people were always telling Daddy if he continued to let his wife drive that horse he would soon be a widower and childless. Bill seemed to understand who was doing the driving. It is true that when Daddy drove him he would try to run away and would pretend to be frightened by almost everything he saw; but when Mother held the reins, he was as gentle as a lamb.

Bill's love for children was evidenced by his care not to step on them or harm them in any way. Mother told me that when I was only four years old, I would disappear and that they would find me in the stable on Bill's back stroking his neck. I would sit there by the hour until finally I had to be punished for spending so much time in Bill's stall. It was a mystery to them how I could get onto that big horse's back, but I remember it as well as if it had happened yesterday. Bill was kept in a tie stall, so I would climb up on the manger, and he would turn sideways and put his head down so I could get astride his neck. He would then slowly raise his head, and down I would slide onto his back. Is it any wonder I have not forgotten such an understanding and lovable animal?

Adjoining the stable was a paddock through which ran a board walk about eighteen inches wide by a foot in height. One Sunday morning Mother and Daddy, on returning from church (I was supposed to have been too ill to attend Sunday school), could see Bill's head as he was cantering around

They then saw a little blond head bobbing up and down, and at regular intervals it would bob a few inches higher. They rushed to the gate, and there I was riding Bill bareback. I had a small switch in my hand to make him canter. A touch of the switch, and he would jump the narrow board walk, which accounts for the bobbing head, first high, then low.

When I was naughty (which I am afraid was rather often), Daddy always spoke of me as "Mother's child." On this particular Sunday morning, Daddy said to Mother, "If you don't make *your* child get off and stay off that horse, you will have a dead child." I was soundly spanked, but punishment was unavailing in keeping me from the stable and Bill, for there was a keen understanding between us.

My great love for Bill was responsible for the first and last falsehood I can remember ever telling my Mother. Although I had been warned that I should have to be punished if I persisted in spending so much time in the stable, I found the temptation simply irresistible. One morning while Mother was downtown doing the marketing, I decided that I could go to the stable and Mother wouldn't know anything about it. In climbing up on the manger to pet Bill, my foot slipped, and down I fell. In falling, the back of my head received a hard blow, which raised a big lump where it struck. I wore my hair cut just like my boy cousins, so the swelling showed very plainly. When Mother came home she noticed it immediately, saying, "My dear child, what on earth happened to you?"

"I was swinging a croquet mallet back and forth," I replied, "and in doing so, hit my head."

Mother bathed my head tenderly, causing me to feel more ashamed all the time. Somehow, I couldn't enjoy myself the rest of the day. No matter what I was doing, my conscience kept saying, "Aren't you ashamed for having told your Mother something that was untrue?"

It had always been my practice, in kissing Mother and Daddy good night, to put my arms around their neck and say, "I am going to be gooder than I was." Well, when I went to

say those words that night, they seemed to stick in my throat, and I began to cry. Naturally, Mother and Daddy wished to know why I was crying. Then I told them what had really caused the bump on my head. Mother said that since I had finally told them the truth and seemed to be truly penitent, she would not punish me this time, but that there must not be a next time. This experience was a lesson I shall never forget because, although I was so miserable all day, as soon as I confessed having told an untruth, I felt as though a great weight had been lifted from my mind and heart.

Sometimes we would turn Bill out in the yard to enjoy the nice fresh grass. Sallie, our two boy cousins, and I would climb on his back from the fence. He would eat for a while, then tiring of our wriggling around, he would walk very slowly under a low limb of an apple tree and leave four indignant youngsters sitting on the ground.

The golden hours of those summer days passed all too swiftly. The companionship of my two beloved cousins, now asleep forever, and a faithful animal that responded kindly to our youthful pranks filled the days with simple joy and pastimes, and the hours so spent left an indelible imprint upon my heart that time cannot erase.

When God took such infinite pains to create the grace of movement, the shiny satiny coat, and such perfection of conformation, it seems so much is lost if those gifts last for only the brief life span of a horse.

We wonder whether in that afterlife, there may not be "Green Pastures" of surpassing loveliness, watered by the crystal heavenly stream, where we may find again these animal friends. Does not the faithful service they render mankind merit such a reward?

A dream, you say. Who knows?

2

WHEN Sallie was eight and I was six, Daddy took us on a trip to Kentucky, as he wished to visit relatives there and also to attend a horse sale—in other words, "kill two birds with one stone."

We stayed the greater part of the time at his sister Sallie's home. She was the sister near his age, and between the two there was great devotion and affection. Sallie America was named for her.

The love of horses seems to be born in Kentuckians, and Daddy was no exception. I always say that I inherit my "horse blood" from this side of my pedigree!

When we arrived in Shelbyville, we drove directly to the building where the sale horses were kept. My! What a thrill I had! My heart went pitapat, and my eyes almost popped out of my head. I had never before seen such a large stable, so many horses in one place, or so many colored boys cleaning horses. How they laughed, talked, and sang at their work, white teeth glistening in shining rows, and every gesture one of enjoyment. Each one thought the horse he cared for was the best looking and that it would bring the most money at the sale.

Sallie and I

The man in charge of the sale had several horses led out upon hearing that Daddy wished to buy a pair of carriage horses. I never was so excited as when they began leading out those beautiful animals. In Columbus there were no such royally bred horses as these. Out came a beautiful pair of bright chestnuts with white markings, followed by a lovely pair of blood bays, owned by a dashing young man, Mr. Tom Wilson. It was hard to decide which pair we liked the better.

It is strange the things one remembers, the things that impressed me—a six-year-old. A man showed us a black gelding, a nervous, high-strung animal. He said, "If you wish to get rid of your mother-in-law, buy this horse." How heartily all the men laughed. At the time, I was too young to understand why they were so amused: later the significance was apparent. After inspecting several other horses, we drove out to the home of my aunt, six miles from Shelbyville.

The sale was to be held the next day, so Daddy and Uncle John started to town rather early, as they wished to have another look at the two pairs of horses before they were put up for auction. I would gladly have walked the six miles to be able to attend the sale, but Daddy thought it much better for me to remain at Aunt Sallie's and play with my cousins than to stand around a stable all day. That was one time I did not agree with him and I felt extremely downhearted when they drove away, leaving me behind.

It seemed as though that day would never pass. The afternoon crept slowly by as I sat on the fence watching for Uncle John and Daddy. Finally I saw them coming and ran to meet them, greatly excited. "Daddy, what did you buy?" I cried. When he pointed to a rather nice-looking horse which he was leading behind the buggy, I was so disappointed that I burst out crying. Daddy quickly explained that he was only joking, that he had bought the blood bays from Mr. Tom Wilson, and that the horse he was leading was one he had hired to use while he was in Kentucky. (That dashing Mr. Tom Wilson

was none other than the charming Mr Wilson from Bowling Green, Kentucky, who judges at so many important shows all over the States)

The names of the new pair were Slasher and Widener Slasher was a beauty with a lot of dash, possibly was part standard and part saddle bred Widener looked and moved like a straight standard-bred horse

In Louisville we ordered a set of brass-mounted harness Then we stopped in Kansas City, Missouri, where we bought what was called an "extension-top carriage," thus completing the outfit.

Columbus was a small town, with a population of about 3,500 people, and news travels very fast in a place that size. The day Slasher and Widener arrived, there was quite a curious crowd at the station to welcome the first pair of Kentucky-bred horses to that Kansas town. At that time we did not have the convenient chutes for unloading that we have now, so a few boards were nailed together, and the horses were led out on them Widener slipped, one leg going off the board, and he was badly skinned Needless to say, there was much excitement and many suggestions as to what should be done for the cuts. Due to the accident, we could not drive the pair for several days. When they were finally dressed up in their brass-mounted harness and hitched to the extension-top carriage, I felt that I should never behold anything more beautiful It was indeed a proud day for me—one I shall never forget.

In the fall of that year I had my first real accident around horses Sallie and I went to spend a few days with friends who lived on a farm about thirty miles from Columbus. The first thing we wished to do was to ride horseback A man who lived there had a beautiful pony, and he knew how I enjoyed riding. He also knew my Daddy was a Southern Democrat and that I was whatever Daddy was He said, "Lon, if you will be a Republican, you may ride my pony." I was just about tempted by the pony; then I said, "No. I

couldn't treat my Daddy that way." But I must admit that it was a great temptation. The pony was a beautiful black creature with a lot of style. We were going to ride a gentle horse that was used for general farm work, so the contrast was great. It was a big horse and had been shod that morning; its shoes were very rough, as they were not as careful in shoeing work horses as we are with our show horses.

Down the road went Sallie, the horse breaking into a canter. I adored Sallie (I called her Solly) and tried to imitate her in everything she did. When it came my turn to ride, I felt I must make the horse canter as Solly had done. I was short and fat and must have rolled around like a jelly bean on that big fat horse. The first thing I knew I was on the ground and the horse was galloping home. I tried to get up but fell each time and did not realize I was hurt until a man and his wife driving by in a spring wagon stopped and picked me up. The woman held me on her lap, and when I saw blood all over her dress, I began to cry, thinking I must be badly hurt.

Our friends put me to bed and sent for a doctor, who was a typical country physician of that era. I can see him now, with his long whiskers, looking over his glasses as he examined my leg. The horse had stepped on the calf, tearing most of the fleshy part away. The doctor cleaned the wound in a superficial way and, turning to the older people, he said, "This leg may have to come off, but I'll sew it up and see what we can do." The year before, I had fallen and cut my lip very badly. The doctor had twice put adhesive tape on it in an effort to hold the severed parts together. But my incessant talking caused the tape to come off both times, so it became necessary to take several stitches to make it heal properly—incidentally, I have the scar to this day.

When I heard the doctor say he was going to sew up my leg, I remembered it wasn't any fun to be stitched up, so I decided on a little ruse to avoid going through that experience again. With what appeared to be the innocence of childish

curiosity, I asked the doctor to let me see the needle, which he did Into the mattress, a feather one at that, I stuck it, so that it was as completely lost as the proverbial needle in a haystack For once, it was lucky for me that I was naughty This doctor did not have another needle The next day I was taken home When our family physician examined the wound, he found a quantity of dirt that had not been removed by the country doctor So had the needle not been lost and the wound remained open, I should have had a serious infection. Mother hoped this accident would be such a lesson to me that it would cure me of spending so much time with horses But like the spankings, the experience failed to decrease my interest in and intense love for horses

In fact, that scar was a source of pride, because whenever a group of youngsters were bragging about their big scars, as children will do, I could always top them all with the huge one I could show And there is another incident, a rather amusing one, related to that scar. Soon after we moved to Kansas City, I was chatting with a boy whom I wished to impress I wanted to show him that even if I did come from a country town, I knew how to speak correctly. In relating the story of the scar, I said, "The horse stepped on my limb, and left a dreadful scar on my leg" Since that time I have called a leg by its real name

When Sallie was nine and I seven, Mother and Daddy decided we were getting too large to continue riding astride At that time all girls and women rode on a sidesaddle So one day when we were going for a ride, Daddy ordered two horses with sidesaddles from the livery stable This was a new experience for us for previously we had ridden not only astride but also bareback. I still think that is the best way to learn to ride.

The horses arrived half an hour early, while I was in the bathtub. Out I bounced—in my excitement never stopping to use a towel—plunged into my dress, and rushed out of the house. The dresses Sallie and I wore I can picture now—

blue chambray with a white stripe and sailor collars of solid blue. In that little town small children did not have riding habits—they rode in their dresses. The horses waiting at the south gate intrigued me. My mount was a big black pacer named Dixie; Sallie rode a spotted gelding named Pinto. They may have been plain-looking steeds, but to me they were perfect.

The saddles were large for two such small girls, and as they did not have the second horn like the sidesaddle of today, we did a lot of slipping and sliding around. However, we managed to stay on and enjoyed every minute of the ride. From then on until we moved to Kansas City, we used a sidesaddle twice a week, but the rest of the time we went back to our favorite mode of riding—no saddle at all.

Daddy bought us a sidesaddle after we moved to Kansas City, so that meant we had to take turns riding, for as city girls we could no longer ride astride. I couldn't have been more than twelve. Sallie had an engagement to go riding, so, of course, our one saddle was in use. Very soon after Sallie left, one of our neighbor boys came and asked me to go for a ride. It was to be a short ride, because I had to be home by eight o'clock, but a ride of even fifteen minutes was a joy to me. I explained that Sallie was out on the sidesaddle, but if he didn't mind if I rode on Daddy's saddle, I'd love to go. Well! Off we started, but had gone only a few blocks when we met Sallie and her friend. Poor Sallie! She was horrified to see a girl of my age riding astride. I'll admit I must have been a sight, as I wasn't wearing a divided skirt. Sallie rode on one side and the boy on the other, trying to hide me so the public would not be shocked by seeing a girl riding astride.

Several years later it was quite the proper thing to ride astride, and when my dignified sister took it up, I reminded her of the time she was shocked by seeing a youngster riding in that manner.

3

IN 1891 we moved to Kansas City, Missouri, to live. Everyone was using horses then, as automobiles had not yet come into use, in fact were not even being built. At first the automobile was called the "horseless carriage." I shall never forget when the first ones appeared in our city; it was freely predicted that it would not be long until horses would be seen only in side shows and museums, along with freaks, antiques, and other uncommon objects.

I would waken at night and worry and wish I had been born a hundred years earlier, so I would not have to live in an age when the horse was no longer in use. This may give you a faint conception of my deep love for horses. To me they were man's best friend, real companions.

We still owned Slasher and Widener. They were such a good-looking pair that they would attract attention anywhere. The first time we drove them downtown they created quite a sensation, and the coachmen of other pairs were asking, "Whose horses are those?" All coachmen took great pride in their turnouts and were quick to notice new horses and carriages on the Kansas City streets. There was a great deal of friendly rivalry among them.

As I saw it, there was one serious drawback about moving to Kansas City. Daddy felt that dear old Bill, who was no longer young, would find the paved streets very hard on him. So we gave Bill to a good friend, one we knew loved horses and would provide a comfortable home for Bill as long as he lived.

I did not want anyone to go to the stable with me when I went to say good-by to my dear old pal. He was more than just a horse to me. I really truly loved him. When he put his nice soft nose against my cheek, a great lump came into my throat and seemed to stick there. My eyes were red when I came out of his stall, and I did not want anyone to say a word to me. I believe parting from Bill was the first real sorrow I ever experienced. He had shared so many of my joys, in those golden hours of childhood, in such an understanding way. It was the ending of a real companionship. I often wondered if he missed me as I did him.

No doubt you are thinking that everything in this story is personal, and I quite agree with you. But what I wish to speak about now is even more intimate—our family life. If ever two children were blessed with parents who set them a wonderful example, Sallie and I were those two children. Our home life was beautiful. I never heard my parents speak an ugly or unkind word. We were taught to be kind to people and to animals. They believed that if one trained a child in the way he should go, when he was old, he would not depart from it. My earliest recollection is that each Sunday I was present at Sunday school and church. However, my parents were not just Sunday Christians, for they lived consistent Christian lives every minute of their existence. We always had grace before meals, and we today observe this custom of thankfulness in our own homes. We were taught that we must never swear or break any of the Ten Commandments.

In the stillness of the early morning, Daddy arose to study his Bible and to commune with his Maker. And in the trials of life his faith was the sustaining power that guided him into

a haven of peace for the soul. Mother, in her quiet modest way, led a life of consecrated service. Their influence has been a restraining power my whole life through. I could not do anything which I thought might make them unhappy.

Sallie and I led natural, carefree lives. We were both tomboys, but Sallie's tomboyishness was always tempered with a certain degree of ladylike decorum. She was much more dignified and reserved than I was and seemed instinctively to do the correct thing, while I frequently would do just the opposite.

One day I was out for a walk down Independence Boulevard. The street was torn up because a new pavement was under construction, so that the streetcar tracks were about a foot higher than the ground. A man was driving a rather small pair of mules, hitched to a wagon heavily loaded with bricks. The front wheels were tight against the track, so that it was impossible for the poor little mules to budge the wagon. The driver was beating them unmercifully. I said, "Mister, please don't beat your mules like that."

"It's a damn shame they won't pull," he replied.

"Well," I countered, "it's a damn shame for you to beat them," whereupon I proceeded to find a policeman, and he arrested the brute.

After the excitement was over and I was nearing home, it suddenly occurred to me what I had said. I knew that Mother and Daddy would feel very bad about it and I dreaded to tell them. As soon as I was inside the house, I began to cry. Mother, of course, wanted to know what the trouble was, and when I told my story, she was so sweet and kind and talked to me so feelingly that it made me feel even more ashamed. While I was still weeping, in walked Sallie, and, of course, she had to know what had happened. Mother explained the situation and said that I had forgotten myself and sworn. Then Sallie began to cry and said, "I always knew Lou would disgrace us some time."

Poor Sis was always in terror of what I might say or do. That was the first and last time I ever swore. However, today nothing makes me more indignant than to see an animal mistreated. When God gave to mankind dominion over all the beasts of the field and the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea, he did not mean that man should use them in any other way than for the preservation of his own life and for the comfort of his family. Never should man wantonly destroy or abuse any creature which is weaker than himself. Daddy had always said—and I knew he meant it—the first time he heard any rough language, the horses would have to go. So I watched my conversation, and still do, as I am just as anxious to please my Daddy now as I was when a little girl, though that was many years ago.

When I was twelve, Sallie and I went with our paternal Grandmother to visit in Kentucky. Grandmother was born in the South and had decided ideas about the behavior of girls, little or big. She thought that even little girls should never go into the outdoor sunshine without a sunbonnet or hat. We were often told that it was not ladylike to be sunburned. Grandmother would be shocked if she could see the sun-tanned girl of today.

I wish I could help my readers visualize the sunbonnets of my childhood. They were of chambray or checked ginghams, more often blue and white than of the other colored checks. The dressy ones were white lawn faced with blue or pink. The latter were particularly flattering to blue- and brown-eyed chubby faces. The headpiece was closely quilted and starched very stiff, while the crown was held high by a switch inserted for that purpose. Around the lower edge of the headpiece and crown was a broad capelike attachment; around the entire face and this attachment was a tiny ruffle which added to the charm of the whole. So you can see the bonnet protected both face and neck from sunburn, and on a hot day it was anything but cool. My fancy turned to the big sailorlike straw hat with a ribbon to hold it on. To convince the small boys that I did

naturally have very fair skin, I would show them the white line under the ribbon, which was about the only visible place I did not have tan in that hot Kentucky sun. My little cousin, Bobby, wore her bonnet swinging by the strings around her neck. She burned red, but we were a happy pair.

Although Bobby was some years younger than I, her horse-crazy cousin, she loved horses, too, and was my constant shadow. When Grandmother would lie down for her afternoon rest, we would make for the pasture and catch anything we could get our hands on. One day it happened to be a little mule named Becky. It was the first time either of us had ever ridden a mule. That made it all the more fun. It was a new experience for Becky, too, for she had never carried double before: that is, two riders at one time. She was not exactly pleased at first, but we were delighted with her because she was so full of life. In fact, she was so spirited that we had trouble staying on her back. By the time we persuaded Becky to take us to the house, Grandmother's nap was over, and she was out in the yard. When she saw her two granddaughters on a mule bareback, the shock was almost too much for her. To think that her own flesh and blood would ever descend to depths so unbecoming to a potential lady! Well, she did not know what the world was coming to!

A few weeks later we went to visit Aunt Fanny, who had no small children, only two grown sons. I was then twelve and still very much a child, for there were no radios or motion pictures or the many other things children have today to make them quite sophisticated when still so young in years. The older son had a nice driving horse. This possession was indispensable for the young man of that day, for there were trips into town to be made and visits to the best girl, as well as buggy rides with her—those rides being steppingstones to matrimony. There was as much rivalry over the horses as over the girls, and a horse that could step along and pass all the others was a treasure indeed. Naturally, the young men took great pride

in their horses, and Herbert was very particular about his three-year-old chestnut filly, never permitting anyone else to ride or drive her.

I was rather lonely in that house of grownups. More restless than usual one morning, I walked out into the pasture, which was near the stable. Always on the alert for a horse, I spied the chestnut filly and decided she looked most inviting for a ride. I had quite a difficult time catching her, as she had not been handled very much and was suspicious, especially so of anyone in a dress. I have always had worlds of patience with animals, and after a long time I succeeded in getting a halter on her. Little girls rode on sidesaddles, so I got Aunt Fanny's. She weighed about 175. You can imagine how well her saddle fitted me.

Well, I put it on the chestnut, and it seemed she was doing a lot of squirming when I cinched it up. Then I put the bridle on. My next problem was to get on her back. That took a long time, and I was really doubtful of mounting her. However, at last I was in the saddle—and for several minutes I wasn't sure I would stay there. The mare humped her back and jumped and twisted around; but luck was with me, and after a time she seemed reconciled to the situation. I rode her around the pasture until the kinks came out of her back, then to the house. I called to the folks to come out and see my pretty horse. Aunt Fanny threw up her hands, exclaiming: "Land sakes, child, get right off that mare's back, or you'll be killed. No one has ever ridden her before." I assured Aunt Fanny that she was perfectly safe and that I had been riding her almost an hour.

When Herbert came in from the field at the noon hour, Aunt Fanny excitedly said, "Herbert, do you know what that child has been riding this morning?" He replied, "No, Mother, I have not the slightest idea." Aunt Fanny informed him I had been riding his chestnut filly. Herbert said, "Oh, no, Mother, you're mistaken; Lou nor anyone else has ever ridden that mare." Aunt Fanny insisted I had. So Herbert, to settle the

argument, said he and I would go to the pasture and I could point out the mare. Well, I didn't have to show him, because he could easily see the marks of the saddle on her coat. All he said was, "Well, I'll be darned."

The little filly and I became great pals. I loved her, and she sensed the affection and showed her faith in me. I would go to the pasture and talk to her for a time; then she would come up to me and follow me into the stable.

I am a great believer in getting acquainted with one's horses by talking to them in their stalls, as well as when driving them. They get to know the sound of your voice, and I am sure that I should have been badly hurt several times when there were accidents, if the horses had not responded to the tones of my voice and remained quiet when I spoke to them. I have heard many people say that if you make pets of your horses, they will not make show horses. I most heartily disagree with that statement. We have been showing longer than anyone else in the game today, and I always have and always will make pets of mine. You may go to the horse show records and see for yourself that our horses have won their share of the blue ribbons.

Back to the chestnut filly—I soon had her so spoiled that the men couldn't catch her. Whenever Herbert wished to drive her he would have to ask me to get her, which annoyed him very much. I, on the other hand, was flattered and delighted. I disliked leaving the little thing because I felt sure the men would not be so patient with her as I had been. I am also sure that Aunt Fanny did not have to fill her sugar can so often after I left.

Before we left Kentucky that year, I saw the Shelby County Fair, at Shelbyville, Kentucky, for the first time, the largest fair I had ever seen. They have always had beautiful horses at their shows, and to me—well—I could find no words to express my feelings as I sat there and watched them show baby colts, yearlings, and so forth on up to the finished horse. I thought if I could ever have a beautiful horse like those to show, there would be nothing left to wish for.

That Shelby County Fair stands out so vividly, in spite of the years that have come and gone, that I want to tell you more about it. The Eastern Horse Show, the Tri-State Fair, the Madison Square Garden Shows, all brought their thrilling experiences; but that first fair gave to my child heart a joy, the memory of which remains undimmed by the passing years.

My Uncle John's home was located on the Eminence and Shelbyville road. Quite early in the morning of the opening day (the fair always lasted four days, Tuesday through Friday), carriages and vehicles of various types, all horse-drawn, began to pass. What a thrill of expectancy and anticipation we children had as we watched the couples, the families, the young, the old, the girls in their airy summer finery, and the boys in their Sunday suits go by. Usually we, too, left home quite early and spent the entire day; sometimes my Cousin Bird and Sallie did not come out until the afternoon—that way they could spend more time primping! It was an occasion for social gatherings and courting competition, and the young girls had to have different dresses for each day, their very best one being reserved for Friday.

The fairgrounds were located just on the edge of Shelbyville, out on the highway to Louisville; so coming from Uncle John's, we had to drive through the town. As we drew near Shelbyville, the crowds grew larger and the road more congested. The little town itself was a beehive of activity, with people laughing and talking, bands playing, and flags fluttering in the breeze.

The fairgrounds were beautiful, as only unadorned nature can be, with great bluegrass plots and huge old trees. The amphitheater was surrounded by majestic old oaks and maples, growing close enough together to provide the shade so welcome to all on the hot August days. The amphitheater encircled the show ring, in the center of which was a two-story circular stand—the lower half being the judges' stand, the upper section the bandstand.

When Bobby, the tomboy cousin, was taken to the fair for the first time, as she came onto the amphitheater and saw the crowds, she exclaimed: "People! People! People!" How well she described the throngs that gathered there from all over the States. Fair time was a time to entertain friends from other states, as well as the home-coming for those who had gone elsewhere to live. Against the background of greetings and reunions, one wondered whether the people came to see each other or the fair.

At the top of the amphitheater was the promenade. Many of the young people sat on the railing at its outer edge, where they could see the crowd circling about. The popular girls were surrounded by great numbers of beaus. Bird and Sallie sat on this railing, but I was too active to stay in any one place very long, and more interested in horses than anything else.

In one section of the amphitheater was the "courting box," enclosed on three sides by walls obscuring the view of the box from the main part of the building. Enclosed steps led up from the promenade. Here the older boys and girls gathered, and what a merry group they were. I am sure that many a budding romance flowered into a happy marriage as a result of friendships there begun. But the horses interested me more than all this.

One of the special features during the fair was the "Fancy Turnout," shown on Thursday. The entries in this were the newest buggies and the most dashing horses, driven by the owners. Very popular was a new-style vehicle, the surrey, which was two seated, very open, with a lightweight top, decorated all around the edge with a heavy fringe. The most attractive and best liked girls were asked to ride in this class, and it was the ambition of every girl to be chosen for the honor. She dressed for the occasion in a white val-trimmed organdy over a colored slip, with wide matching taffeta sash and flower-trimmed hat. The lucky contestant was given yards and yards of blue ribbon, which was tied to the horse's bridle and carried on back to the girl and tied in a great bow on her arm. Dur-

ing this show the band played its sprightliest airs, the betting crowd placed its biggest bets, and the friends of the contestants applauded the loudest as each entry circled past at a high rate of speed. It was the grand finale of the day. Later, I shall tell you about the time I rode in this class when I was a young lady.

I can still see the orangeade stands, the boys selling the popcorn boxes with the wonderful prizes inside, and the balloon man, with his bright-colored baubles and merry whistles attracting the fancy of the children. One feature which would possibly seem the most antiquated to us today was the water barrels, equipped with tin cups fastened by wire or strings. Here people stood in line for a drink, the men being most courteous, always passing the cups to the ladies, until all had been served. Then the men would take their turn. Think of the germs that must have been on those cups! Or did we have as many then?

Bird enjoyed the Floral Hall so greatly that I suspect she was responsible for my taking it in so thoroughly. This Floral Hall was housed in another circular building. The ground floor was the scene of great competition in vegetables, farm produce, and floral displays—such beautiful flowers artistically arranged by amateurs. My Uncle John always took the premium on his seed corn, that premium being a year's subscription to the *Farmers Home Journal,* the paper no farm home in Kentucky was complete without. One year some of the neighbor farmers thought they would play a good trick on Uncle John, so they stole corn from his field and entered it in their own names. Even at that, Uncle John won the premium. It was such a good joke on the neighbors that they had to confess to Uncle John.

In the upper section of the Floral Hall were displayed the needlework, crocheted spreads, and quilts. Such wonderful patterns: Log Cabin, Rose of Sharon, Sunshine and Shadow, the Wedding Ring, and Crazy Quilts. What hours of patient effort they represented. The quilts were choice possessions,

handed down as heirlooms. Each mother's ambition was to piece one for each child and grandchild as an expression of her love. Their sentimental value is obvious from the fact that the pieces, saved with care, were from dresses of the members of the family or from those of dear friends. So they brought to mind important occasions to be relived in memories of weddings, parties, first babies, the little tots that had slipped away, the first love. All these revealed family happenings and were valued accordingly. What thoughts and longings filled those women's hearts as they stitched with nimble fingers their works of art, satisfying in a limited way their love of the beautiful.

Another department in the Floral Hall that was exclusively the women's was the Culinary Department. Here they competed for the blue ribbons on their jellies, jams, preserves, pickles, catchups, beaten and soda biscuits, cakes, and pies. Those foods would have furnished a feast for the gods, and I gazed at the tempting array, envying the judges as they sampled the delicacies in order to make their decisions as to the winners of the blue and red ribbons.

Even though all this was entertaining, I was always anxious to return to the amphitheater to feast my eyes upon the fine-blooded horses. Kentucky is the home of the saddle horse as well as those bred for speed. The saddle classes, both three- and five-gaited, were filled with large numbers of beautiful entries. The local entries were numerous, as were also those of exhibitors of outstanding reputations from all sections of the state.

The mares and colts created much local competition because the Hornsby Brothers, who owned the gold-dust stallion, Indicator, always offered liberal prizes for a show of his progeny. He marked his colts to an unusual extent, and many gold-dust beauties competed for first place. Uncle John carried off some of these prizes, and Hornsby Brothers often bought these exceptionally fine specimens at weaning time, paying $100 for each one. That was considered a most liberal price in that day.

The colored children's watermelon-eating contest was the fun-producing feature of the fair. Some of them really ate great quantities; but others, more adept at trickery, could reduce large melons to nothingness very quickly as they grabbed great handfuls, squeezing out the water and consuming the residue. Their eyes rolled, their white teeth shone, their black toes wiggled, as they would strive for the prize, which was a real treasure in their simple lives of small opportunities and scant pennies.

If Tuesday was a day of anticipation, Friday was a day of fulfillment. Every class was filled with beautiful horses, and each moment was a keen realization of all the anticipated delights and more. The "speed and durability" class closed the show for Friday; and, of all things, the Kentuckian loves a speed ring best of all. Sallie, Bird, and I were as imbued with the excitement of the hour as the most confirmed fair addicts. The spinning wheels, the racing horses, the cracking whips, the sulkies with their drivers leaning well to the inside to prevent an upset, the whoops of the crowd—all these brought to a grand climax this day never to be forgotten.

One thing in this roadster class greatly amused me. There was a middle-aged man (at least he seemed so to me) who drove a pair of horses to a water sprinkler to keep the dust down in the show ring. When it was time for the roadster class, he unhitched one of the horses, put it to a cart, and came dashing into the ring as an exhibitor. The horse could really step on and made a good show. Very soon after the class was over, the sprinkler would again appear with the fast roadster walking sedately along. He did his best in whatever he was asked to do.

With sinking hearts we heard the band strike up "Home Sweet Home," for we realized that the end of a perfect day had come. The carriages drove home in the gathering twilight and the falling dew. The stars came out one by one. Twinkling lights shone from open doors and windows to welcome us when

we arrived at Uncle John's, a tired but happy group. The Negroes were out to meet us, all smiles over the premiums Uncle John had won, for they entered fully into the spirit of the occasion; and any success of "my white folks," as they called the family, was their success, too.

This was the last week in August. School began the first week in September, so it meant back to the city and to school life, with only lingering memories of the open pastures, the freedom of country life, and the joy of rides and drives that were ours during all the sunny summer days.

4

THESE incidents all happened so long ago that the dates may not always be entirely accurate, but that is immaterial in a story thus related. When I was thirteen years old, Daddy again made a trip to Kentucky to buy a saddle horse. There he purchased Redbuck, a gelding of an unusual reddish chestnut, with a white ankle behind.

Redbuck was one of the best trained horses I ever saw. You could take off his bridle, walk across the street and climb on a fence or a mounting block, call him by name, and he would come to you, standing quietly while you mounted him. He would then go through all his gaits. as well as perform his high-school tricks, without a bridle. This was quite remarkable because he was a high-spirited animal and inclined to pull when he had a bit in his mouth.

The world has come to accept the theory that some people have a sixth sense, or exist in another dimension. It would seem this was almost true of Redbuck in the animal kingdom, so keen was his knowledge of what man expected of him and so ready was his response. Horses are as different in personality and perception as are people. Redbuck ranked in the highest dimension of his kind.

Daddy often related this story of the purchase of Redbuck: The owner priced him at $1,000, which was considered a high price for a horse in those days. Since he was to be used mostly for pleasure, Daddy felt that that was a little more than he wished to spend, so he offered $800. The owner said that he could not possibly sell such a fine animal for that price: but after due consideration, he agreed to accept the $800, provided that Daddy would write him a check for $1,000 which he could show as the purchase price, with the understanding that $200 of it would be returned.

As this was prior to the era of motor cars, there were livery stables instead of garages and parking lots downtown. The smell of a livery stable was like perfume to me, although it was objectionable to many people. Where we now have parking meters, there were rings in the sidewalks for tying one's horses. We did not have to pay five cents an hour for letting them stand there. All the larger stores had footmen whose duty it was to tie the horses and to assist the shopper into and out of her carriage if she was driving for herself.

I well remember John, a colored man, who was footman at Peck's, or perhaps it was Dogett's, store at that time, at Eleventh and Main. Everyone who drove a horse liked John for he was so humble, thoughtful, and anxious to please. He was always doing little deeds to bring pleasure to others, which proves that no matter what position a person occupies he can find many little things to do to bring happiness to those with whom he comes in contact. Few can do really big things, but there is no one who cannot do little acts of kindness. It may be just a friendly smile, a clasp of the hand, or an encouraging word that will make the day seem brighter.

John knew how I loved Model Jr.; and if I was going to run into the store to do an errand, and the sun was hot, he would always find a shady place to tie my precious pet. This pleased me greatly.

There were not nearly as many horses and buggies on the street as there are autos now, so one could usually find a place to tie one's horse without too much trouble. If you had a

coachman, as the driver of the horses was called, he sat in the carriage, just as a chauffeur sits in a car today, and waited while you did your shopping, made your social calls, attended the theaters, or did the many things one had to do. If it was cold or the horses were restless—some horses are like many people and cannot keep still—the coachman would let them walk up and down the street. There were no red and green lights, but there were policemen at the crossings who signaled for us to stop or go, just as they do now at busy intersections during holiday seasons.

I had a horse we called The Dude, a nervous high-strung animal. He objected very strenuously to having to stop and wait for the pedestrians to cross. He would stand up on his hind legs, which would frighten everyone, and they would rush back to the sidewalk. I knew that he was bluffing and so I really rather enjoyed the performance. The officers soon came to know Dude and his habits, and usually they were very nice about giving us the right of way.

At that time our family made plans to go downtown all at the same time, because we thought so much of our horses that it was a rare occasion for us to make two trips in the same day, although we lived only three miles from the shopping dis-

The Dude (Last Horse on the Right)

trict. If the weather was stormy, the horses were driven into a livery stable, and there they stayed until we were ready to go home. Not everyone loved their horses as much as we did, for they would let the poor things stand for hours without even a blanket to protect them.

Daddy considered horseback riding such a splendid exercise that he would ride Redbuck downtown every morning and leave him at the livery stable at Eighth and Walnut. Redbuck would always be saddled at half-past eleven because Daddy came home for luncheon and rode back to the office in the afternoon. I can see and hear Redbuck now as he would come up Independence Boulevard, sometimes at a nice slow canter and at other times stepping right along at the rack with his feet sounding rat-a-tat-tat on the hard pavement, reminding me of the rhythm of a tap dancer. It must have looked strange to people to see Daddy riding with a raised umbrella, which he carried to protect himself from the hot summer sun. Redbuck was a very good horse in his harness, so during the warmer weather Daddy would ride in the morning and drive in the afternoon.

Sometimes in the twilight of the summer evenings, Mother and Daddy would go for a drive behind Slasher and Widener; then Sallie and I would take turns (she going one evening, I the next), riding along beside the carriage on Redbuck.

About that time I began working on Daddy to buy me a horse that would be my very own—to do with as I pleased; and as there was to be a horse sale at the stockyards, Daddy sent for a catalogue. After studying it very carefully, he sent Gene, our coachman, to arrange to have two of the horses which he had selected brought out to the house for him to see, since he was ill and unable to attend the sale.

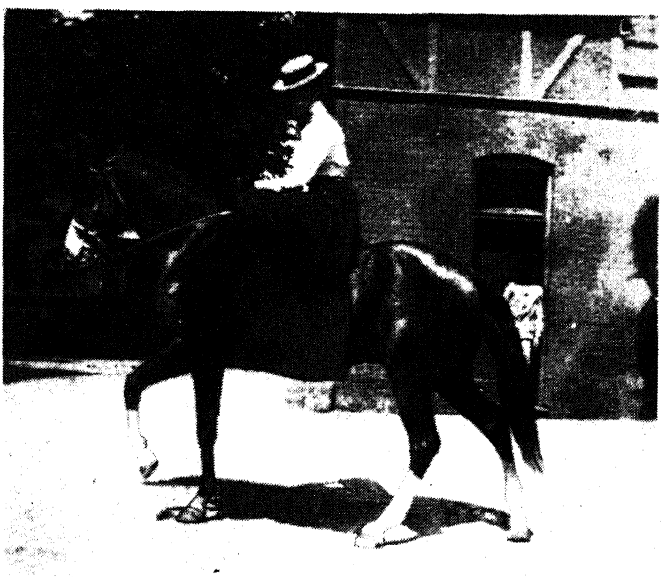
The day the horses were to be sent for our inspection, I was so excited I couldn't settle down to do a thing. I spent most of the time eagerly running to the window to see if they were coming. When they came, Daddy, who was wrapped in blankets, sat out under the porte-cochere while the horses were put through their paces. One was a nice smooth-made brown

mare, but the one that caught my eye was a fourteen-two dark chestnut with four white stockings, a blaze in his face, and one blue eye. To this day I am crazy about white markings. If I could have my horses made to order, they all would come with white stockings and a little white in their faces. So, you see I am still true to my first love. The chestnut was only three years old and was naturally a little coltish. He did not behave as well as the more dignified mare; but I, too, was young, so I liked the one that was full of mischief. Daddy always enjoyed surprising me, so he let me think he was not exactly pleased with either one of the horses: but, unknown to me, he arranged to have someone attend the sale and buy Model Jr., the chestnut. I went to bed that night feeling sad and disappointed because I still did not have a horse of my very own.

The next afternoon I saw Gene leaving the stable with a saddle and bridle on his arm. He was trying to slip out without being seen; but when I saw him get on the streetcar, I knew that meant that one of those two horses would be mine. My joy knew no bounds, but I surely was hoping that the little chestnut was *the horse* Gene would come riding home. I went to the front porch, where I could see for some distance down the street. There I sat, glued to the spot, until I saw Gene coming, riding the little chestnut. I was so happy I was almost hysterical. When Daddy saw my great joy, he felt repaid for getting out of bed, in disobedience to the doctor's orders, to look at those two horses.

Never having been in the city before, Model Jr. would whirl around very quickly when he saw something strange and frightening. During the first three days I rode him he whirled unexpectedly, but I did not whirl with him; instead, I went off backwards. This did not frighten me, but later (the third day) I had the misfortune, in a similar experience, of having my riding skirt hang on the horn of the sidesaddle, and it was badly torn. I did not want Daddy and Mother to know Model Jr. had thrown me, because I was afraid they would think he was not a safe horse for me to ride. In those three short days

I had fallen in love with him. I just could not let Mother see my skirt, and I did not know how to mend it. What to do was a perplexing problem. We had a housekeeper who had helped me out in many a childish scrape, for she had been with us since I was a baby, and again she came to my rescue. She mended



Model Jr.

my skirt so skillfully that Mother did not discover the torn place, and it was some time before I told that Model had kept me guessing the first few days I rode him.

Since Redbuck was a high-school horse, I felt I must teach Model Jr. to do some tricks. Being so young, he was quick to respond to my training. I started by teaching him to kneel. I cannot remember the source of the idea; but each day I went with him to the box stall, where there was plenty of nice clean straw. I would put a riding bridle on his pretty little head and a surcingle around his fat little body. Next, I would fasten a strap just above his ankle and run the strap up through the surcingle. Then I was ready for action. During all this performance I talked to him and petted him to win his confidence.

I would pull on the strap, and that would pull his foot well off the ground. The next step was to pull very lightly on the curb rein, so he would have to come down on his knee. It took hours of patience, but after a time I could touch him on the leg and he would kneel.

Next, I taught him to lie down, which was really very simple. When he was on his knee I would pull his head around until it almost touched his body, then he would come over on his side.

The third and hardest lesson was teaching him to march and to high trot. I did not enjoy this training so much because I had to keep tapping him on his front legs with a little switch. I was sure it made his legs smart, so after each lesson I would rub and rub his pretty white legs with witch hazel. I believe more time was spent in rubbing than in teaching. When he performed well, a lump of sugar was his reward; and judging from the complaints of the cook about the disappearance of the sugar, he must have performed well all day long.

Model Jr. was certainly the type to keep me interested, for I never knew what he was going to do. When most horses prick their ears, you know they see or hear something. Model's ears were forward most of the time.

He was a foxy little rascal. He would be going along at a slow trot and, out of a clear sky, would break into a dead run. For a short distance he could really get down and dig. A crowd of boys who loafed around a drugstore on Independence Boulevard made wagers on whether Model would pass the store on the trot or on the run.

He ran away with me so often that I grew tired of it and made up my mind to cure the little rascal of the habit. One day as we were going along a nice quiet dirt road, he started to run. I thought, "Now this is my chance to fix him." I took the whip, and when he started to slow down, I made him keep running until he was so tired he was glad to stop.

One afternoon three of us were riding in a trap (wasn't that a queer name for a rig?), and I had to sit forward because

the seat was narrow. One of the girls had just remarked that she had not had any excitement for days, when Model Jr. proceeded to do something to liven up the occasion. He started to run and kick. The kicking was something new, so far as my experience with him had gone, but he was certainly no amateur at the job. When he finished, we had no dashboard, and I had cuts on both hands. I loved him just the same, whatever his mood, for I felt it was just the high spirits of youth that must have an occasional outlet.

Model was double-gaited. If you drove him at a park pace he would trot; but if you asked him to step on, he quickly changed to a pace. He would shuffle right along and surprised everyone with his speed. It was such fun when someone would come along expecting to go dashing by the little fat chestnut driven by the little fat girl. Model enjoyed a race, too, and so needed little encouragement to step on. Most of the time the surprised people would have to take our dust.

Someone evidently told Daddy about the good times I was having racing Model. Daddy teased me about always being eager for a race; however, he had no objections so long as I did not race on Sunday. As I mentioned previously, we were reared in the strict old-fashioned way and taught that Sunday was not a day for sports. I have never regretted my early training, and even now we do not show our horses on Sunday.

The very next Sunday after Daddy had given me the talk on racing, I took him for a ride. We were driving along, chatting away as usual, when some friends, who were also out for a drive, started to pass us. Daddy reached over, took the whip out of the socket, gave Model a tap and said, "Don't let those people pass you," and away we went. When I had caught my breath I asked, "Daddy, what did you say to me about racing on Sunday?" Perhaps Daddy did not consider that racing!

I had two chums, Ada Cochran and Maude Stokely, who were also very fond of horseback riding. What good times we had together. Ada was always called "Bob" because she, too, was such a tomboy. We were considered tomboys be-

cause we enjoyed skating, riding, playing ball, and doing all the things the boys did. I wonder what a girl of today would have to do to be called a tomboy, as they seem to enter into all the same sports as the boys.

Bob usually rode a horse belonging to her older brother, and she was supposed never to ride Prince without first getting her brother's permission. One lovely afternoon we were unusually anxious to go for a ride. For some unknown reason Bob had a feeling "Big Brother" would turn her down if she should ask to take Prince out for a little exercise, so she sent me to do the asking. I rode up to Lloyd's place of business and asked him in the very nicest way I knew how if Bob could go for a little ride with me. Lloyd was as friendly as could be and seemed glad to see me, but the answer was not what I wanted to hear. He had an engagement to go riding with a very special friend that evening and had had his saddle, bridle, and horse given an extra good cleaning for the occasion; so he said that Bob and I would have to postpone our ride to another afternoon.

I rode back to the stable where Bob was waiting and told her the bad news. She was a spunky youngster and when she made up her mind to do something, that something was very apt to be done. And she definitely wanted to go riding on this particular day. We were very much disgusted and thought Lloyd was extremely selfish (of course, *we* were not). Bob enjoyed riding just as much as he did, and anyway we were sure it wouldn't hurt the horse to go out in the afternoon and again in the evening. We knew he would ride slowly that night, for he couldn't make love to a girl while riding fast, so we decided that it would be foolish for us to give up the ride we had planned.

We could curry Prince when we came back, and Lloyd would never be the wiser. Prince was a game horse, and we were smart enough not to ride him far enough to tire him. We had a fine ride, and all went well until we got back to the stable

and began to brush Prince so that Lloyd couldn't see the saddle marks. While we were washing Prince's feet, we discovered that he had lost a shoe. We were quite upset, as we knew this would give our secret away. I got on Model Jr. and rode slowly back in order to make a thorough search for that shoe. After riding about a mile, was I happy to see a horseshoe in the middle of the street! It was fortunate for us that someone hadn't already picked it up, because many people considered finding a horseshoe good luck. I scrambled off my pony, picked up the shoe, got back on Model, and hurried back to the stable. I suppose it seemed to Bob that I was away a long time, and she surely was relieved when she saw I had the shoe.

When we finished with Prince, there wasn't a mark of any kind to show that he had been ridden. We tossed the straw around his stall to look as though he had been pawing and restless, and then we put the shoe under the straw. When we thought everything looked as it should, I rode home, making it a point to ride past Lloyd's place of business and be sure that he saw me. He must have thought I had taken a long ride.

Bob felt a little nervous when Lloyd came home for dinner. Having a guilty conscience, I suppose she thought he might suspect something, especially when he said, "I can't understand how it was possible for Prince to pull a shoe in the stall, when he had been shod this very morning." I am sure Bob was relieved when the conversation was changed to something other than horses.

Another time Bob and I decided it would be fun to go sleigh riding. Lloyd had a nice newly painted cutter, and we were sure it was just the right size for Model Jr. We didn't feel that it was necessary to ask Lloyd's permission to use it. I had driven Model over, hitched to my stanhope, so all we had to do was to unhitch him from that rig and hitch him to the sleigh. He didn't seem too pleased when we fastened the bells

around his little fat body, but he really behaved very well, at least for awhile. It was a bright crisp winter day. Our cheeks were like big red apples, caused by the nip in the air, but we didn't mind the cold and were having a grand time. Other youngsters were enjoying it, too, because we would stop and let them hitch their sleds on to the back of the cutter and away we would go at a fast clip, with the bells ringing out their cheery tunes. Model Jr. was always a tricky rascal, and one never knew what he was going to do. We had been driving for some time, so I suppose he thought he had had enough and would put an end to the party. All at once he started to run and kick, and when we finally got him under control, the front of the newly painted sleigh was badly battered. We hated to have to tell Lloyd, but we decided that the sooner we got it over with the better, so we drove by the store, and two very meek girls told him what had happened. I believe that ended our taking things without first asking for permission to use them.

As I remember, Maude had a less venturesome nature than Bob, but perhaps she and I were just luckier in not being found out when we took matters into our own hands.

During a convalescence from an illness, when I was not attending school, I rode downtown each morning to be at the livery stable at half-past eleven to ride home with my Daddy. What happy times those were! There has never been a more understanding, indulgent, and thoughtful Daddy than mine. There was a bond of mutual tastes existing between us and a love that made of earth a bit of heaven.

The following spring the doctor advised Daddy to get away from the office, because he needed a rest from such close indoor work and application to business. He had been planning to make a tour of inspection to the lumber mills located in the Indian Territory, now known as Oklahoma; so he decided to combine this business with something of pleasure.

First, we went by train to Thomasville, Indian Territory, where one of our mills was located. Gene, Redbuck, and Model

Jr. came down by freight. We were going to ride to Hot Springs, Arkansas, which was about 120 miles from Thomasville. In a motor car that distance would not be worth mentioning; on horseback it was a very different story, particularly to persons accustomed to riding only an hour or so a day on city streets.

Redbuck and Model Jr. were both showy animals and attracted a great deal of attention, especially in that part of the country, where they raised horses of such mediocre quality.

Daddy was advised to have Gene ride with us as far as Mena, which was to be our first stop. The country was rough, and the inhabitants had very unsavory reputations. Many fugitives from justice in the States had fled to hideouts in the Territory. If this lawless element should like our horses, they would not hesitate to take them.

Poor Model! Little city pet! How hard those rough roads must have seemed to him. After traveling several miles, he showed signs of tiring. If I did not show the tired signs, I certainly felt them! We rode thirty-five miles that first day, and never was I so weary before or since as I was when we stopped at the primitive country hotel at Mena. As soon as we had cleaned up and had something to eat, I went to bed. There was only one position in which I could be comfortable, and it was *not* on my back. In spite of being sore and stiff the next morning, we were up with the sun, for another long ride was before us. I really dreaded to get into the saddle. When Gene brought the horses around, the poor dears looked as tired and fagged as we felt.

It was very exhausting to ride on a sidesaddle over those rough hilly roads; so Daddy, to give me a rest, would let me ride Redbuck and he would ride Model. Daddy was a comical sight, riding sideways on my pony; and I must have been even more comical, dressed in that long habit skirt, riding astride.

That trip was an eye opener for me, because I had never before been in such a poor part of our country, where people lived in such dreadful shacks. When I compared my own way

of living with the destitution that confronted me, I was more thankful than ever for all the blessings that had been and were mine.

It was almost dark when we drew rein before a little cabin. We made our presence known, and when Daddy asked the man of the house if we could stay all night, he replied that he "reckoned" we could. He did not offer to put up our horses but told us that we could take them down and turn them loose in the stable. Such a stable! It looked as if a slight wind would blow it down. In fact, it was so very dilapidated that we hesitated about putting the horses in it; but we finally decided that they, too, would be glad to lie down to rest anywhere and that they were too worn out to wander away.

The man had neither a currycomb nor a brush, so we made a wisp of hay into a brush and rubbed Model and Redbuck off as best we could. We gave them water and hay, and as the man did not have any oats to feed them, I fear that they went to bed hungry. We then returned to the cabin, where the family, consisting of Pa, Ma, and a big over-grown girl named Lucindy, were waiting to welcome us.

After staring at us for some time, Ma said to Daddy, "I'll bet our gal can outrun your gal." Since Lucindy was tall and gangling, and I was short and fat—and stiff just then from the riding—she would have been rather safe in winning her bet. However, Daddy did not accept the challenge.

If the stable was ready to tumble down, the cabin had an equally uninviting exterior. Built of logs, loosely joined together, it had a place for a window, but neither sash nor window pane. When we entered, we could see the daylight between the logs. At least we had plenty of fresh air. How cold and dreary it must have been in winter, and even in summer the stark poverty of it was depressing. The house was fairly clean, but oh! so bare. Two beds and a few chairs were the only pieces of furniture. They did not even have candles; the glow from the burning fire was all the light there was. It was

such an uninviting place I felt I could not eat a bite. After a thirty-five-mile ride though I suppose almost anything would taste good.

Ma brought in a plate stacked high with dark greasy-looking fried eggs; on another plate were soda biscuits the size of a large saucer. To make them all the more unappetizing, they were a sickly yellow color from a too generous amount of soda. Sorghum molasses and coffee completed the meal, the latter strong enough to keep one awake for a month, even if one had ridden horseback all day. I felt that I just couldn't eat that food; however, trying to be polite, I said, "I guess I am too tired to be hungry."

I spoke too soon. I never ate anything at the Waldorf that tasted so delicious as those awful-looking eggs and biscuits. I ate so much that I was really embarrassed, so I remarked that I seemed to be eating with a coming appetite. After this banquet (?) we talked for a short time, then retired for the night, all sleeping in the same room.

In the course of the conversation Ma and Lucindy revealed that they had never seen a railroad train. Pa was the traveled member of the family. He described the wonders he had seen on his one trip to Mena.

I had another surprise. It was the first and only time I have ever seen women use snuff. They would sit ten feet from the fireplace, but their aim was wonderful—they never failed to hit the bull's eye.

Ma and Lucindy, too, had a surprise, for they had never seen a curling iron. When I heated mine in the embers of the fireplace and curled my hair, they thought they were seeing a miracle. I was just as much of a curiosity to them as they were to me.

When Daddy asked what time they had breakfast and I heard the appallingly early hour, four o'clock, I felt like having a good cry. I felt as if I would never be rested again, and to have to get up at such an hour seemed about the most unbearable experience of all. Looking back, I wonder why they got

up so early, for, judging from the general appearance of the place, they must have spent a greater part of their time just "settin' around thinkin'."

One wonders what the mind might find to feed upon in such an environment. There was nothing of beauty in the home, no real comforts—merely a bare existence, without aim or ambition. I doubt whether they could even read or write. Life on such a plane is barely above that of the animal. One questions whether, when the sensibilities are so dulled, the person's power of suffering is as negative as the capacity for pleasure.

The breakfast menu was fried eggs, corn bread and bacon grease, minus the bacon, sorghum molasses, and coffee. Ma could make really good corn bread.

We cleaned and saddled our horses, the family walked to the stable to see us off. Daddy asked Pa what kind of horses they raised in that part of the country, and he replied, "Pretty sorry lot; about like that pony." Well! That was almost more than I could take, because to me Model was as nearly perfect as it was possible for a horse to be. He really was very good-looking, but I will admit that seventy miles in two days had taken a lot of the dash out of him. And I felt far from dashing myself. I had discovered muscles that I was entirely unaware of up to that time.

We had many interesting experiences on the trip. Until we came very near to Hot Springs, the country was very poor, and so were the people. Good land makes for prosperous homes, and poor land just the reverse.

On our third day out, when we came to a poor but neat farm, we asked if we could procure our noon meal there. The owner, a very pleasant man, said that he was sorry to refuse but his "woman" was sick. He directed us to a place about five miles farther on, where he was "mighty nigh" sure they would "feed" us, as they needed the money "powerful bad." It was the longest five miles I ever rode, and Model traveled as if it were the most endless he had ever gone.

Daddy enjoyed questioning the people in that undeveloped country to discover something of their philosophy of life. Mr. Jones (that really was his name) said he had learned from experience that money did not always bring happiness. He said that he had been "poor," and then he had been "poorer," and that he was happier when he was "poorer" than when he was "poor." Daddy seemed to regard this as a very sound philosophy.

The last day of our ride was rainy, so we were a wet and bedraggled pair by late afternoon when we arrived at the Eastman Hotel in Hot Springs. Our trunks had been sent by express, and we expected them to be in the hotel when we arrived. My! How we were looking forward to a hot bath and fresh clothing. I had worn a dress under my riding habit, and you can imagine how it must have looked after that long ride. When Daddy registered, he asked that the trunks be sent up at once—but alas—no trunks, no fresh dress.

Daddy went out and bought some "whitening," as Grandmother called powder. Daddy, being a Southerner, was anxious to cover up the sunburn and make me look more "ladylike"; but I know that the guests in the hotel thought a "hillbilly" had brought his daughter to town to see the sights.

Today I think of Daddy's patience with a child, and of how his enjoyment of my companionship was evinced by taking me on such a jaunt. Imagine a modern father assuming such a responsibility. The unpleasant incidents seem only of minor importance, when thinking of the great happiness I experienced in being with him; and the pleasant experiences represent some of the happiest times of my life.

5

AFTER I had Model Jr. a short time, I began begging for a trap, as a certain type of rig was called. Daddy often called me the woodpecker. When I wanted anything, I just kept pecking away until I pecked through Daddy's resistance. I suppose he granted my request just to get some rest.

He reminded me that I had said that if he would buy me just any kind of horse, no matter how old, or what it looked like (I am afraid I was not exactly honest in that statement, because I always liked a good-looking horse), just so it was my very own, I would be perfectly satisfied. When I wanted the trap, my argument was that if I had a buggy of some kind, I could take my friends with me, and they, too, could enjoy Model. Of course, I was not considering myself at all, only thinking of others! I wonder. At least I rarely went out alone, but nevertheless, I wonder.

The trap was bought, and also brass-mounted harness to go with it. The trap or stanhope was built rather high, with paneled sides. The body was painted a nice shiny black, with a little red trim on the side and bright red running gear. It

really was a snappy outfit, and was I a proud youngster when I took my first ride in it! I thought everyone was looking at and admiring it.

You frequently hear people ridicule the horse-and-buggy days. It peeves me. They do not know what they have missed.

Model Jr. Hitched to the Trap

I speak from experience, because I have lived in the horse-and-buggy days as well as during the time of automobiles. If I had to take my choice, it would be the good old buggy days. It is true that we could not travel as rapidly, but we seemed to accomplish much, and at least it was more relaxing.

Today you can have breakfast in Kansas City, luncheon in another town, dinner in still another, and sleep in a bed in a spot many miles from where you last dined. I have done it many times, but it was a rush, often to such a degree as to make sleep impossible.

How much more relaxing to go for a ride on, or behind, a spirited horse, one so intelligent that it does not have to be guided at every turn. Then you can really enjoy the quiet

restful scene of the countryside, the beauty of sky and earth, and the perfume of new-mown hay and all the delicious fragrance of God's great outdoors.

A horse is something alive, having a personality the same as a human being. Many times when riding or driving alone, I have felt a sense of perfect contentment, experiencing a deep feeling of comradeship with the horse. It was fun to stop on the roadside to let him nibble the tender green grass and once in a while to have him turn his head and look at me as if he were trying to tell me that he, too, was having a good time.

In those days, instead of one-arm drivers, there were no-arm drivers, because many horses were so well trained that the lines could be wound around the whip in the whip socket. The horse would amble peacefully along, while the supposed driver devoted all his attention to his best girl. If, on a dark night, one lost one's way, it was only necessary to give the horse his head, and he would find his way safely home.

Many horses have saved human lives. I remember an incident that happened in Kentucky on a dark stormy night. The rain was falling in torrents, and it was impossible to see ahead more than ten feet. Some travelers came to a bridge which they were accustomed to crossing. Suddenly the horse stopped. The driver urged him to go on, but he refused. When the whip was used on the intelligent animal, he continued to refuse to go forward, just moving from side to side under the stinging lash. He was usually such a dependable animal that the driver sensed there was something wrong. Climbing out of the buggy to investigate, he discovered to his consternation that an angry swirling flood had swept the bridge far down the stream. In a situation like that, which would be your choice—a horse or an automobile? I will take the horse. God gave him an innate sense of self-protection and a love for a kind owner, which he shows in many unmistakable actions.

I am impressed with the sense of direction possessed by horses. Riding on the desert near Palm Springs, California, we had this experience several times: we would be a few

miles from the stable, but the instant we turned toward home, if we gave the horses their heads, they would turn from the road, taking a short cut, where there was not even a path to guide them. Soon we were at the hotel and in much less time than if we had followed the road. Would an auto do that? Just try it and you will probably find yourself in a ditch or smashed against a telephone pole.

In the horse-and-buggy days there was not such a sameness of conveyances on the streets as there is today. Now, there are closed cars, convertibles, station wagons, open and closed trucks. Of course, there are many different makes of cars, but not as many as a few years ago. Those to be seen are the big handsome limousines, four-door and two-door, and the convertible; but they all look more or less alike. If someone admires your car, he can procure an exact copy of it. True, your carriage could likewise be copied; but when it comes to a horse, the mold for each one is made and broken, so no two are identical. I have known several horses that I wish could be reproduced because they were such wonders, yet if that could be done, the horse would no longer be outstanding. It would be just another horse, the same as with cars when hundreds are turned out just alike.

When carriages were built, one had many different styles to select from. Studebaker and the Columbus Buggy Company had salesrooms on Walnut Street, Kansas City, and both sold fine carriages. But the real treat was to go to Kimball's in Chicago or Brewster's in New York. Before the war both Kimball's and Brewster's were building special automobile bodies, which proves that when the automobile manufacturers wanted something different they still had to go to the carriage builders. Those two places were to me what art galleries are to many.

Kimball's was on Michigan Boulevard, several blocks south of the Blackstone Hotel. I would go there and wander around for hours at a time. On the four floors, there was every kind of vehicle one could imagine, from the cutest little governess

cart for a tiny Shetland pony to the handsome big coaches for the big sixteen-hand horses used for four-in-hands. Each vehicle was like a beautiful painting to my adoring eyes.

There were a number of different types of closed carriages, broughams, handsome and expensive, for a single horse or for a pair of horses. If I remember correctly, a Kimball or Brewster brougham cost $2,000. The harness was also expensive, being either brass or silver mounted, costing $500.

On a brougham the coachman and footman sat out in the open, as does the chauffeur of our present-day town car; but the driver's seat on the carriage was much higher than on a car. In very cold weather the coachman and footman wore extremely heavy coats, the color of the lining of the brougham, fur, caps, bearskin capes, and fur-lined gloves. They were also protected by heavy lap robes and made more comfortable by the use of hot bricks or a small oil heater. I can still see them beating their hands together to keep them warm while they waited in front of the store or theater. I must admit that a closed car is more comfortable for the driver in cold weather than a brougham; but think how soft we have become, for not only do we ride inside, but we must have a heater. A footman, who later became our chauffeur, said that he felt better when he rode outside in the good fresh air, even when it was very cold, than he did sitting in a heated car for hours at a time.

In mild weather the coachman and footman wore full-dress livery, consisting of a silk hat, single-breasted coat to match the upholstering of the carriage, buckskin breeches, black boots, and tan gloves. The groom (as the footman was usually called) wore a coat slightly shorter than the coachman's, with six buttons instead of four from waist to bottom of skirt. The coat was lined with white from the waist down so as not to soil the breeches.

Another closed carriage, less formal, was the station wagon, which was sometimes called a rockaway. This style of carriage furnished greater protection to the coachman and groom

than did a brougham, the top extending over the driver's seat, with side curtains to be used in cold or stormy weather. With a station wagon the coachman and groom wore undress livery, made of whipcord, in gray or tan, and derby hats the color of their suits.

An opera bus was what you might call a large brougham with seats running lengthwise instead of crosswise; it held more people. Two men in full-dress livery were used with the opera bus.

A landau was a closed carriage with seats facing each other. The top was collapsible and opened in the middle so it could be lowered over one or both seats. A small landau was called a landaulet.

There were also closed carriages called hacks, corresponding to the taxis of today. They were always to be found

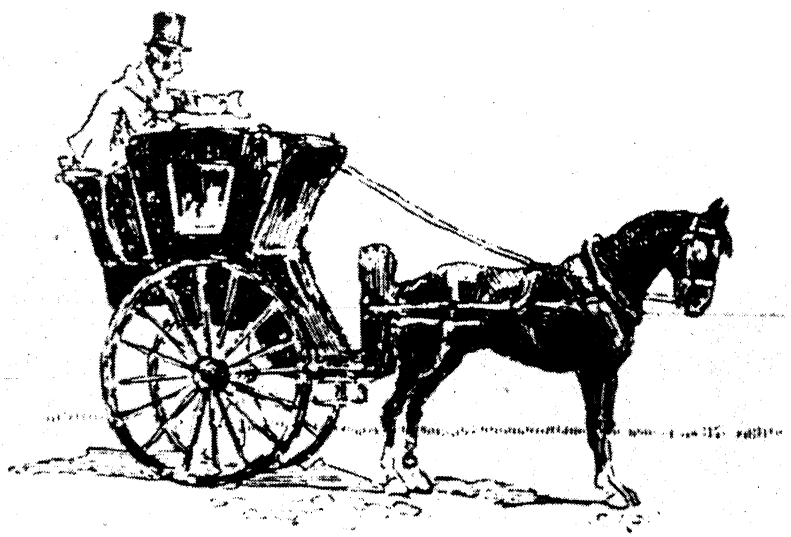
Hack

around stations, hotels, and in front of theaters, where the public could hire them for transportation. The livery stables also kept them to rent to any young man who wished to hire one to take the girl of his choice to the theater or to a dance.

Omnibusses were used in Chicago by the Parmalee Company to transfer passengers from one station to the other. They may be compared to the motor busses now in use. Three horses driven abreast made the omnibus a very impressive turnout.

The hansom cab was a great favorite of mine but was never used in Kansas City, possibly due to the fact that our hills made them rather impractical. To me the hansom cab was very quaint in appearance, having only two wheels; and I imagine it was patterned after the one-horse chaise, which had passed before my day. Of course, the one-horse chaise did not have a driver's seat high in the rear or a stationary top; it was two-wheeled and its top was collapsible.

Hansom cabs were mostly used for hire; however, a few were kept for private use. I would have enjoyed having one,



Hansom Cab

although I would have wanted to do the driving and to have used the driver as a groom. There are still a few of these hansom cabs in New York, and many use them for a leisurely drive through Central Park.

When in New York I always ride in a horse-drawn vehicle if one is to be found. In 1924 my secretary, Miss Hogan, and I had a rather amusing experience there because of this desire of mine. We were staying at the Plaza and so had no difficulty in securing a horse-drawn conveyance. We wished to go to Mr. Hanchers' harness shop, which, if I remember correctly, was located somewhere on Chambers Street. (Mr. Hanchers was a brother of Mr. Charles N. Hanchers, owner of the Belle Fern Pony Farm at Wheeling, West Virginia. The latter bred and showed ponies several years ago and has judged at many of the important shows in this country.)

In selecting a horse for such occasions I always made it a point to choose the one that was in the best condition, rather than the one with the most style, as that usually meant that the driver was good to his horse; and I always let him know that I selected it for that reason. So the horse I selected that morning in New York was well groomed, although I cannot say as much for the driver. This man had every appearance of having spent the previous night celebrating. One eye was more than slightly discolored; his nose had a decidedly pinkish tone; and his silk hat had certainly seen better days. His victoria was nice and clean, so the turnout was more prepossessing than the owner. The latter seemed quite pleased when I gave him Mr. Hanchers' address, evidently having been there before and thus knowing it meant a good fare. I had no idea how far it was but imagined it would be a fifteen- or twenty-minute drive.

He tucked the lap robe carefully around us, climbed up on the driver's seat with all the dignity of a coachman of bygone days, and gathered up his reins and whip. When we had driven farther down Fifth Avenue than I had ever been before, I asked him if he was sure that he knew where Mr. Hanchers' shop was to be found. I was assured that he did.

The cool morning breeze caused Miss Hogan's nose, as well as mine, to take on a rosy hue, and was also increasing the pink of our driver's. The faithful old horse continued

at a steady trot, so by this time we had covered quite a distance and were in a part of New York that I was seeing for the first time. The truck drivers would look at us with a smile of amusement; and they, as well as the policemen, would point over to the curb and say to our dashing (?) coachman, "Hiram, get over where you belong." Hiram paid no attention, but like "Old Man River" we just kept rolling along. Again, much to Hiram's disgust, I ventured to ask if we were going in the right direction. The sidewalks were crowded with people, but what a difference in dress and appearance from the crowds of upper Fifth Avenue.

An organ-grinder was grinding out tunes that seemed charming to the children thronging the streets at play, and the youngsters were enchanted with the cunning little monkey, running first to one child, then another, holding out his little red cap for the few pennies they could toss into it.

When the children saw us in our stylish turnout, they stopped playing. Even the music and monkey lost their charm, as the children ran to the buildings, yelling, "Mommer, Mommer, come look, and see what's here!" I knew that Hiram was a little unusual looking and that Miss Hogan and I could not possibly be mistaken for movie actresses, but it was hard to realize that we looked strange enough to cause so much excitement. The "mommers" would rush out, look at us, and then how they would laugh. I never felt so conspicuous in all my life and was really glad when the harness shop finally came into sight.

I said to Mr. Hanchers, "Really, I was embarrassed coming down here." Not knowing that we had arrived in a horse-drawn vehicle, he said, rather feelingly, "I don't see why you should have been." Then I described our ride. He said, "Do you mean to tell me you came all the way down here in a horse-drawn carriage?" When we said, "Yes," he told us that there had not been a horse and victoria in that part of New York for at least fifteen years. So, of course, it was the first time some of those children had ever seen such a sight.

Now, let us return to the description of the various styles of vehicles. When it came to phaetons, there was quite a selection. A simple little phaeton was used mostly by women and older people because it was built close to the ground thus making it easy to get in or out of. All phaetons had collapsible tops made of leather. It was most convenient to have such tops, for they could be adjusted to the various types of weather—up on stormy days, and down on pleasant ones, giving a full view of passing scenery and the benefit of sunshine and fresh air.

A George the Fourth phaeton could be used for one horse or a pair, and to me this is one of the most beautiful of all carriages. Men *never* used a George the Fourth phaeton. It

George the Fourth Phaeton

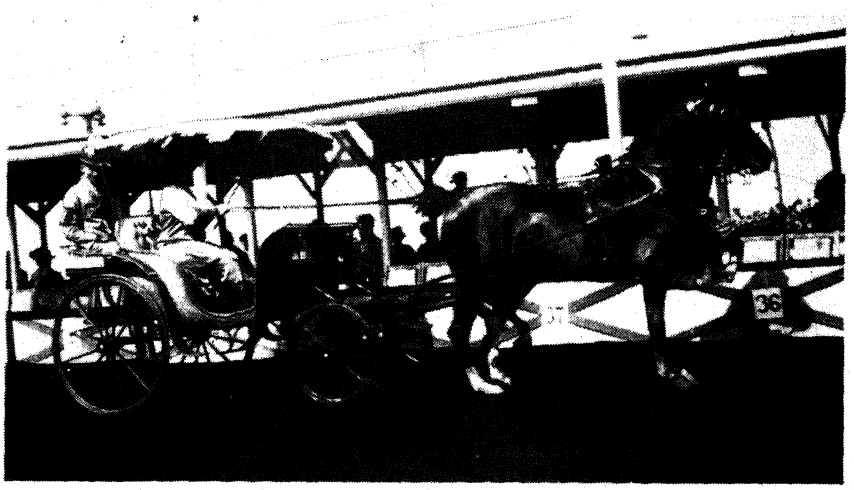
was strictly a woman's rig; she could use it when she wished to do her own driving, on the boulevards, through a park, or when making social calls. The George the Fourth had a rumble seat for the footman, who wore full-dress livery with this dressy-looking turnout. This phaeton is used in the ladies' class in the show ring today.

The victoria, made for a single or for a pair of horses, was, when properly turned out, a really handsome affair. It be-

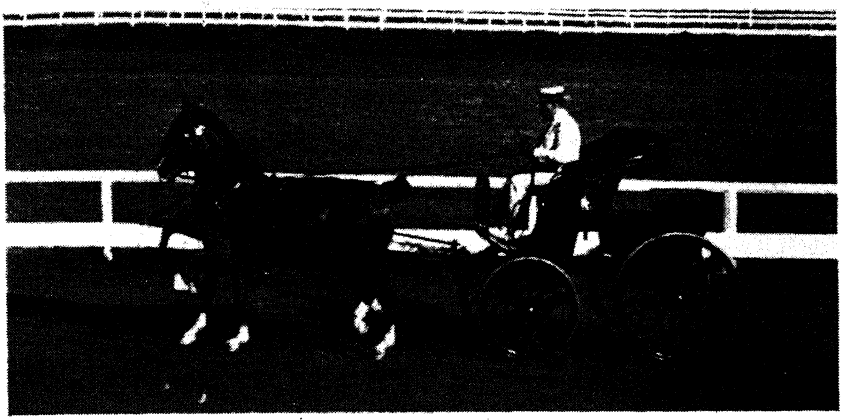
longed to the phaeton family and looked very much like a George the Fourth, with its lovely large shining patent leather fenders, which curved gracefully down to the low step, then up again over the wheel to protect the women's dresses from the dirt, for those were the days of long dresses. Instead of a rumble seat, the victoria had a high seat in front for the coachman and groom. They wore full-dress livery, and their coats matched the upholstery of the carriage. It was a lovely sight, a picture one would not soon forget—a well-turned-out victoria drawn by a pair of high-stepping horses, the women beautifully gowned, carrying fascinating small parasols, out for an afternoon drive through the parks or on a shopping trip.

Then there were the pretty basket phaetons, suitable for use around summer homes and in the ladies' classes at horse shows held during the warm weather. They had a canopy top, which was really a fringed cloth umbrella, oblong in shape. It, too, had a rumble seat, and undress livery was proper.

Then there were the mail or demimail phaetons, which were used by the masculine sex. As the rumble seat to this



Basket Phaeton



Mail Phaeton

phaeton was wide, it was proper to have two men up. A mail phaeton, with a handsome pair of horses driven by a well-dressed man, and two men up in full-dress livery, was an attraction which would cause any woman to take a second look, and perhaps skip a heartbeat.

A spider phaeton was lighter made than a mail phaeton, being built rather high and having a single rumble seat. The footman wore full-dress livery. Frankly, to me, a pair of horses shown to a mail or spider phaeton was much more impressive than when shown to the light viceroys we use today.

The goddard was an unusual and attractive buggy, which was particularly popular with doctors, as well as with men in general.

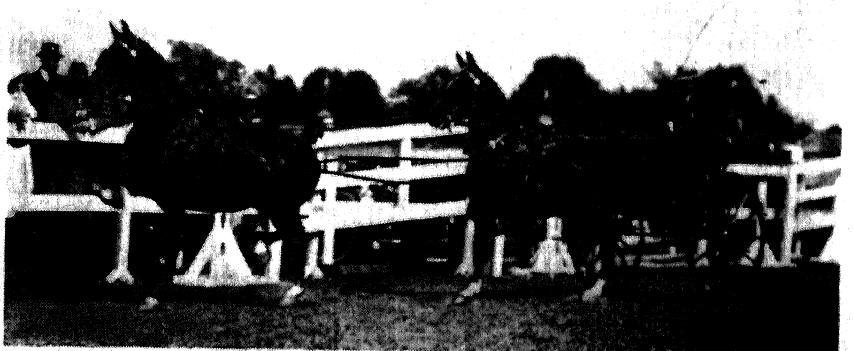
The runabout was a topless carriage, whose use is indicated by its name. This vehicle was also used for showing runabout horses in a class which, I am sorry to say, is no longer shown.

The little light collapsible-topped buggy was used by men when driving their roadsters. A one-seated natural wood wagon was very popular and was called a cut-under, meaning that the body was cut in such a way as to permit the wheels to

Runabout

go under the body when making a turn, enabling one to turn in a much smaller space and preventing an upset if the wheels were cramped.

A two-seated trap was built high, with paneled sides, was without a top, and operated on the same principle as the two-



Gig

door auto. You entered the front of the rig but could be seated either in the front or rear seat from this front entrance.

A gig was a smart two-wheeled affair, used by a gentleman when he drove to his club, or if he wished to look stylish when driving in the park. The groom wore a full-dress livery to match the lining of the gig. Dogcarts and gigs were also used in driving tandem. The former were two-wheeled, with two seats arranged back to back. The Kentucky high-wheeled break cart was used for driving tandem, too.

A most unusual-looking rig was the governess cart, two-wheeled in design, with seats running lengthwise, to which were driven ponies and horses. One might compare it to a large oblong wicker clothesbasket on wheels, low to the ground and easy to get in and out of by a back door.

Governess Cart

Beach wagons were topless, of natural wood. The lower part of the bodies of the present-day automobile station wagons might easily have been copied from the beach wagons made years ago. We had one with two seats and another with three.

Beach Wagon

The fringed-top surrey's fame was emphasized by one of the songs in the play *Oklahoma*.

The extension-top buggy, with a box body, the shape of an oblong box, had a seat placed in about the center, leaving a large space in the back for groceries and other packages. This was a most useful and practical buggy.

The park coach was the most elegant of all horse-drawn vehicles. It might well be called the band wagon of the parade. There were seats for twelve persons on the top of this coach, and the inside, which was very much like a brougham, seated four.

It was an eye-filling sight to see a number of perfectly appointed park coaches in the show ring, all painted a rich dark shade, with two grooms in full-dress livery, their coats matching the color of the upholstering, brass-mounted harness shining until it could be used for a mirror, and the beautiful horses with their coats of satin, their proud arched necks, and their wonderful rhythmic action!

A road coach was very much the same as a park coach, with the exception of the rear seat. On the park coach the rear

seat held two and was used for the grooms. On the road coach it was wide, seating three passengers and the guard.

The grand road coaches were usually painted with two contrasting colors and had a name painted on the rear panel. The harness was not quite so dressy as that used with the park coach, and it was permissible for the horses to be of mixed color, although most people preferred to have them matched. For a park coach the horses were all the same color.

The guard, who was also the hornblower, wore a frock coat of bright color, with cuffs and pocket flaps of contrasting color, gray felt or long silk hat, breeches, leggings, tan gloves, and carried a waybill pouch strapped across the right shoulder and under the left arm. He carried a long slender horn on which he blew various calls, indicating turns, stops, and the approaching of crossroads or streets. The various calls were very musical and much easier on the ears than the honk-honk of automobile horns.

The drag was used for four-in-hands or unicorns. A broken-down four was the origin of the unicorn. I saw this demonstrated when we were motoring in Belgium in 1910, at which time road coaches were still being used in some coun-

Park Coach

tries for short sight-seeing trips. Nearing an inviting little wayside inn, we saw a road coach approaching from the opposite direction, the horses moving along at a nice steady trot, and the guard blowing a musical signal on his long slender horn. When the coach stopped for lunch at the little inn, we knew it must be a good place, so we stopped, too. The horses were unhitched, but when it was time to start on, one horse had developed a case of colic. After waiting some time, the horse was still too sick to go on, so two horses were put in the wheel with one leader whose singletree was fastened to the end of the pole. Off they went, but it looked like a heavy load for three horses.

A drag had two high seats in front, seating seven people, and two low seats running along each side lengthwise.

A skeleton brake was what the name implies and was used for breaking and exercising four-in-hands. A smaller brake was often used for unicorns or small fours.

A tallyho was really a large brake, a huge vehicle with all the seats on top, and would, I should say, seat about twenty. It was usually owned by a livery stable and kept for

Pony Four Hitched to a Brake

hire to sight-seeing parties. A tallyho was very popular for moonlight rides, an exciting event in the "Gay Nineties." The guests would meet at the home of the host, where the tallyho awaited the gathering. A holiday spirit of anticipation animated the giggling young ladies in their long dresses, who, with many "oh's!" and "ah's!" were helped to the high seats by gallant young men. After several hours of driving around the boulevards, the gay party would return to the home of the host, where refreshments were served. When the feasting was over, the hour of parting came. "Good-bys" and "good nights" would reluctantly be said, and an evening of joy would be recorded in the hearts of those boys and girls, never to be forgotten, even producing a glow of pleasure long years after, when youth was past.

The horse-and-buggy days, with their varied types of conveyances, far surpass this motor age in the diversity of selections from which to choose. That era was a time of romance, too, and one of the most romantic selections of all was the sleigh. Beautiful and graceful in design, a little cutter glided over the snow like a swan. Its brightly painted color in lovely contrast to the white world of winter was rivaled only by the glowing rosy red cheeks of the beautiful girl. The happy young man, mindful of the comfort of his lovely companion, had her snugly tucked in between warm fur rugs. Gathering the reins of the prancing horse, they were off to the tinkling of the sweet music of the sleigh bells. Sometimes the bells were fastened underneath the shafts or tongue, sometimes around the horse's body, and there was also an arrangement of bells that fastened on to the backband; but wherever they were, the motion of the horse would cause them to go jingling merrily along.

Some of the two-seated sleighs looked like something out of a storybook. We still have one built by Brewster. The body is painted black, and the body trimming is cardinal red. The runners are the same shade of red as the leather up-

holstery. The dashboard curves gracefully forward to keep the flying snow from the horses' feet from hitting the occupants in the face. Two large plumes fasten to each side of the dashboard. Cathedral bells were never more beautifully toned than the sleigh bells used with that sleigh. If on a snowy day a pair of high-stepping horses, with all appointments perfect, were driven down any street in any country, hitched to that sleigh, it would stop traffic—of this I am sure.

I have particularly pleasant memories of a trip to Montreal, Canada, one winter. We arrived on a clear crisp cold morning, when the ground was covered with snow. Our friends came for us in a car and took us to the stable, which was some distance from the hotel. They had a wonderful treat in store for us in the form of two pretty cutters, equipped with tiger-skin robes for the back of the seats and to cover our knees to protect us from the sharp cold. The horse hitched to the sleigh we were to ride in was protected by a tigerskin loin blanket. The browband of the bridle was covered with this fur, as were also the rosettes. I have never heard more beautifully toned sleigh bells. As those two sleighs slid smoothly over the hard-crusted snow, the high-stepping horses, moving in unison, made the sleigh bells ring in a way that would rival the Swiss Bell Ringers.

The trainer drove the horse we were interested in buying, and we drove alongside to watch it work. When I recall that day, I long for the good old horse-and-buggy days.

In memory's hall there hangs a picture of another sleigh ride that was a happy experience. We were spending the night with friends in the country, and it was extremely cold. A neighbor living some five miles from this friend's home was having a taffy pull. Do you think the cold kept us home? No, indeed! The bed of the farm wagon had been put on runners, and clean fresh straw was two feet deep in the wagon bed. Hot bricks were placed down in the straw to help keep us warm, and we were dressed for the occasion. I'll ad-

mit that we did wear more clothing than the young people of today, but that did not bother us. The moon was full, the night was beautiful. What fun we had, all sitting in the bottom of the wagon bed, singing the popular songs of that day to the accompaniment of the sleigh bells, as the faithful old farm horses plodded along at a slow trot.

Turning from the conveyances of fun and frolic, conveyances representative of all the activities of social and domestic life, I feel that my story would not be complete if I did not mention the horse-drawn hearse, which was used to take man to his long rest out in God's Acre.

They were most elaborate, and different styles and colors were used for different ages—white for children and young people, gray and black ones for older people. White horses, with large white plumes on their bridles, were driven to the white hearse. A heavy white net completely covered the horses, and the net was edged around the bottom with heavy white tassels. Iron gray horses with gray nets were used with gray hearses, and black horses with black nets with the black hearse.

The sides of the hearse were made of plate glass, and some had draperies of cloth on the inside, the draperies matching the color of the hearse. Others had something which resembled the plastic used today and was designed to give the same effect as the draperies, though this decoration was used on the outside of the glass. The horses were driven in slow and stately step, in keeping with the tempo of the occasion as well as of that era.

When I think of a hearse I am reminded of a true story told by my uncle. He lived in Coffeyville, Kansas, a town located very near what was then known as the Indian Territory, where many Indians were still living. They did their shopping, or perhaps I should say their trading, in Coffeyville. If they saw something that appealed to them, they were inclined to be very extravagant.

On one of his trips to Coffeyville, a big Indian saw for the first time a horse-drawn hearse. He thought it was the most

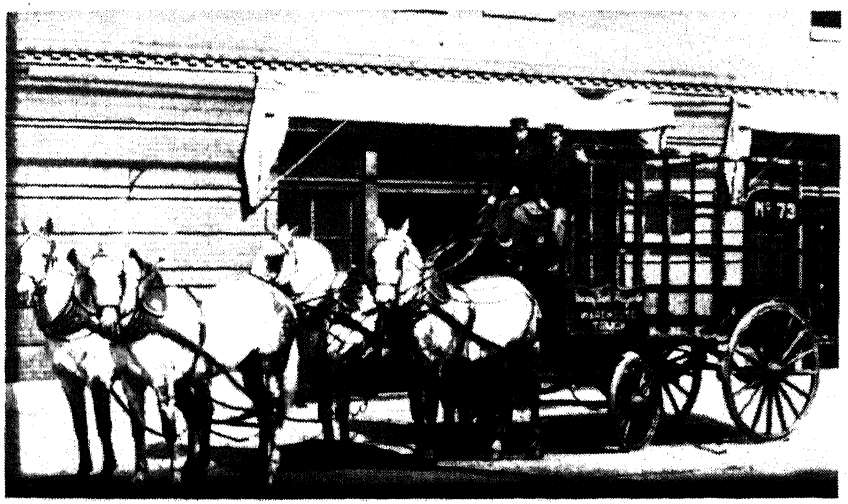
beautiful wagon he had ever seen, as well as the most useful. Then and there he decided that it was exactly what he needed. So he lost no time in finding the owner and in making him understand that he wished to buy the wagon with the glass sides. He was told that it was not for sale. "Me pay big money for pretty wagon," said the Indian. The owner didn't want to sell the hearse, but the Indian insisted on knowing, "How much?" Thinking he could get rid of him in this way, the undertaker asked much more than the original price of the hearse. Much to his surprise, the big Indian took out a roll of bills and slowly counted out the amount it would take to buy the pretty wagon.

According to my uncle it was a comical sight to see the big Indian with his blanket thrown around his shoulder, sitting proudly on the hearse as he drove his forlorn-looking ponies down the street. Sometimes riding inside were the small Indian children peering out through the glass, and again it would be loaded with whatever he was bringing to trade.

Now, let us talk about something more cheerful, the practical delivery wagon. I well remember the horses and wagons used by Emery, Bird and Thayer. The bodies of the wagons were painted a rich dark green, the running gear a bright red. Those wagons were so beautifully kept that they always looked as though they were just out of the paint shop. To them were driven lovely iron-gray horses. I can see them now, numbers of them backed up to the curb on the Grand Avenue side, standing patiently while packages, boxes, and the many articles of merchandise carried by a large department store were being loaded into the wagons, later to be delivered to all parts of the city. What keen rivalry (sometimes reaching the jealous stage) there was between those drivers. Each one wanted to have the best-looking horse to drive, and each took great pride in keeping his horse slick and fat.

If I remember correctly, John Taylor used bay horses; Swift Packing Company used heavy gray draft horses and wagons with brilliant red running gear, which made a very showy

turnout. The Robert Keith Furniture Store always had splendid-looking horses. The thing most impressive to me was the personal interest Mr. Robert Keith had in his horses—to the extent of building stables not far from his residence so that he could stop by any time, day or night, to see that the horses were well cared for. It is too bad that there were not more people who took such an interest in the well-being of their faithful animals. Mr. Keith kept his riding horse in the same stable, as well as the pony of his small son, Edward, who later became head of the company.



Delivery Wagon

In the evenings, when the weather was suitable, Mr. Keith and Edward would ride out Independence Boulevard, Mr. Keith riding his bay horse at a trot and always sitting to the trot because he was out for exercise. Edward would try to keep up on his fat pony. What a lovely wholesome way for a father and son to spend an evening.

At that time some of the most interesting and best-filled classes at the horse show were the classes for single and pairs, also for heavy and light delivery horses that were used

daily on the streets. Here the rivalry was even keener because it was not only between individual drivers but between the different stores as well. There were entries from the department stores, laundry companies, dairies, hucksters, the Adams Express Company and the Wells, Fargo Express Company (now merged and known as the American Express Company), Barton Transfer Company, Swift, Armour, and Wilson Packing companies, the Anheuser-Busch Association, and many other establishments. I always enjoyed seeing these classes; yet there was a situation that marred that pleasure: I felt so sorry for the drivers whose horses were left out of the ribbons. You could judge from the appearance of their wagons, harness, and horses, how many hours had been spent in preparation; then when they drove out of the ring without a ribbon, they looked so keenly disappointed that I was afraid they would think less of their horses because they had failed to win.

Kansas City had good delivery classes, but I have never seen anything to equal the ones at the St. Louis show in years gone by. Twenty in a class was not unusual, and there was not a poor one in the lot. The classes were very popular. The friends and families of the drivers, the owners and their friends, would all be there to applaud their favorites. I love a class when the audience shows enthusiasm by their applause. Even the horses seem to sense and enjoy it. The whole atmosphere is one of life and bubbling spirits.

The classes for huckster wagons were indeed wonderful. The brightly painted wagons, the well-groomed horses, the neatly dressed men, and the arrangement of fruit and vegetables, all made an attractive picture. The windows of our most expensive grocery stores never displayed their wares in a more tempting manner. In fact, they were so tempting that the judges yielded to the temptation and helped themselves to the fruit, much to the delight of the driver. There seemed to be as much competition in the arrangement of the vegetables and fruit as in having the best-looking horse and wagon, and

this was well, for it added much to the appearance of the turnout. It was surprising to see the artistry displayed by some of those men.

Toronto, Canada, always had outstanding delivery classes, too.

I have seen horses hitched to delivery wagons in New York that could have won the blue ribbons in any show. Many firms considered fine delivery turnouts a good advertisement, and as far as I was concerned, they were the very best.

Can you imagine a class for trucks used for delivery service? I'll let you draw your own conclusions.

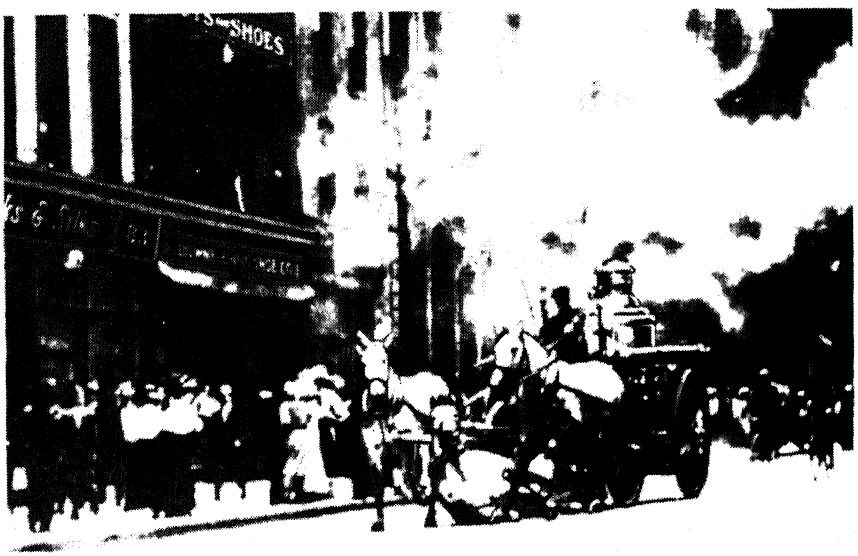
When in Europe in 1910, one of the very interesting classes we saw, in connection with the Olympia Horse Show in London, was the costermonger class. I think it was sponsored by Lord Lansdale, the well-known English sportsman. The awards were presented to the best-looking entry, a donkey and cart used on the streets of London to peddle fruit, vegetables, and fish. The costermonger's suit and cap were of a flashy pattern, with all the pearl buttons that could be sewed on. The more pearl buttons, the better. They were called the "Pearly Kings."

The wife or the "Moll" of the costermonger rode along with the "Pearly King." She wore a large wide-brimmed hat, with numerous gay feather plumes. That hat was tilted to a rakish angle. Her dress was of a satin material, fashioned with leg-of-mutton sleeves, a tiny waist, and full skirt about ankle length, similar to those worn by the Gibson girls.

In closing this chapter I wish I had the great gift of a painter of word pictures that I might be able to give you a faint idea of the most thrilling of all horse-drawn vehicles, the fire engine. It thrilled the very young as well as the very old. In the language of today, you who have never seen a horse-drawn fire engine, "aint seen nuthin'."

Those gallant horses sometimes lost their lives going to a fire—a slip on the wet or icy street, a fall, a broken leg, then

the brave animal would have to be put out of its misery. I have seen big strong men, members of the fire department, realizing what it meant, with tears rolling unheeded down their cheeks. They loved those horses.



A Fall on the Slick Street

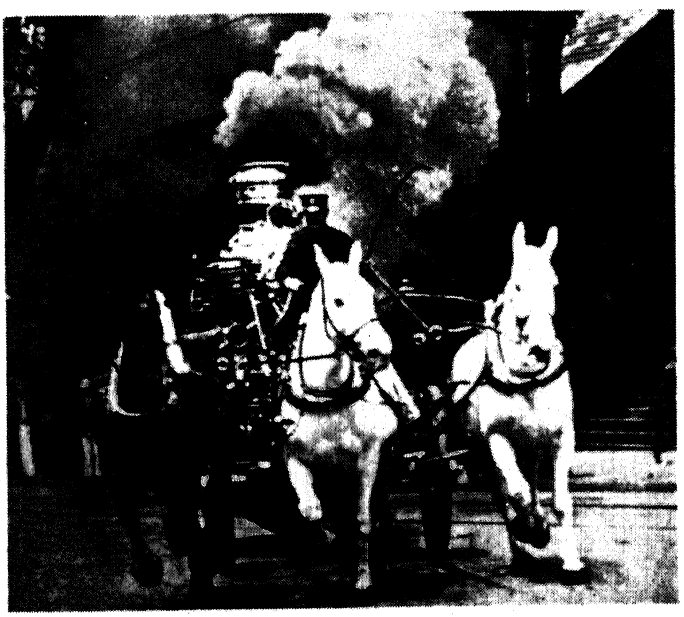
Let's look in on a fire station. The firemen have finished the morning chores, the horses are cleaned, the harness is in perfect condition, the brass on the engine is bright and shining, and the fuel is laid in the engine. Everything around the station is spotlessly clean, beause the chief or one of his assistants might drop in at any time to inspect the fire equipment, as well as the men's living quarters. If the morning is fine, the men will often sit in front of the station, reading the morning paper or perhaps just enjoying the warm sunshine. On chilly days they may play a game of checkers or cards or write letters.

The fire engine, hook and ladder, hose wagon, or whatever it happened to be, is usually kept somewhere near the center of the station. Let's try to picture a fire engine. It is a

strongly made wagon, painted bright red, with the engine made of brass, which is kept highly polished. Fuel is always laid in the engine so that it can be lighted almost instantly.

In front of the fire wagon is the swinging harness, hung from the ceiling. The traces are attached to the doubletrees, the collars open at the bottom, the lines through the terrets of the collar. The horses seem almost human in their training. They stand dozing in their slip stalls, one on each side of the wagon, their heads even with the doubletrees. The horses have the Hale halters, on which the tie strap is released when the alarm sounds. The horses wear a bit day and night except when eating grain.

Everything is quiet around the station, when suddenly the fire alarm rings, and then men and horses quickly come to



Fire Engine

life. The horses spring to their places in the harness. The collars are clasped shut, the lines snapped to their bits by the firemen. The driver is in his seat, the horses are champing

their bits, the fire has been lighted in the engine, and as they swing out of the station the engineer and stoker jump to their places, one on each side of the engine. As soon as they are on the street the horses break into a run, the noise of their flying feet pounding on the hard pavement scarcely audible above the constant clanging of the bell on the wagon; their nostrils are dilated, their eyes shining with excitement, and every muscle straining to pull that heavy engine, with steam and smoke pouring from the top. The firemen, with helmets pulled tightly down on their heads, hang on to the handrails as the wagon swings around the turns.

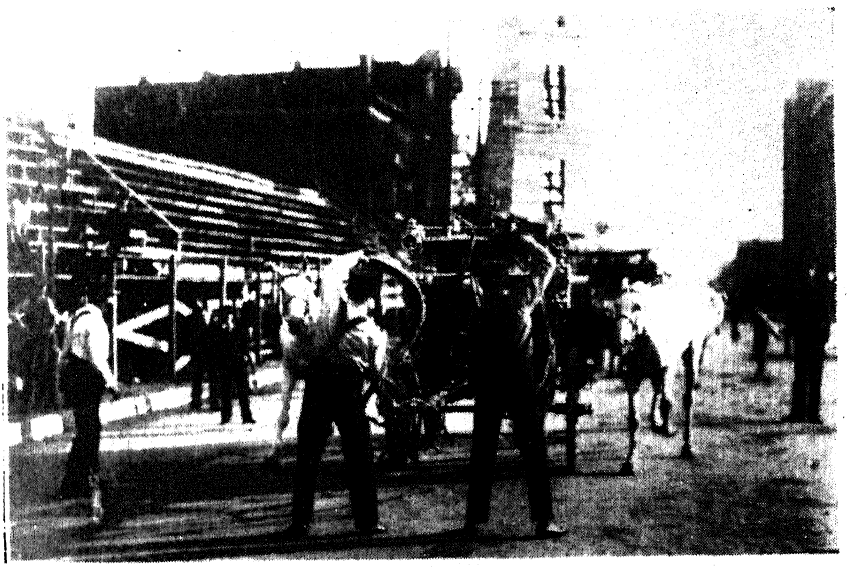
The chief used a strongly made, one-seated buggy, and like all fire wagons it had a bell on the dashboard that could be rung by pressing his foot. The running gear was bright red, the same shade as my little trap. Many times when the chief came along, his horse running, the bell ringing, everyone pulling to the curb to give him the right-of-way, Model Jr. would become very much excited. I would give him his head, and away we would go, running alongside the chief. That was my idea of a real buggy ride.

George C. Hale was chief of the Kansas City Fire Department from 1882 until 1902, and he invented many things used by fire departments everywhere. One of the most important was the Hale Swinging Harness. It was the quickest and least complicated method of hitching ever invented. The operation of the device was such that the instant the alarm was sounded, the horse bounded to his place at the tongue, then by clasping the collar and snapping the reins to the bit, everything was in readiness for the start. Another invention was a device which automatically detached the halter when the alarm sounded, thus allowing the horse to spring instantly to position.

I wish all of you could have been with me the day I had a little visit with ex-Chief John C. Egner, who spent fifty years of his life serving in various capacities with the Kansas City

Fire Department. From 1906 to 1918 he was chief of the department. He is a splendid-looking man, with eyes that twinkle when he talks about the horse-and-buggy days of the Fire Department.

I hardly know where to begin, he told us so many interesting things; but I believe you would all be interested in knowing how the horses were trained to respond to the sound of the fire alarm. A green horse (as an untrained horse was called) was always put with one that was sensible and well trained. When the alarm sounded, the green horse would be led out, and in the leading, his head would go through the collar, which was clasped together by a fireman, who also snapped the lines in the bit. The lesson was repeated every two hours all



Joe and Dan

during the day. Each time the horse poked his head through the collar, he was rewarded with a piece of sugar or an apple. So, naturally, he enjoyed his education. Some horses are like some people and learn quickly, and some of them were well trained in a week, while others learn slowly.

In 1893, Chief Hale was invited to compete in the International Fire Congress of Great Britain, held in London, England. At that time Joe and Dan, two beautiful white horses stationed at Fire Department headquarters on Walnut, between Eighth and Ninth, were the pride of the department, as well as of the people in and around Kansas City who had seen them on the streets answering a fire alarm or giving exhibition hitches. Chief Hale had given orders that when out-of-town visitors came to the station and expressed a desire to see the horses hitched, that desire should be granted. During the Fall Festivities in Kansas City, when Kansas City had many visitors from a distance, Joe and Dan were hitched many times a day, for it was then as much of a thrill to see them as it is now to see a popular movie star.

Joe and Dan were purchased from Armour Packing Company and were said to have some Arabian blood. Because of their record, it was quite natural that they should be selected for the London contest.

Ex-Chief Egner was then a young man, a captain, and was in charge of the fire team sent to represent Kansas City at the great Fire Congress. Teams had been invited from many other countries, so to win would be a great honor. Poor Joe and Dan were seasick going over, and so arrived in England feeling a little the worse for wear; but fortunately they had a week to regain their strength and were feeling fit and ready when called on to uphold the reputation of the Kansas City Fire Department.

At that time the best record had been made by the company from Milan, Italy, which was three minutes and was considered a remarkable feat. Our company was the last to compete. The wagon was backed in place, Joe and Dan standing in their slip stalls with the Hale patent halters. The Hale Swinging Harness was properly adjusted. The horses seemed to know that it was an unusual occasion. The people were crowded in every available space, anxious to see what the

team from across the ocean would do, but never dreaming that they could equal the time made by the team from Italy. Chief Hale gave the signal; all was ready. The alarm was sounded, the judges started their stop watches—two white streaks shot from their stalls, stretched their necks, poked their smart heads through the open collars, which were clamped shut by men, the lines snapped in the bits—they were hitched, and the men were on the wagon. The time—I know it seems unbelievable—was one and two-fifths seconds! And to this day that is the world's record. The average time for hitching in the Kansas City stations was from one and three-fourths seconds to three seconds. The horse-and-buggy days weren't so slow after all.

Ex-Chief Egner also told us about an exhibition they gave while in London. Starting from bed, they dressed, hitched, and were on the street in eight seconds—much less time than it takes me to tell it. Do you wonder that we still enjoy talking about our horse-drawn Fire Department?

About a month after the team returned from London (and you may be sure it was a warm welcome that greeted them on their arrival), Joe and Dan were back on duty; the alarm had sounded, and they were on their way to a fire. At Eleventh and Broadway, they collided with a streetcar, and Joe received a severe leg injury. Everything was done to save the gallant animal. You can imagine how concerned everyone felt about the injury and suffering of one of this wonder team. Men, women, and children called at the Fire Department headquarters to inquire about Joe and to leave sugar, apples, and carrots. In spite of all the loving care, Joe died; and I am sure many a tear was shed for the brave horse that gave his life in line of duty.

Chief Hale was anxious to have the skin of Joe mounted, so that people could see this likeness of the horse that was loved and admired by many. City funds were low, so Chief Hale felt that he should not ask for the money from the city

treasury, but he inserted a few lines in the daily paper, saying any donation, no matter how small, would be gratefully received, to help pay for the expense of having Joe's skin mounted. Nickels, dimes, quarters, and larger amounts came pouring in, not only from Kansas City, but also from the surrounding small towns and county, until the amount was over $500. Joe in his short life had won the admiration and affection of both old and young.

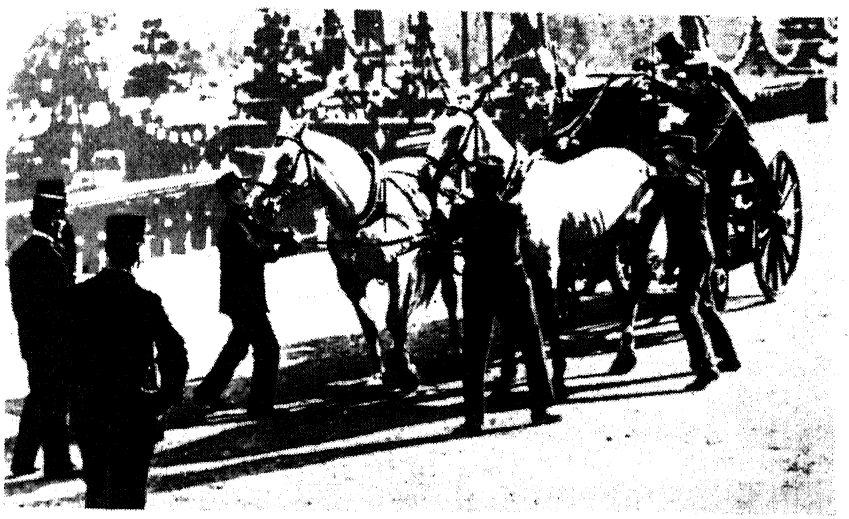
A new mate was put with Dan and he answered the call of the fire alarm for several years. Then he was pensioned and sent to Swope Park to live a life of ease, but I wonder if he didn't miss the excitement he had lived with so long. After he had been retired for eight years, he was brought to Electric Park at the request of Mr. Mike Heim, owner of the park. A corn carnival was being held there, and Mr. Heim thought that many would enjoy seeing the old horse again.

The idea was to have a box stall for him where he could just enjoy himself while his public feasted their eyes on a real champion. He was all cleaned up and ready for inspection, and Chief Hale came by to see his old friend. The captain in charge of the fire station at the park asked the chief if he would like to see the old warrior in harness. The Chief thanked him but said that Dan had probably forgotten all his training long ago. The captain took Dan out of the stall, fastened his Hale halter, and the alarm sounded. The old fellow was about thirty years old and couldn't move as quickly as he did when he helped make the world's record in London; but, bless his heart, he did his best. He jumped out of his stall; poked his head through the collar, which was clasped shut; the line was fastened to his bit, while he stood quivering with excitement; and I am sure he wondered why they didn't get going. An intelligent horse is truly a wonderful pal.

John T. Lynch, the present chief, has been a member of the Kansas City Fire Department for fifty-three years, so he, too, enjoys reminiscing about the days before the department

became motorized. I am deeply indebted to Chief Lynch and to the *Kansas City Star* for the pictures of the Fire Department.

In 1900 our Fire Department went to the exposition held in Paris, France. The horses this time were Buck and Mack and were even more wonderfully trained than Joe and Dan. They would stand facing the fire wagon on the opposite side from where they regularly worked. When the alarm sounded, they would spring into action, passing each other back of the wagon, and rush to their places beside the tongue to be hitched in the same manner as Joe and Dan. For exhibition purposes,



Buck and Mack in Paris

an arbor wrapped with burlap and saturated with coal oil was placed on each side of the wagon. Just before the alarm was sounded, the burlap was lighted, and Buck and Mack would jump through the fire to get to their places. Once again our Fire Department had proved to the world that they were real champions, and the International Championship Cup was brought back again to Kansas City, Missouri, United States of America.

6

THE first show I remember attending in Kansas City was held at the old Exposition Park, located between Twelfth and Fifteenth streets on Prospect and running east several blocks. The Fall Exposition was quite an occasion. In the large exposition building the different stores had displays: the department stores showing the latest styles in wearing apparel, as well as many attractive things to tempt the eye and pocketbook of the housewife; furniture, hardware, and the many other kinds of stores showing the latest things in their wares. To the youngsters, the most intriguing feature was the giving away of samples to advertise various products. There was a very popular restaurant where delicious food was served by the best caterer in Kansas City. In a large rotunda, located in the center of the building, a nationally known band gave concerts at specified hours. These were largely attended by the Four Hundred, as well as by many others.

The horses and stock were shown on the track in front of the grandstand. Two horses stand out clearly in my memory, both owned by Mr. Conway Holmes and ridden by that fine colored trainer, Tom Bass, whose face was so familiar to those attending horse shows and fairs thirty-five years ago: one was Kentucky Blue Eyes, a blaze-faced, jet-black, five-gaited

stallion with blue eyes; the other, Miss Rex, a dainty, dark iron-gray high-school mare. Tom Bass was especially good in training high-school horses. Belle Beach, owned by Mr. Dinks Parrish of St. Louis, was also a graduate in the high-school training from the school of Tom Bass. What a dainty piece of horseflesh was that little black mare with white markings. As she performed at the high trot, she gave the impression that she disliked to let her pretty white feet even touch the dirt. Now, high-school horses are shown only as a special exhibition or in circuses; but in the old days, there were regular classes for such horses, and they were very interesting indeed. Each trainer tried to teach his horse some trick that had not been performed before. The horses would march, high trot, walk, trot, canter sideways, pivot first with the front leg, then with the back leg, kneel, lie down, and sit up on their haunches. The ones seen in the circuses today cannot compare with those in the horse shows of bygone years.

The next show that comes to mind is the one held in Mexico, Missouri, in 1894. Sallie and I were on one of our many happy visits to Kentucky. Daddy wrote us that the fair would be a certain date and the saddle classes would be unusually interesting because the competition was very keen. Horses would be there from Kentucky, as well as other states. Mr. Church Bridgeford, a friend of Daddy's, was going to show our Redbuck.

Daddy suggested that we get off the train at Mexico, instead of going on to Kansas City. A suggestion was all that was needed when a horse was to be seen. What an exciting time that was. Mexico was to Missouri what Lexington is to Kentucky, the center of saddle-horse activity. The town was filled with people. In the crowded hotels, on the street corners, or wherever people were gathered, only one subject was being discussed. What horse would be the winner of the stake tomorrow? Lou Chief from Kentucky was considered by many to be the one most likely to be seen proudly wearing the championship ribbon when she left the ring. Redbuck had

looked mighty good to us at home, but after hearing of the wonder horses entered in the stake, we knew that Redbuck would be out of his class.

The grandstand was packed; along the fence was a solid line of people. Everyone was tense as the time drew near for the championship class. The bugle sounded, and the proud beauties came down in front of the grandstand, each rider showing his horse at the gait in which it excelled. Along came Lou Chief, the belle from Kentucky, and what a beautiful mare—a chestnut with white markings. The trot was the gait chosen by her rider for her to make her first impression, and it was certainly a wise choice. I have never seen a saddle horse with a more brilliant trot. It may not have been as fast as many others, but the rhythmic all-round action, the perfect form, was a joy to behold. Needless to say, such a beautiful creature received a real ovation when Carter Nagel, one of the great riders of that time, paraded her up and down in front of that great crowd of horse lovers.

Bill Davis was riding a black four-year-old stallion, Rex McDonald, and he was truly the dark horse. He was young and hadn't had the experience of winning numerous ribbons, as had Lou Chief, but he soon made his presence felt. He was a beautiful, smooth-made horse and was a real performer at all five gaits.

The crowd soon realized that the contest for the coveted ribbon was between Lou Chief, the pride of Kentucky, and Rex McDonald, the almost unknown horse from Missouri. The loyal Missourians were giving their horse a great hand, but when the judges called for the trot, and Lou Chief trotted, as only she could, the crowd was fair and gave her the applause due her. When the rack was called for, it was Rex McDonald's time to thrill the onlookers. I have noticed many times that the rack is the gait that catches the eye and holds it.

The horses lined up, their coats of satin covered with sweat, after the long hard workout. Again the crowd was tense, awaiting the decision of the judges. When the number of

Rex McDonald was called, a mighty cheer went up from the throats of hundreds of Missourians. It was a great honor for a horse bred in their state to win over the famous Lou Chief, the pride of Kentucky, the state known as the home of the saddle-bred horse. I do not remember any of the other horses except Redbuck. He was placed sixth, and that was all he deserved.

Rex McDonald's reputation was made at that show, and for many years he was considered the outstanding five-gaited horse of the country. It wasn't long until Colonel John T. Hughes, living on a beautiful farm near Lexington, Kentucky, paid a big price for Rex McDonald and took him to the Blue-grass State. That was something new— Kentuckians coming to Missouri to buy the outstanding saddle horse.

In 1898, Mr. W. D. Lee bought Rex McDonald for Colonel Bleese. Later Mr. Ben R. Middleton purchased the grand old horse and kept him until he died. Rex McDonald is buried in the center field of the Mexico, Missouri, fairgrounds, which is very fitting, as that was where he won the saddle class that started him on his road to fame.

In the fall of 1896 a horse show was to be held at Fairmount Park, five miles east of Kansas City. Daddy was going to show Redbuck in the saddle class, and I was to ride him in the class for the best lady rider. Model Jr. was entered in the class for ponies in harness. At last my dream was coming true. I was going to ride in a real horse show and I was so excited I couldn't sleep for several nights before the show, lying awake trying to imagine how it would seem riding in competition.

William (our coachman) was to be at Fairmount Park two days with the horses. I pleaded with Daddy not to get an extra man to look after Slasher and Widener, but to let me do it all by myself. To me that would be a real treat; but Mother thought it not the proper thing for a girl to be doing stable work, and I'll admit it was an unusual request. But I went back to the ways of the woodpecker, and pecked away until my wish was

granted. What fun I had cleaning out the stalls, washing the horses' feet, and even washing the carriage. Human beings are strange creatures. To work around the house was drudgery, but doing things around the stable was fun. I felt very important when I hitched up the horses all by myself. As I look back, Slasher and Widener must have been a well-mannered pair. I had to hitch them and leave them cross tied, because after they were hitched, I had to go in and dress for what, up to that time, was the most important event in my life. A bride was never more excited in putting on her wedding dress than I was when I donned my riding habit for that momentous occasion.

It was an afternoon show, held outdoors. The ring was in front of the grandstand, and the stables were on the opposite side of the track. As I waited in the stable for the class to be called for the best lady rider, I was more than a little bit nervous—I was just plain scared. All the other riders were grown women, and I was just a youngster.

I can't keep from smiling when I think of the riding habit I wore when I made my debut in the show ring. I am sure the young girls that are showing today, in their smart riding clothes, would smile, too, if a person should appear in a show ring dressed as I was on that memorable afternoon, fifty years ago. My habit was black; the skirt was rather long; the jacket was short, with dark pearl buttons. But the *pièce de résistance* was the white broadcloth cap, made something like the caps worn by the Army officers of today. The white kid gauntlets were my pride and joy. Redbuck wore a white bridle (they were very popular in those days) and a white saddle blanket. So we were all dressed up and had some place to go.

The class was called; the contest was on. As soon as we were in the ring, the nervousness disappeared, and I truly enjoyed myself. Redbuck was about fifteen three, and was a powerful-moving, as well as a very game, horse. It was such fun when they called for the rack. Redbuck was fast, and he seemed to enjoy it just as much as I did, when we went flying past all the others.

Mr. Ernest Ball of Versailles, Kentucky, was the judge. After working us all together, he asked for individual performances. I remember so well when it came my turn. As I was much younger than the other contestants, the crowd seemed to sense that it was my first time in competition, so to encourage me, they were kind in giving me their applause.

Judge Ball asked me to make my horse canter in a circle, and I have been told that I said in a childish voice which carried to the grandstand, "I will if I can," which seemed to amuse the audience very much. But I was in dead earnest and doing the very best I knew how. Redbuck seemed to understand that this was different from just riding around on city streets, and he was doing all he could to help me win, responding to my slightest command.

When the ringmaster came over and fastened the blue ribbon on Redbuck's bridle, I just couldn't believe my eyes. My mouth was so dry I couldn't even cluck. But it wasn't the first time a blue ribbon had been fastened on Redbuck's bridle. He knew what to do without being told, and stepped proudly around the ring. Meanwhile, I was almost afraid I would wake up and find that my winning a blue ribbon at an honest-to-goodness horse show was only a dream.

Model Jr. was so excited by the crowds and music that he never trotted a step, so all he got was exercise; but it didn't make me love him any less. He had never been in a show ring before, and if Redbuck had told him how a well-behaved horse should act in the ring, the little rascal either forgot it, or just didn't like being a show horse. But I had won one blue ribbon and so was more than satisfied. For days after the show I would close my eyes and try to relive those exciting moments in the show ring at Fairmount Park.

That was the beginning of my show ring career. If anyone had told me on that September day that fifty years hence I would still be showing horses, I would have answered, "That is too good to be true." Isn't that a long time to be able to enjoy a hobby? Daddy often told me it was not good for a

person to become so interested in just one thing, that it was not living a well-balanced life, and so on; but somehow my love for horses was so great that the many things which others seemed to enjoy had no appeal to me.

Maybe my life has not been as well balanced as it might have been, but I only wish that everyone could have as happy a life as I have had. It's true that there have been heartaches, but those times have been few compared with the happy ones; and after all, I think it takes sorrow to make us really appreciate happiness.

There is something about a horse that soothes when I am nervous. The companionship of an intelligent horse and God's sunshine do wonders for me. And yet I can see Daddy's point of view. If one swims, sails, plays tennis, or joins in many different sports, he is thrown more with people, which is an education in itself. It's true I have spent many hours with horses which might have been spent with people. But I think an animal lover always has a kindly feeling toward the human family.

During the show at Fairmount Park, I heard that there would be a show in St. Louis in November. It was to be an indoor show, larger than the one held in Kansas City, so the competition would be much keener; but youth seems to know no fear, and it seemed that I just couldn't bear it if I didn't get to that show.

It would mean missing school since it was in November. I knew Mother felt that the schooling was much more important than showing horses, but to me there was no comparison. I could go to school any time, but there were so few shows, and anyway there was nothing thrilling in going to school, but oh! the thrill of riding a fine horse in the show ring.

At first I felt very much discouraged, because, judging from the conversations held morning, noon, and night, I didn't seem to be making much headway; but I begged so hard, promising to do a lot of extra studying to make up for the time lost, that I was allowed to go. It was to be much more formal than the

open-air show held in the afternoon and so a new riding habit was made for the important occasion. A very dark-blue broadcloth was selected. The skirt was not quite so long as the one I had worn in my first show. The jacket was made almost like a basque and fastened with smoked-pearl buttons. We shopped around quite a bit for the latest thing in a riding hat but couldn't find anything to replace the white cap and gauntlets, so they were cleaned and packed for the trip.

The show was held in a large frame building, which had been erected to house the Republican National Convention, which was held in St. Louis that year. It had been held in June when the weather was nice and warm, so a heating plant was not installed, but it was really needed on those chilly November nights. We sat with blankets over our knees, as we do now when attending a hockey or football game.

I went to Redbuck's stall before the class was called, and how nice he looked. William had worked on him until his coat shone like satin. The bridle and saddle blanket were white as snow. I gave him a lump of sugar, much to William's disgust, because that meant he had to get a wet sponge and wipe off his mouth and bit, but Redbuck knew that sugar meant he must do his very best, and, bless his heart, he didn't let me down. When I got on Redbuck, I was shivering so that my teeth chattered. I don't know whether it was from the cold or nervousness, but I know I was really shaking.

There were eight entries, and seven of them were grown women. The gates opened, and in came the youngster on the big chestnut horse. It must have been the white cap and gauntlets that caught the eye of the crowd, because from the first they were so kind and encouraged me with their applause.

Again Redbuck was responsive to my slightest command: and it almost seemed that he had wings as we flew around that big ring. When the judge called for the rack, Redbuck seemed to be enjoying it just as much as his rider. After our horses had shown their five gaits, the judge looked them over as they were lined up and asked them to back. Redbuck backed beauti-

fully, and when asked to go forward, if you touched him with the riding crop, he would break instantly into a very slow canter, which he did that night, much to the delight of the crowd. The judge was walking around taking our numbers. We were all making our horses pose, trying to make a last-minute impression. We would soon know which one the judge considered the best rider. My heart was beating like a trip hammer. I was to experience once again the great thrill of seeing the blue ribbon fastened to Redbuck's bridle, and he again stepped proudly around the ring and out the gate. That was the farewell appearance of the white cap and gauntlets in the show ring. I often wonder whether the judges were not a little prejudiced in my favor because I was so much younger than the other riders.

Naturally, Mother and Daddy were pleased, and I am sure that when they saw the expression of happiness on my face, they were not sorry that they had consented to let me miss school for a few days. I know I studied harder than ever before after those thrilling days.

Daddy asked me if I was not greatly surprised when I won the blue ribbon, and looked quite shocked when I replied that I was not. He asked what reason I had for thinking I would be placed over all those splendid riders. I said, "Well, Daddy, I said a little prayer before I went into the ring, and I don't believe those other women did."

I must confess that I have said a prayer on other occasions and failed to win, but that hasn't lessened my faith. We are taught that when we ask for things that are not good for us, our prayers are not answered. From years of experience I know that it is not only selfish to wish to win every time, but it is also harmful to the shows. It is easy to be happy when winning, but it takes a lot of courage to lose with a smile.

Another pleasant memory of the Gay Nineties is the year when Daddy on Redbuck, Sallie on Slasher, and I on Model Jr., rode in the Flower Parade, which was a part of the Fall Festivities. Paper flowers were used to decorate the bridles, saddle

blankets, and as much of the saddle as could be seen. White flowers were used on Redbuck, yellow on Slasher, and blue cornflowers on Model Jr. I seem to have always been partial to blue on my horses. Redbuck and Model Jr. were high-schooled, and I am sure that they were tired from marching so much of the time, because when the bands would play, we couldn't resist having our pets keep time with the music. As the youngsters say, our decorations were "not so hot," for we were not awarded a prize, but we were not disappointed. Many of the carriages were beautifully decorated, and the parade was very colorful.

I hope our relatives in Kentucky enjoyed having us visit them as much as we enjoyed our stays, because in 1900 we again went to Shelbyville to visit in the home of our Aunt Sallie. We always had such a good time with Bird and Bobbie; all the young people in the neighborhood loved Aunt Sallie, so the Read home was a very popular place.

The high light of the trip was the afternoon of August 31, when I rode in the fancy-turnout class with Carter Nagel. He was driving the well-known horse, The Frenchman. It was considered a great honor to be asked to ride in that class. Mr. Nagel, being a true Southern gentleman, invited an out-of-state girl to ride with him. A fancy-turnout class was much the same as a fine-harness class of today, with the exception that a top buggy with a seat wide enough for two was used. The girls usually wore their prettiest dresses. Mine was a light blue organdy with a dainty white flower and was trimmed with yards of ruffles, edged with lace. A large Charlotte Corday chiffon hat completed my costume. The class was well filled, and as we circled the ring, with the horses stepping proudly, the friends of the couples in the buggies and the admirers of beautiful horses were generous in their applause. The Frenchman was a showy animal, and Mr. Nagel knew how to show him to the best advantage. There were other beautiful animals in the ring, making splendid shows, too, and it took the judge some time to reach a decision; but after taking everything into

consideration, The Frenchman was declared the winner. Instead of having a rosette made of ribbon, a bolt of ribbon was used. The end was tied to the horse's bit, and then the ribbon was taken back around the occupants and tied to the bit on the opposite side from where it started. It was all very exciting.

The Shelbyville Fair was where I first saw a certain dashing young rider who was later to become one of the greatest showmen of all times. If the word "glamour" had been in vogue then, as it is now, that would have been the word used to describe him. Such black hair, dancing eyes, ivory-white teeth, and personality plus! If he had ridden in on a mule, all the feminine applause still would have been for him. This glamour boy was christened Mat S. Cohen.

Several years later Mat was showing in St. Louis. One of the classes was for horses ridden by ladies, and someone dared Mat to ride in the class. Well, if you know Mat, you know that he would be a lady rider if it was the last thing he ever did. He found a habit that fitted him, except for being tight in the waist, as the hourglass figure was then in style. Mat was laced until he could hardly breathe, but oh, what a figure! He wore a lovely black wig under the silk hat, with a thin veil over his flowerlike face. When he had all his makeup on, he was actually beautiful. All the men were rushing around trying to find out the name of the lovely young lady. A wealthy bachelor from Kentucky was there, and, as Kentuckians always have an eye for attractive women and fine horses, he stood down on the rail to get a better look at the unknown beauty. Mat (the little devil) winked at him as he rode by, and the bachelor was in a terrible dither trying to find someone who would introduce him to the dashing brunette. Even the judges did not recognize Mat, and he won the blue ribbon. After receiving the ribbon, he rode around the ring, took off his hat and wig. It was a real surprise to everyone present to discover the prettiest girl in the building was a man.

7

KANSAS CITY had outgrown the show at Fairmount Park. So Convention Hall, which had been built at Thirteenth and Central, was to be the future home of the horse show. Kansas City was very proud of the large auditorium, and because of the splendid building and the location of the city in the center of the United States, the Democratic National Convention was to be held there in 1900.

What a shock it was to the people living in and around Kansas City to learn one morning in April that their Convention Hall had been destroyed by fire. There was nothing left of the beautiful building but a mass of twisted steel. The thought uppermost in the minds of the people: What about the Democratic Convention? It would mean a great loss to the city. A meeting was called by the men who really got things done, and in a few short hours the citizens of this wide-awake Midwestern city were assured that in ninety days a new and better building would be erected, and the convention would be held as scheduled. That year, William Jennings Bryan, sometimes called the "Great Commoner," was nominated for president.

The horse show was held in the new building the next fall and was the opening of the social season. Women in the

stores were discussing what they were buying to wear to the show, as it was a very dressy affair, and all of them wished to look their best. Those sitting in boxes wore evening clothes and would go calling on friends in other boxes to see and be seen in their new finery.

I was also interested in a new costume to wear when I made my first appearance driving in an indoor show. My choice was a black broadcloth tailored suit. How different from the suits worn today, with short skirts, even shorter than the ones worn by very small girls in the early part of the century. Our tailored skirts were not only floor length but also had a short train. I'll admit they were not as convenient or sanitary as the present-day styles, but I do think they were much kinder to women, as few women are blessed with legs like Betty Grable's. Our skirts were either lined (can you imagine what a lined skirt would be like?) or faced up with a bright-colored taffeta silk. A taffeta silk petticoat was also worn, and there was something fascinating about the sound of the swishing taffeta.

My black suit was lined with cerise. I wore a blouse of the same color and a black hat with a large bow of cerise ribbon. I must say that I was much more comfortable driving in those long skirts than in the short ones because they covered more than the knees and we did not have to wear the driving aprons, which certainly do not add to the appearance of the women in the show ring.

I was going to show Redbuck in the class which read, "Horses suitable for and driven by a lady." I went down the morning before we were to show to have what might be called a dress rehearsal, and it was fortunate that I did. Redbuck had a bad habit of sticking out his tongue, so his tongue was tied to keep it where it belonged. Then his tail was tied up to look as nearly like a docked tail as possible. I had a feeling that Redbuck was not going to like all that tying up and I didn't blame him, because it must have been very uncom-

fortable. He soon showed plainly that he wasn't going to stand for all that foolishness. He kept tossing his head and wouldn't stand still. When he felt like it, he could certainly pull, and this day he was in dead earnest about it. He grabbed the bit in his teeth, and away we went. I pulled with all my might, but I might as well have been pulling against a stone wall, as it had no effect whatever. Several men tried to run alongside and grab him, but it took our faithful William to get to him and hang on until he stopped. My arms ached, but I wanted to try again. My friends finally convinced me that the judges would not consider him a horse suitable for a lady to drive; and, of course, they were right; but you can't imagine my disappointment. I had been looking forward for weeks to driving Redbuck in the show, and not getting to do so was a terrible letdown.

On our way home we stopped at Weber's Harness Store, which at that time was located on the west side of Walnut Street, between Tenth and Eleventh. William was in the store, and I was waiting in the buggy, feeling very forlorn, when a jolly-looking little man came up to me and raised his hat. "Pardon me," he began, "aren't you the young lady who was driving a bad-mannered horse in the ring at Convention Hall a short time ago?" I meekly answered, "Yes," because I wasn't feeling very proud of myself after making such a poor showing with Redbuck. Then he introduced himself as Mr. Murray of the Crow and Murray firm of Toronto, Canada. He said they had a beautiful horse by the name of "South Africa" that he would like very much to have me drive if I had decided not to show Redbuck. I told him I would love to but would have to get permission from my parents. I was so excited that I could hardly wait to get home to ask Mother and Daddy. At first they were not pleased with the idea of their daughter driving a horse which belonged to a stranger; but when Daddy saw how eager I was to drive the beautiful high-stepper, he agreed to talk to Mr. Murray on the phone.

Mr. Murray had such a winning manner that Daddy gave his consent.

If I had been in the depths of despair when I left the Convention Hall, I now had climbed again to the mountaintop of happiness. I had never even seen the horse until he was hitched to the phaeton, ready to go into the ring; but he was indeed a very handsome seal-brown horse, about fifteen three. He was a powerful-moving animal, with beautiful all-round action, and a mouth like velvet; and his manners were perfect, which is a very important point in a horse to be driven by a lady. Perhaps you have already guessed that South Africa was the winner of the class, and that Loula Long was a very happy young woman. Well, that's what actually happened.

After I was so successful with South Africa, Mr. Murray asked me to drive in an open class, which called for a pair suitable for town work. Ten pairs were entered, and Mr. Murray was very anxious to win the class. Mr. Herbert Crane of St. Charles, Illinois, had a beautiful pair of chestnuts which would be hard to beat. It was unusual for a woman to drive in an open class; and Mr. Murray, the shrewd little Scotsman, thought that if I would drive, it would show that the pair was well-mannered, which was one of the requirements for the class. Mr. Murray talked to Daddy about it, and we decided not to tell anyone, but let it be a surprise. Sallie was having a house party, and of all nights, that was the night she was having a dinner party. I had to wear evening clothes and I had to do a great deal of scheming because I knew I wouldn't have time to change after dinner. Most of our coats were made full length. I had a nice-looking light-colored covert cloth coat that was very tailored and would cover my evening dress. I selected a dark-blue hat, with a dash of red, and wore a lace scarf, tied in a bow at my throat, which was quite the latest fashion.

Sallie and her guests were not in a hurry to get to the show. In fact, I think they enjoyed getting there late, but I wanted

to be there when the band played the first note. That night of all nights I was anxious to be in plenty of time. I thought the girls would never come downstairs. Then when they finally came down, wearing their lovely evening wraps, Sallie was horrified to see the costume I wore. An evening dress, a tailored coat, and a street hat! I really must have caused her untold misery. She just couldn't understand why I would be allowed to go, dressed in that fashion. I am sure that I was made to sit in the back of the box, but nothing mattered as long as I was seeing a horse show.

I was very nervous until the time came for the class as I hadn't had a chance to drive the pair. Come to think about it, I had never driven any pair before, but I felt no fear in going into the ring with two strange horses. I asked Mr. Murray if they pulled and was told that they had nice mouths. Mr. Murray was very strong, and I suppose that to him their mouths seemed light and that he knew exactly how to handle them. I think that horses sense when their driver is nervous and do not perform as well as when the driver is calm. I'll never forget that drive.

It was something new to see a woman driving in the class with nine men, and the audience seemed to enjoy the novelty. After a long workout, we lined up and stood quite awhile until the judge inspected the horses. The bright-bay pair I was driving were hitched to a mail phaeton. They had splendid style and action and were very game; in fact, they were so game that they didn't want anything to pass them. It certainly was a welcome sound when the ringmaster said, "Line up, please." I was the first one to stop. My arms ached, and my mouth was dry.

The judge asked that four pairs be sent out again, and the bright bays were one of the four. I was hoping, almost praying, that the workout would be short. If the "Line up, please" was a welcome sound the first time, it was positively a joy-

ous sound after the second workout, as that game pair surely took hold. I felt so relieved, as I thought this meant that the judge had made his decision. Once more he walked around and looked at the four pairs that had just lined up.

I saw the ringmaster coming toward me, and my heart sank. I knew he was going to say, "Miss Long, will you please drive out." I looked around to see how many were being sent out and discovered that there were only two. Mr. Crane, with his almost unbeatable pair of chestnuts, was my rival. I knew I must drive as I had never driven before. I forgot that my arms were tired and my mouth dry. Round and round we went, both of us realizing that the slightest mistake might cause the loss of the coveted blue ribbon.

The applause of the crowd for the home-town girl was music in my ears, and I am sure that it encouraged me and gave me strength to hold those two excited bay horses. Once again we lined up, and I then realized that my arms were numb. When the number of the bay pair from Canada was called as winner of the class, the crowd gave them a real ovation. Mr. Murray was so excited that he rushed into the ring and jumped into the phaeton beside me. I said, "Take them, I can't hold them another minute." That taught me a lesson, never to drive a horse in the show ring without trying it out beforehand; but there have been numerous times since then that I forgot the lesson learned many years ago.

Here is a newspaper clipping concerning the class:

> Every horse show has its surprise. From out the routine, monotonous humdrum of prancing horses, glittering harness, and gossiping, bedecked society there always comes something unexpected. It may be a Willie, Willie Green, or a man with a lurid vest, or perhaps it is a runaway or a feat of daring. There was a surprise of a quiet, but effective, nature at the show last night—a pleasing surprise, done up in a smart riding coat, and a hat with a red rosette.
>
> The pairs suitable for town work were called by the bugle and one after another five spanking teams paced into the arena. There were ten entries in the class, but after waiting a moment for the rest

the gates were about to be closed. Out in the arcade a stable boy shouted and a team of glossy bays beat the cement floor with their hoofs. The crowd about the gates fell back and out of the hole in the balcony came Iona and Winona, a dashing team with arched necks and princely gait. A cheer went up from the audience as the team swung gracefully into the arena—a cheer that made the other exhibitors look quickly over their shoulders at the new-comers. But it was not the horses that caught the eye, they were mere pigmies, drawing a tall young woman in a smart riding coat and a jaunty black velvet hat with a large red rosette. Straight as an arrow she sat in her seat holding the reins and whip firmly but gracefully. Everybody knew by her look of confidence that she was master of those prancing horses, everybody knew by her smile and the twinkle in her eye that she was happy. The other exhibitors thought of nothing but that Crow and Murray of Canada, the owners of the team, had sprung a surprise on them, one that was very likely to cost them a prize and they were not so happy. None except men had been driving pairs and none but men were expected. And so Miss Loula Long of Kansas City, who drove Iona and Winona was a surprise.

SHE DROVE THEM TO VICTORY

And she drove them well. Around and around the arena the animals quickly answered her guidance, showed their prettiest manners and stopped, walked, backed at her command with never a break. And when the judge sat beside her on the seat and she was driven about the cheers and applause followed them on their way. Of course there was nothing for the judges to do but give the blue ribbon to the Canadian team. The Queen of Hearts and the Queen of Diamonds were second and Francis and Eclipse were third.

Oh, I forgot to tell you about Sallie when I was driving the pair. As I circled the arena, with the crowd becoming increasingly excited, I glanced toward our box and observed that everyone in the box was applauding except Sallie. At that time I did not quite understand why she, too, did not enter into the applause. In later years I learned that she never applauded for any of her family when they were in competition of any kind. Here was a modest trait of character not so often seen. Her praise was expressed in a less public way. Of course, she knew then why the tailored coat was worn over the evening dress, but she still didn't approve of the cos-

tume, nor did she approve of her baby sister's driving in the ring with nine men. She desired that I comply with conventional standards in every particular.

And now I want to tell you something about Mr. James Murray of Toronto, Canada. Mr. Murray was born in Scotland, and his accent added to his charm. If he had worn whiskers, he would have looked exactly like my conception of Santa Claus, because he had such jolly twinkly eyes, a kindly expression, and was always doing something for the pleasure of others. I never knew anyone with a more appealing personality. The audiences in Kansas City, St. Louis, Omaha, London, New York, and every other place he exhibited were his friends and admirers. As soon as he drove into the ring the crowd was with him 100 per cent. He was a wonderful whip and also rode jumpers, and rode them well.

An illustration of how people felt that didn't know him personally: We were all showing in Omaha, Nebraska. It was past midnight, and the jumpers were yet to be shown. Two firemen were standing in front of the box. One said, "Come on, let's go; it's getting late." The other answered, "Dammit, I'd stay here all night to clap for that man Murray."

As I turn back the pages of memory, I realize how our prize lists have changed in the last twenty years. There are no longer classes for single and pairs of horses shown to a brougham or victoria. Those were appointment classes and very elegant looking with the two grooms in full-dress livery. The horses were good-sized animals with substance and action. Good manners were indispensable, as the horses were supposed to stand quietly and back well. Two outstanding pairs for those classes were owned by residents of Kansas City: a bay pair, owned by Mr. Edwin W. Shields (if I remember correctly, this pair never lost a blue ribbon in the brougham class, winning over many horses that came from other cities), and a very smart-looking pair of blue roans, shown by Mr. Kirk Armour. We showed a pair of chestnuts,

Chestnut Chief and Kentucky Boy. They were very fine—in fact, too fine for a brougham—and they didn't have enough action.

Then there were classes for single and pairs of runabout horses. A runabout horse was really a roadster with a docked tail, shown to a high-wheeled runabout. It did not have to show the extreme speed required of a roadster but had to have fair action and be able to step right along. A runabout horse was always driven without a check rein. One of the best runabout horses I ever saw was owned by Mr. George Nute of Kansas City. I can't remember the name of the horse, but I do remember that he was a seal brown and that he never lost a class in which he was shown. Mr. Younger Denny, a great lover of horses and a splendid judge of horseflesh, always showed the little brown gelding for Mr. Nute. Later on we had pace and action classes for heavy harness horses, and I always enjoyed driving in those classes.

Other interesting classes that are no longer included in the prize list were obstacle-driving classes for pairs and four-in-hands, and they were most exciting. Barrels placed at intervals around the ring were used as obstacles, being so spaced in relation to the width of the rig as to provide a clearance of only twelve inches. The horses were driven at a trot. As they cut figure eights and did all sorts of unusual things, it was necessary to have horses with nice mouths that responded instantly to your touch on the reins. It was very difficult to drive a four through the obstacles; but, of course, many fours were being shown at that time, so drivers had plenty of practice, although not in driving through such a narrow space. In an obstacle class for fours, all entries had to drive the same horses, which was the only way the contest could be fairly judged.

What wonderful classes we had in those yesteryears. Among the exhibitors that I remember most vividly are Crow and Murray from Toronto, Canada. Hugh Wilson, Jack

Hamilton, and many others of the top riders of hunters were with Crow and Murray when they were youngsters. The high-jumping classes were exciting, but I always felt sorry for the horses. The horse that held the world's record for a high jump for several years, if my memory serves me right, was a hackney—*yes, I said hackney*—by the name of Confidence and was owned by Crow and Murray. The record was over eight feet. At that time all hunters and jumpers had docked tails. George Pepper, also from Canada, had a splendid whip and rider of jumpers in Pete Roche. There was great rivalry between these two Canadian exhibitors.

John S. Bratton of St. Louis was a great horseman, and how he loved to drive a four. He showed a famous black pair by the name of Sampson and Sigsbee. August Busch, also of St. Louis, was another exhibitor, who enjoyed showing a four. And Kansas City had two horse lovers who could furnish competition for the best of them, Mr. A. E. Ashbrook and Mr. W. A. Rule. Dainty little Katherine Rule, the daughter of W. A. Rule, was also a splendid whip, winning many blue ribbons. Flora Taft was another of the fair sex of our city who was an expert with the reins.

Mr. Lawrence Jones of Kentucky had beautiful harness and saddle horses shown to perfection by W. S. Roberts. Three of the horses owned by Mr. Jones that were outstanding were Gallant Lad, a gig horse; Regal Regent, a runabout horse; and Poetry of Motion, an extremely beautiful walk-trot horse. Mr. Herbert Crane of St. Charles, Illinois; Mr. Dean Lowe, Topeka, Kansas; and Mr. W. H. McCord of Omaha, also had fine horses.

By this time Daddy realized that I would never be happy until I had some show horses of my own, so he began looking around to see what he could find. He bought a bay standard-bred horse named "The Dude." Most all the heavy harness horses shown in the Middle West at that time were standard-bred. The Dude was an attractive-looking bay horse with white markings and fair action. For a Christmas present,

Daddy gave me a George the Fourth phaeton, a gig, and a runabout. We had to build an addition to the stable, for we now had seven vehicles and five horses. I'll always remember those three brand-new rigs as they looked when they arrived from Chicago. I would rather have had them than ten strings of pearls or the Hope diamond. I would go to the stable many times a day just to stand and gaze at my beautiful possessions. And that year I was to show my very own horse to my very own George the Fourth phaeton.

William was going to drive down to the Convention Hall early in the morning so The Dude could have all day to rest and thus be at his best when I drove in the ring that night to compete with Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt.

But, alas, that was not to be. William called to tell me that on the way downtown, Dude had stepped on a nail and was very lame. The veterinary was called, and he said that it would be impossible to show the horse that night or any time during the rest of the week. It seemed that fate was against my showing our horse in a ladies' class. Late in the afternoon, my good friend, Mr. Murray, having heard of my disappointment, called to ask if I would drive one of their horses in the ladies' class. For the occasion I was offered a very brisk little mare, called "Sporting Duchess." Our faithful William was to be my footman, and to him it was quite an event, as it would be the first time he had appeared in that role. Sporting Duchess was a very nervous animal and didn't like to be touched about the head; so Mr. Murray told William not to touch her and if she should win a ribbon, not to allow the ringmaster to fasten it to her bridle, but just to take it and hold it in his hand.

I don't remember the number of entries, but it was a well-filled class. Sporting Duchess had a lot of dash and go, and I let her step right along. She was a beautiful mare, and Kansas City people are very loyal to their home-town folk, so they were soon showing by their applause that they wanted

Sporting Duchess to be placed over the horse which Mrs. Vanderbilt was driving; and that's where the judges placed her. When the ringmaster walked over to put the blue ribbon on the bridle of Sporting Duchess, William took it out of his hand, ran and jumped on the rumble, and away we went. I heard the applause and could see the amusement on the faces of the audience, but didn't know what it was all about. William was supposed to be sitting with arms folded, looking straight ahead, with about the same expression on his face as one sees on a wooden Indian; but instead, he was so happy over winning that he was holding the ribbon up in his hand and bowing and smiling at everyone around the ring.

I met Mrs. Vanderbilt after the class, and we had a nice little chat, during which she asked me if I was showing in the class for a pair to be driven by a lady. When I told her that I was not, she very graciously asked if I would drive her pair, because it made her nervous to drive in that class. So the next night, instead of having Mrs. Vanderbilt for a competitor, I drove her beautiful little pair, Fad and Folly, and they won the class in an outstanding manner.

My next harness horse was a very breedy little bay mare which we called "Shoo Shoo." She came from the stable of Mr. Shelby Harbison of Lexington, Kentucky. After we had Shoo Shoo awhile, Daddy wrote Mr. Harbison that he would like to have a mate for her. Mr. Harbison said he had just the mare we were looking for, so Daddy bought her "sight unseen," and she was a very pretty little animal. We called her "Hoo Hoo," but the name should have been "Hoodoo" because if I ever saw a horse do everything but what it should, Hoo Hoo was that horse.

We were having such a time with the mare that Mr. Harbison sent a young man who was associated with him out to see about her. That was the first time I remember ever seeing Bob Moreland. He was a slender and most attractive young chap. And was he a good talker. He told us that when

that mare got going right she would go so high we would think she was going to climb right over a streetcar. Several times we had thought she was going to climb right up (not over) a telegraph pole. But Bob, then as now, had a very convincing manner. Later I saw him show many great saddle horses, and he knew all the fine arts of showmanship, and used them.

Our next purchase in the horse line was another bay mare called Frou Frou, but we still had a lot to learn about buying show horses. One good thing, though, we were not easily discouraged, and so kept right on buying. I am sorry that we did not keep a list of all the horses we bought. Daddy never refused to let me buy any horse I wanted, and I wanted many of them.

Hoo Hoo, Lou Lou, Shoo Shoo, and Monk

8

IT MUST have been 1901 when the Gentlemen's Driving Club was a popular place to go on Saturday afternoon when they held their racing matinee. The Club was located at Forty-seventh Street and what is now known as the Paseo. In later years the Driving Park was sold and became Electric Park, which was Kansas City's Coney Island.

Prior to that time the gentlemen with their fast horses would drive out on Fifteenth Street, which was used as a speedway. Many an exciting race took place there, the result of a wager as to which had the fastest horse. I can recall the names of a few of the members of the Club: C. C. Christie, Howard Smith, James Nichols, Jack Cudahy, George Stockham, Mr. Ogelsby, and Ed Stutte; but the one whom all the younger women were pulling for during the races, and who made the most lasting impression, was the handsome young chap, Herbert Woolf. I can see him yet driving his dashing bay trotter to a road wagon, and hear the applause as he drove past the clubhouse. The horses were all driven to road wagons, which seemed strange to me, as they could have made much better time hitched to sulkies and would have been less likely to upset, but then they would not have looked so attractive.

Herbert had been a horse lover for years and owned many fine saddle horses. Earl Hutton, his trainer, was a familiar figure on Rexanna Chief and Man of the Hour, as well as the famous Roxie Highland, which was sold to Mary Fiers of Oklahoma City for a record price. Another outstanding animal in the Woolf stable was the beautiful black fine harness mare, Elizabeth Gries. Doc Spark was also a trainer who helped the Woolf stables become famous.

Herbert was a fickle soul and changed his love from saddle horses to thoroughbreds and had the extreme pleasure of breeding Lawrin, with which he won the Kentucky Derby in 1938.

The year 1907 was a lucky one for us. On April 3 of that year, a tall, slender, young Scotsman, with pink cheeks that would cause any debutante to feel envious, came to take charge of our horses. We never dreamed that some forty years later, "Scottie" would still be putting the finishing touches on our horses and ponies. But that slender young chap of yesteryear is none other than the Dave Smith you have seen driving, lo, these many years.

I am sure that you who have attended horse shows for many years will not think I am boasting when I say that Dave Smith is one of the outstanding horsemen in this or any other country. His judgment is respected by both owners and trainers. He has been asked to judge at many of the most important shows in this country, and if he had accepted all the invitations, he would have spent many weeks away from home. Dave does not think it wise to judge while still managing a show stable, so in spite of all the influence that can be brought to bear, he will very seldom consent to judge.

Dave is a natural-born horseman. He instinctively seems to know what to do with a horse, what kind of shoe it should wear, just how to adjust its bit, and all such things. He has worlds of patience with horses, much more than he has with people. I have seen him get out and change the bitting of a horse a number of times during the course of an exercising period. He is

blest with a wonderfully light pair of hands. He doesn't think that just because we own a horse, it is perfect: he is fully aware of its faults. I have won many ribbons that Daddy and Dave thought I did not deserve, but I am glad I was brought up that way. I have known trainers who actually talked themselves out of jobs by making their employers feel that every time they lost a ribbon, they had been robbed, and it was all the judge's fault. In a short time the exhibitors would become discouraged and quit the game. How much better it would have been to tell the employer that his horses were not good enough and that to be able to win he would have to buy better ones.

Dave's fondness for horses also began when he was quite young; and although he is so modest that I have had to use more than a little persuasion to get him to tell you something of his early life, he has agreed to the following:

I don't know why I should be telling you anything about my life when Mrs. Combs is writing this story, but since she insists, I will tell you I was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, and was one of five children, three girls and two boys.

My father had worked with horses for years, so I suppose it was only natural that I should be interested in them, too. As a boy, I used to bum around with the Archibalds and the Davisons. They were in the dairy business and had nice delivery horses. You see, I always liked a good horse. They used to show their horses at the Wander Park Show in Edinburgh, and I was crazy to get to drive in that show. They would take me along to deliver the milk; that is, to run up all those flights of steps, and my pay was being allowed to drive a horse.

After I had helped deliver the milk, a bunch of us kids got to playing around and got into mischief and sometimes broke a window or two. The neighbors would complain about it, and when my father heard of our capers, he said he would cure me of that trick. So I had to go up to the stables every evening after school hours and help with the work there. That was how I first got started in the horse business.

My first real job was with Sir William Muir, president of the University of Edinburgh, who kept saddle as well as harness horses.

He was a very old gentleman but would ride from his home to the university every morning. I would go up on the streetcar and ride the horse back to the stable, and then would help with the chores.

Many times I have heard Dave relate some of his mischievous pranks as a boy. One in particular is about his taking horses to the blacksmith shop; but since he knows the story much better than I, I shall let him tell it..

Oh yes, on holidays and Saturdays we would go to Sam Campbell's and Alex Binnie's cab stables, where many horses were kept, to see if we could ride their horses to the blacksmith shop. When we got to the cinder road beside the canal, which was far enough away from the stables that we could not be seen, we had a big time racing the horses, until the owners found out about it and put an end to our fun.

Another favorite stunt was playing hookey from school to go to the Hallow Fair Horse Sale, held at Grass Market in Edinburgh, where we would hold a horse and then trot it up and down for the prospective buyers to see. We would get a few extra shillings for leading the horse to the Caledonia Station to be loaded in the cars.

After leaving Mr. Cardyne, my next job was with Mr. Leadbetter, who had both harness horses and hunters. He hunted with Linlithgow and Sterling Shire hounds.

I had to get up in the morning at four o'clock and ride one hunter and lead another horse at a walk for twelve miles before breakfast. Then we had to hack the horses to where we would meet the hounds. The horses would be ready for the meet about half-past nine. The hunt would last all day, and we wouldn't see the horses again until about five o'clock that afternoon. Those horses really had to be fit and ready to hunt with that pack of hounds.

My father used to say to me, "Son, if you are going to be a horseman, get all the ideas you can from each place you work, put them all together, and then use the ones you think are best."

Dave, I'm sure our readers would like to hear of your experiences during the Boer War and how you happened to come to America.

At the time of the Boer War, in 1902, I went to Colonel Hope of Bridge Castle, which was located in Bathgate, Scotland. My duties there were taking care of his chargers. He used nothing but American-bred trotting horses. It was there that I first saw a horse wearing an overcheck.

Lord Finncastle was getting up a regiment to go to South Africa. Like most young men, I was anxious to see something new and thought that since I was taking care of Colonel Hope's chargers, I would stand a good chance of getting to take a trip. I was given a letter to the medical authority who was to give me a physical examination. I remember so well what he said to me. He told me to open my mouth, took one look, and said that my mouth looked like the ten of spades—that was on account of my bad teeth. Then he told me that he was sorry but they could not accept me. I was terribly disappointed, but I was determined I was going some place outside of Scotland.

On my way back home I met a man who was going to America, so I decided that I would go there, too, and that is how I happened to come to the United States. The man I came over with was going to work on a ranch, and I thought that it would be fun to learn to be a cowboy and chase cattle all over the range, so I went to a ranch in western Kansas—but it didn't take me long to get enough of that.

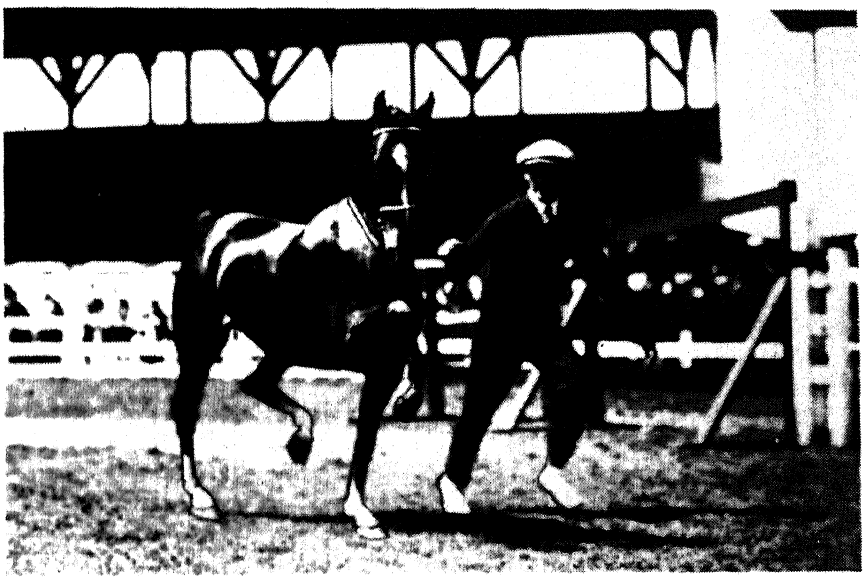
The boys at the ranch were full of pranks. I was known as "Lengthy," and I guess I did look more lengthy in those days, because I was really thin. I helped with a lot of the pranks and sometimes they played one on me. I remember once I hired a horse and buggy to take my best girl to a Christmas dance held in a small schoolhouse out on the prairie. I tied the horse to the hitch rack, helped my girl out of the buggy, and in we went to the dance; and what a gay time we had at those parties. We looked forward for weeks to those gatherings. When the dance was over we came out. I unhitched the horse, put my girl in the buggy, tucked the lap robe around her, got in beside her, backed the horse away from the hitching rack, and then clucked to the horse to go forward, which it did, walking right out of the shafts, leaving me and my girl sitting in the buggy. While we were dancing, some of the cowboys had slipped out and unbuckled the harness. Of course, all the boys came out and ballyhooed and gave me the horselaugh.

And, of course, this story wouldn't be complete without your telling about coming to work for Daddy.

By that time I decided I had had enough cowboy experience and that I wanted to get back to show horses, so I left the ranch and landed in Kansas City. I had been there only a short time when I went to work for Mr. R. A. Long. That was in 1907, and I am still in the same place in 1947.

In 1910 I made a trip back to Scotland, and to the Olympia show held in London, where we showed the good road horse, The King. At that time the majority of the exhibitors were showing hackneys, so, of course, we had to follow suit. I made several trips to England to buy hackneys, and bought a number that we showed with great success.

Among them were two outstanding ponies, Axholme Sunbeam, shown in our stable as Carnation, and Pemworthum Claudias, whose show name in this country was Fascination. Carnation was champion at Olympia as a four-year-old, and that was the year I bought her. Her stable name was "Sunny."



Carnation

Another year I bought Danium Iris and Lady Scott. We called Danium Iris, "Adoration" and she just missed being a top show horse. She won many blue ribbons when hitched to a lady's phaeton, and with another mare we imported by the name of Pemworthum Alice (we called her "Importation"), won numerous blue ribbons in the open pair, as well as in the classes for a pair driven by a lady. Even in stake classes, Adoration was always in the money. She was what I consider a very useful animal. Mr. Long was over in 1921 and bought several horses. Among them was Propaganda; but, of

course, he had to have his name changed when he came to our stable. His new name was "Ovation" and he gave us a lot of pleasure by winning many, many ribbons.

Fascination, known in the stable as "Buck," was a great little pony in Europe and also in this country. I saw him showing at Olympia, and in one of his shows during that week, I, as well as several other horsemen, thought he should have been placed over Billet Doux.

Dave, tell them about buying Fascination.

Well, there isn't much to tell. At that time Jim Gilchrist was with Mr. Ben R. Meyers of Los Angeles, and they had also crossed "the pond" to try to find a couple of outstanding hackney ponies. I was sitting in the box with Mr. Meyers and Jim when the hackney ponies came into the ring. Most of the best ponies in England and Scotland were showing in this class, and among the number was the great and almost unbeatable Billet Doux, and the little twelve-two Pemworthum Claudias. He could look and go bigger than any animal his size I have ever seen.

I was very much impressed with the game little fellow, and I could tell from the conversation between Mr. Meyers and Jim that they were, too. As soon as the class was over, I said, "I think I'll walk around a bit and stretch my legs." I strolled away from the box; but as soon as I was out of their sight I quickened my pace, as I was anxious to have a little chat with Jim Black, who was showing the pony. I walked up to him and said, "What do you ask for a little thing like that?" His reply was that I'd have to ask his brother Bob. I looked up Bob and was told that the price was $7,500 on the wee pony. I said, "Would you give me an option on the pony for ten days, so I can get in touch with my employer?" Bob said that he would be glad to do so. As I was on the way back to the ring, I met Jim walking hurriedly toward the stables. He stopped me and said, "I wonder if that Pemworthum Claudias is for sale." I said, "Why don't you go and find out?" Jim said, "I will," and off he went. I met Jim a little later. He had a cheap grin on his face. "You're a fine one," he said. "I thought you said you weren't interested in a hackney pony." I didn't buy the pony until after the show was over.

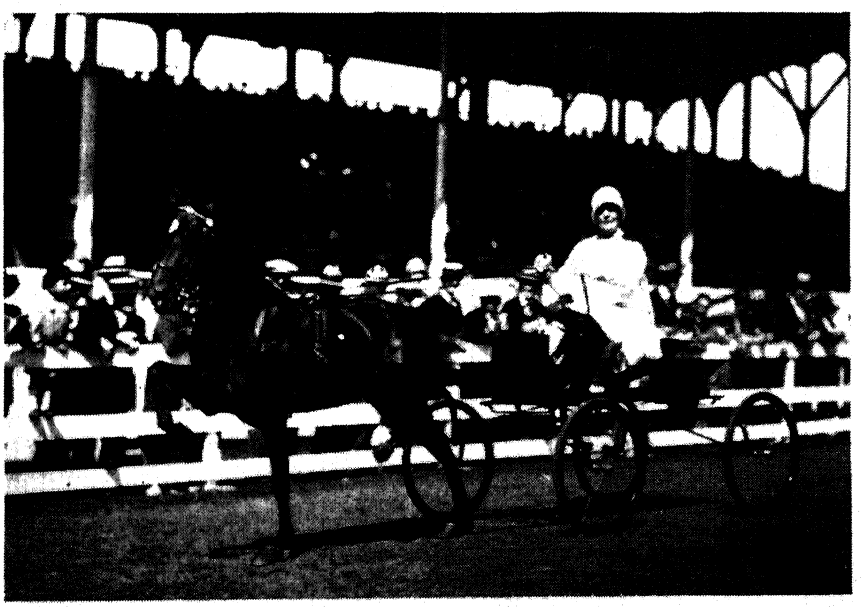
Fascination won many shows for us, but I think that the one he lost for us in Brockton is more interesting and worth telling about, don't you, Dave?

Yes. There were a number of good ponies in the class. Harold Jenkinson was with John R. Thompson and was showing that great

pony stallion, King of the Plains. Fascination was our entry, and after working all the ponies, they sent "Buck" (alias "Fascination," alias "Pemworthum Claudias") and King of the Plains out together. The ponies were called in, the judges went into a huddle, and then sent the two ponies out again. King of the Plains went a little higher in front, but I never saw any pony, or horse either for that matter, that could use its hocks as Buck used his. But the judges still were not satisfied, and so Fascination and King of the Plains were sent out again. Unfortunately for us, there was a shadow from a telegraph pole that fell across the ring, and every time Buck came to it, he would jump over it, which, of course, threw him out of his stride. King of the Plains was given the blue ribbon, but we surely made him work to win it.

One more story, please, Dave—the one about Toronto in 1914.

We were hitching up our four-in-hand. I was all dressed up in my park harness, meaning cutaway coat, striped trousers, silk hat, and all the trimmings. I was really dressed up. One of the onlookers was walking around admiring the outfit. He came up to me and said, "Sir, that is a lovely four." I thanked him and told him that



Fascination

we had won many ribbons with them. I knew that I had seen that man somewhere but couldn't place him. We drove in the ring and won the class.

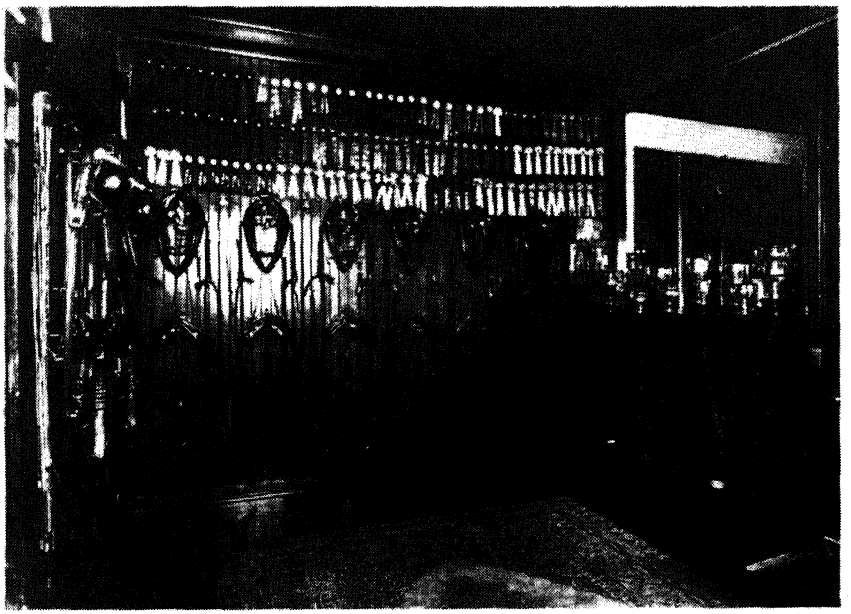
While we were unhitching the four bays, the man came back again, and said, "Sir, you made a splendid showing." Again I thanked him, and then I remembered where I had seen him. I had worked under him when I was with Sir William Muir in Edinburgh. I was getting a great kick out of being called "Sir" by a former employer. He thought that I was the owner of the coach and four. Finally, I asked him how long he had been in this country. He seemed very much surprised by the question and asked, "Why, Sir, do you know me?" I answered, "Yes," and then asked him if he knew who I was. Shaking his head in a puzzled sort of way, he said, "No, Sir." Then I asked him if he knew James Smith of Edinburgh. He exclaimed, "My G - -, are you James Smith's son?" I said, "Yes, and my name is Dave." He said, "Now I remember, you are the little lad who was with Sir William Muir and had stomach trouble and always had to be taking Mother Seigel's Syrup." Many a time he had given me a calling down when I was working for him, and I am sure that I deserved each one, because like all boys, I was full of mischief. In those days he did not address me as "Sir."

I am sorry that my readers can't hear these incidents from Dave's own lips because his Scotch accent and facial expression add so much to his stories.

Another important event in 1907 was the birth of my niece, Martha Lamar Ellis, on the Fourth of July. You will hear more about the young lady as my story progresses.

Since we had been buying a number of horses, our stable was now too small to house them. A new stable had to be built; and since we were going to have a new stable, Daddy decided that we might as well build a new house, too. A block of ground was purchased on Gladstone Boulevard, and the stable was built first, as there was a stone house on the place in which we could live while our home was under construction.

It was a rather large stable, especially since automobiles were then becoming popular. I suppose some people considered it foolish to build such a large stable, and it would have been if Daddy and I had not made plans to have a number of show

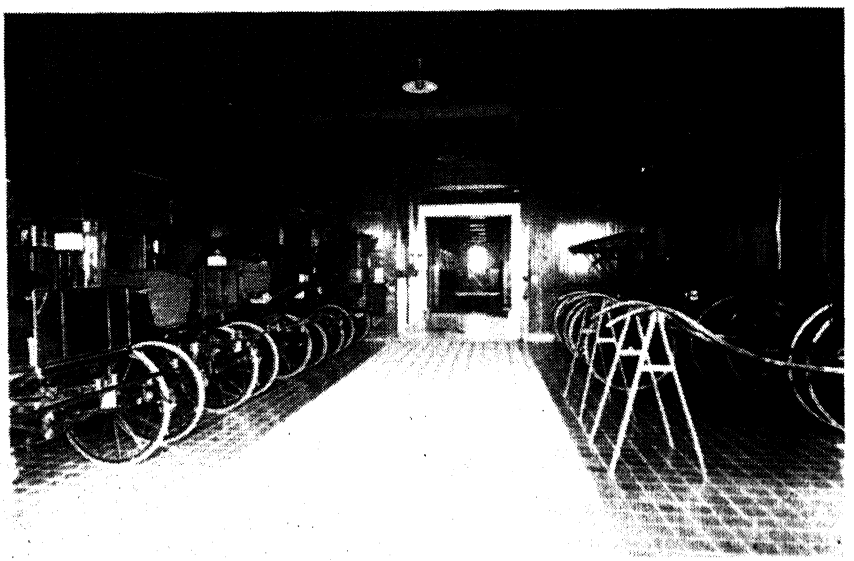


Harness Room

horses. It was built with a carriage room to hold twelve carriages. There were eight box stalls, four tie stalls, and a large harness room. It was built of Indiana limestone and was finished in hardwood, with the exception of the wash rack, which was white tile all the way to the ceiling. The men's living quarters were upstairs.

Our stable on Independence Boulevard was a nice, comfortable brick building, but nothing like the new one. I never knew a horse could be a snob until we moved. Dude had lived on Independence Boulevard for several years, and it is the natural thing for a horse to turn of its own free will into the place where it is stabled. In going downtown we had to pass the old home, but Dude had evidently become "stuck up" since living in the limestone stable and never even so much as glanced toward the place where he had spent many happy years.

Dave and I were both young and had not the slightest fear of horses. Neither of us had ever driven a four, but decided we would like to try our hand at it. We didn't have a coach or brake so we rented a tallyho from the livery stable. We rigged up a harness and put Dude and Frou Frou in the wheel, with Shoo Shoo and Hoo Hoo in the lead. I had watched men driving fours for several years at the shows, and it looked very simple. I was to begin the driving, with Dave sitting



Carriage Room

beside me in case I needed help, which I did, and in a very short time. It seemed that I had at least a dozen reins in my hands, and I didn't even try to hold the whip.

We managed to get out of the stable without a mishap and started east on Gladstone. I thought there was nothing to driving a four, as they had behaved beautifully thus far, but I soon changed my mind. I was certainly thankful we were on a street where there wasn't much traffic. Hoo Hoo was flighty at best; but when the traces began hitting her legs,

she decided to leave, and leave in a hurry. When she started, the other three became excited, and we were moving much faster than I intended.

There was a grocery wagon standing at the curb, and we seemed to be heading for that very spot. I was pulling with all my might but made no impression on those four excited horses, and I was beginning to feel a little excited myself. Dave said in a very calm voice, "I believe they are running away." And I managed to say that I thought so, too, suggesting he help stop them, which he did just in time. Otherwise there would have been vegetables strewn all over the street.

Dave sharpened the horses' bits, and then it was his turn to drive. We started around the Cliff Drive. The drive was just what the name implies—a high cliff on one side with a sharp drop on the other—and was anything but an ideal place for green drivers to take an untried four. All went well for a time, then "Hoodoo"—pardon me, I meant to say "Hoo Hoo" —had another of her tantrums and again upset the other three. They were about to get out of control when Dave, acting quickly, headed them into the cliff. We reached home without any further excitement and had thoroughly enjoyed our first lesson in driving a four-in-hand.

In the fall of that year we were to make our first big show with our heavy-harness string, which consisted of Shoo Shoo, Hoo Hoo, The Dude, and Glen Eyre. Glen Eyre belonged to Sallie, who, by the way, had married Ensign Hayne Ellis, U. S. N., in 1904. We often laugh at the nerve we had to go to a real show with those horses. Dude had recently had pneumonia and was so thin you could almost see through him. Shoo Shoo had twisted her ankle, and it was still swollen. Glen Eyre was such an honest little horse, with beautiful all-round action and loads of style, but he had a bad hock. Hoo Hoo, well you never knew what she would do, but you could be sure it would be the wrong thing.

Crow and Murray, Laurence Jones, W. H. McCord, and several others were also showing heavy-harness horses in Omaha that year. Our first appearance was with Hoo Hoo and Shoo Shoo hitched to a George the Fourth phaeton, which was a ladies' class, where manners were of the greatest importance. I was more than pleased with the showing the little pair was making, but when we were told to reverse, the scene changed. Hoo Hoo took the bit in her teeth and headed for the center of the ring, where the judges and officers of the show were sitting in the midst of palms and huge baskets filled with cut flowers. The men scattered in all directions, and I expected to see the decorations do the same thing. However, I managed to pull the pair to one side and knocked over only a few palms, but was my face red!

The next night we showed two tandems. Dave drove Hoo Hoo and Shoo Shoo. Hoo Hoo had an attack of acute indigestion early that morning and although she was not sick that night she was not quite her usual ornery self, so made the best show of her career.

The only blue we won all week was won by Glen Eyre in the consolation class, but we were not discouraged, and it had been fun. However, we came home and told Daddy that we would have to get some better horses if we expected to win.

There were two smaller shows we also enjoyed, Smithville and Plattsburg, Missouri. It was there we first met Mrs. J. H. Parker, Jr., of St. Joseph, Missouri. What a splendid all-round horsewoman, as well as a very charming person, she is. In all my years of showing, I have never seen a more attractive figure on a sidesaddle. When she rode her beautiful chestnut walk-trot mare, Willemeta, which by the way was a hackney, the two made a charming picture.

In the spring of 1908, while attending a show in Fort Worth, Texas, we bought the great roadster, The King, from Mr. Don Riley of St. Joseph, Missouri. The King was a beautiful brown gelding with one white ankle behind. He had plenty of

style, a splendid way of going, and could really step on; and how the audiences loved him! He was the outstanding roadster of that time.

Very soon after our return from Fort Worth, we were told of a sensational heavy-harness horse on the Point au View Farm, owned by Mr. Langhorne Anderson of Maysville, Kentucky. Daddy lost no time in going to look at the horse, because he was very much in earnest about finding good horses for us to show. He bought the proud and beautiful trotting-bred stallion, Beau Brummel. He was bay, about fifteen one, had a lovely long neck, a small head, a great pair of ears, and a nice short back with smooth quarters. How he could wear himself. He had extreme knee action, good hock action, and was really fast, so made an ideal gig horse. Daddy paid $4,500 for him, which up to that time was the highest price we had paid for a horse.

That year we also purchased Lady Martha and English Maid from Crow and Murray of Toronto, Canada, and Sensation from Tichenor and Grand in New York. Sensation was the first horse we had whose name ended with "ion," but it was only a short time until all our harness horses' names ended that way.

Many people have asked how we happened to name our horses in that manner. Quite a number of people use a prefix in naming their horses. We thought it would be nice to be different, hence the ending of the names with "ion." And, too, you know "champion" ends that way, and we hoped some day to have one of the champion stables of the country.

Very early in 1909 we bought another trotting-bred stallion from Mr. Anderson to mate Beau Brummel, and we called the new one Beaucaire. What a game little horse he was and how that pair could tramp on. I often think of the foolish things Dave and I used to do in taking chances with green horses. Beaucaire arrived just in time to ship him to Fort Worth for the show, so we really knew very little about his manners. The first night of the show, there was a tandem class. Neither

Beau Brummel nor Beaucaire had ever been driven tandem, and Beaucaire had never been in a show ring. We had two entries in the class. I drove Beau Brummel for my leader, and Beaucaire was in the lead of the tandem driven by Dave. Both Beaus were such little gentlemen and made such splendid shows that they were easily first and second.

The heavy-harness classes were always well filled at the Fort Worth show, as Mrs. J. H. Parker, Jr., Mrs. Julius Walsh, Val Crane, Adolphus Busch, O. J. Moers, Milt Mooney, and a number of others usually exhibited there. They also had very good roadster classes. Two very outstanding drivers in these classes were Mr. George Peake and Mr. Don Riley. They furnished the audiences with many a thrill and were a real attraction at any show.

We had shown several times in the Fort Worth show, so our horses were well known there, and the people were very loyal to them. During one of the shows the state legislators held a meeting in Fort Worth. In the afternoon they attended the stock show, and the horse show was honored with their presence in the evening. We were showing in the pair class, and, as usual, Vin, Vanity, and Bob, my devoted Bostons, were on the seat beside me.

After the workout all the pairs were lined up, and the ringmaster asked me to drive out in front of the judges' stand and line up along the rail. The horses were not accustomed to standing there, and Louie, who was standing at their heads, was having a time trying to quiet them. All the men in the center of the ring took off their hats, and I was puzzled because I had no idea what it was all about. Then one of the legislators began to speak. The horses were becoming more restless every minute, and so were the dogs. Vin was jealous because Vanity was sitting next to me and decided to do something about it. The first thing I knew, there was a real honest-to-goodness dogfight going on in the seat beside me, much to the amusement of the audience; but it never fazed the legislator —he had something to say, and it would take more than a dogfight to stop him.

I had been so busy trying to keep the horses and dogs quiet that I had been unable to pay much attention to the speech, and I was still wondering why I had been asked to line up in this unusual place. Then as the legislator was nearing the end of his speech, he told how much the show had meant to Fort Worth and the surrounding country, and how for several years

The Bostons

our horses had helped to make the show a success. He must have been a magician, because all at once he produced a beautiful bouquet of flowers and, walking out to where I was sitting in the rig, he presented me with the bouquet, saying, "Miss Long, I crown you 'Queen of the Tanbark.'" And to this day when certain of my friends wish to tease me, they address me as "Queen of the Tanbark."

Daddy always enjoyed the shows in Texas because the crowds were so enthusiastic, especially the cowboys, and when

they liked a horse, they certainly let it be known. One night the class for the best three horses owned by one exhibitor was being shown. It was a very good class, and the judges were having a difficult time deciding which were the best three. It had narrowed down to two entries, and ours was one of those two.

Daddy became so excited that he left the box and stood on the rail. Standing beside him was a tall cowboy. When our horses would pass, the cowboy would take off his hat, wave it above his head, and yell, "Whoop-ee!" in a loud voice. Daddy said to the cowboy, "Do you know the young lady who is driving?" "No," he replied, "I don't, but if I was judge, I would give her every damn ribbon she shows for." When Daddy asked why, he said, " 'Cause I like her; she always has a smile on her face." And we, as well as the cowboy, were pleased when our three horses were judged the best.

One of the most sincere compliments I ever received came from an unknown person. We were sitting in the box at the Fort Worth show. I noticed a tall, good-looking cowboy standing at the rail directly in front of our seats and several times I caught his eye as he looked shyly toward the box. Finally he got up his courage, took off his hat, walked over and said: "Excuse me, Miss, but I just wanted to tell you that I rode sixty miles today to get to this show, because one of the boys from the ranch was here the first night, and when he came back, he told us you had the prettiest, highest steppin' horses he had ever seen, and I surely love a good horse. I want to say it was worth that long ride just to see you handle them spirited animals." Then he blushed, put on his hat, and disappeared in the crowd.

That trip had a tragic ending. As usual, I went to meet the horses on their arrival in Kansas City. I rarely miss seeing the horses loaded and unloaded. The horses were in one car and the rigs in another. The rigs were unloaded first. Beau Brummel and Beaucaire were hitched to a mail phaeton, and

I drove them home. They were both so full of life that I had a time to keep them from going too fast. Beau Brummel coughed several times, but it is not unusual for a horse to take a little cold and have a cough after having been shipped. Nevertheless, I mentioned it to Dave as soon as we drove into the stable. After lunch I went out to see how the horses were feeling, and Dave said that he had called Dr. Moore, because Beau Brummel was breathing heavily. The doctor was there in a short time and after examining Beau thoroughly, he told us that the horse was very sick and would need to be carefully nursed. Dr. Moore, well known throughout the Middle West, was head of the Kansas City Veterinary College, which had many students. He arranged to have a student doctor stay with Beau during the nights and report the horse's condition to him every few hours. I was not told until later, but Dr. Moore knew from the first day that little Beau had a very slight chance to live. The night the crisis was expected, Dr. Moore himself came and stayed all night. He knew how much I loved that little horse and what a comfort it would be to me to know that he was with him, doing everything that was humanly possible.

I was up earlier than usual and went to the stable before breakfast. Beau was putting up such a game fight to live. Some horses are like some people and just give up, but not my little Beau. He stood there with a light blue plaid cooler thrown over him; he was breathing heavily, and his little face looked so drawn. If you are accustomed to being around horses, you will notice how their expression changes when they are sick.

I called him by name—he turned his head slightly, but did not make a move to come for his sugar. I went over and tried to tempt him with a fresh carrot, but he was too sick to eat. I knew by the expression on the men's faces that Beau's sickness was very serious. I went into the house and tried to eat breakfast but couldn't swallow. I wanted to be in the stall with my

pet, but when I was there, I just felt helpless and distressed by his suffering. Again I went into his stall, but this time he didn't even raise his head when I spoke to him. His breathing had become much more labored, and his eyes had a glassy, unnatural look. For the first time, I had a feeling that he wasn't going to get well. I just couldn't keep the tears back, so I put my cheek against his feverish neck and cried as though my heart would break.

Sometimes I wish I did not love so intensely, because it causes a great deal of suffering; but, on the other hand, it brings much happiness.

Dave suggested that I exercise one of the horses. They wanted to get me away from the stable for they knew that Beau was fighting a losing battle and the end was drawing near. I took my faithful little Boston, Vin, with me and went for a short drive. You could never convince me that animals, especially dogs, do not sense when someone they love is sad or in trouble. As I drove that morning, every once in a while a little sob would escape my lips, and then I would feel a paw on my arm. I was so distressed about Beau that I paid no attention to Vin, but the next time the paw scratched on my sleeve, I looked down at the little fellow, and a human being couldn't have shown more sympathy in his face than did that devoted little dog.

I dreaded going back to the stable, as I was afraid Beau would be gone. And my fears were well founded. When I saw the boys' faces, I didn't have to ask the question that was on my lips. I grabbed Vin, rushed into the house, and cried until I could cry no more.

Daddy knew how bad I would feel to have my pet taken away, so he had him buried back of the stable. His grave was always covered by a beautiful flower bed, so in his last sleep his blanket was made of flowers, and he deserved it, because he was truly a little gentleman.

9

IN THE fall of 1909, I was in Chicago for a day. As usual, I was thinking about horses, so I called up Tichenor and Grand to inquire if they had a pair suitable to show in ladies' classes, and was told they had what they considered an outstanding pair. I told Mr. Marshall that I would be coming back through Chicago in about a week and would see the pair at that time. To my dismay I was told that they were shipping them to New York before that date. I was very much upset, as I had a matinee engagement to see a play that was so popular the tickets had to be purchased days in advance. But seeing the play lost all its charm when it meant that I would miss seeing the supposedly outstanding pair.

When Verne, a friend of mine in Chicago, called to take me to lunch, I told him my troubles. He was most understanding and said that we could go to a matinee any time, but that good pairs were few and far between, so he would take me to see the horses. I knew that the stable was out on the south side but had no idea it was such a distance from the hotel. But we finally arrived, and what an impressive place it was. The building was very large. I have no idea of the exact number of stalls, but I think I would be safe in saying at least seventy-

five. There was a large indoor ring and an outside ring, around which were lovely flower beds. Off the arena was the office, a most attractive lounge room, and a dining room where delicious meals were served to prospective buyers.

Mr. Tichenor and Mr. Marshall were there to greet us, and after we had chatted a few minutes, they asked if we would like to see the horses in hand or in harness. I said that I would like to see them both ways. I never was good at bluffing and must have shown that I was not deeply impressed with their outstanding pair. Mr. Marshall then mentioned a three-year-old they had which he thought in another year would mate Sensation, a horse we bought from them in New York the year before. I expressed a desire to see the horse and was told that they were docking his tail but would be glad to lead him out as soon as the operation was finished.

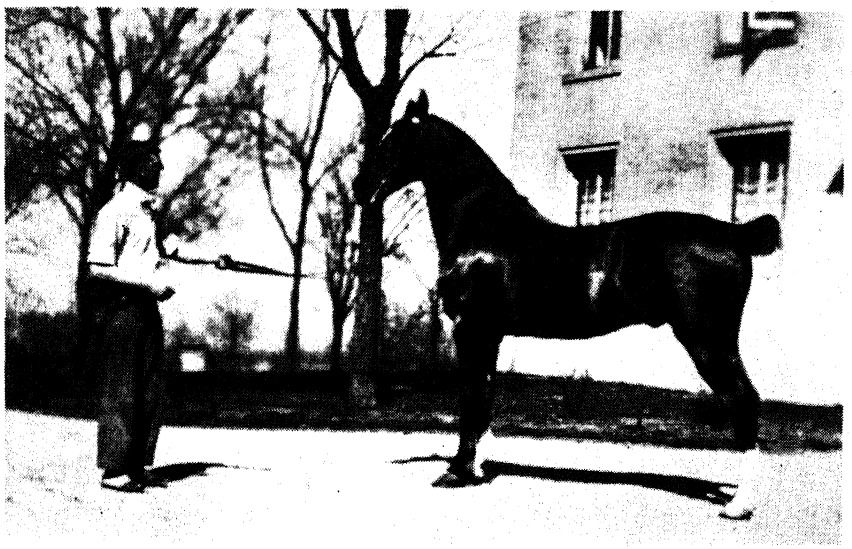
Presently a groom came leading a thin, bright-bay gelding with white markings. He was just as green as a horse could be, his poor little tail was quivering, and he looked so frightened; but he had that something it takes to make a show horse. The horse had been there only three days and hadn't been hitched since his arrival. I asked if I could see the horse in harness and was told that they would be glad to hitch him to a cart but could not put a crupper under his tail.

While the horse was being harnessed, I asked the price and was told it was $1,500. It was well that I asked the price before I saw the colt hitched, because if my expression showed my disappointment in the pair, I am sure it showed my delight when the bright-bay gelding came out, his graceful neck arched, his ears forward, and exhibiting nice all-round action. In fact, he had all the earmarks of a real show horse, and, of course, it was all natural.

After the horse had gone around the ring a few times, Mr. Tichenor turned to Mr. Marshall and said, "We priced that horse too cheap." I was so excited that I could hardly wait to get back to the hotel to write Daddy about the beautiful colt I had seen. On the way down we were trying to select a suit-

able name for the horse that I hoped would soon be mine. As we were riding along, Verne said, "That horse was a revelation to me." I said excitedly, "Verne, you have named him; his name will be Revelation."

As soon as I got to my room, I wrote Daddy that I had seen what I thought was the making of a champion and tried to



Revelation

describe the horse as he looked to me. It was to be a week or ten days before I would be home, so I asked Daddy to promise, in case he bought the horse, not to have him hitched until my return. On receipt of my letter, Daddy wired Mr. Tichenor to ship the horse.

I doubt whether it is possible for you to imagine how thrilled I was when I knew that Revelation was really mine. I could hardly wait to hear what Daddy and Dave thought of him.

It was fortunate for me that "Revie" was there to cheer me up on my arrival, because one of my pets, Lady Martha, had died of pneumonia the night before I got home. I didn't even know that she had been sick, so I was greatly shocked by the

news. I had been picturing Lady Martha and Revelation in my mind as a pair, because they were much the same type, with the same color and markings.

I asked Dave what he thought of the new horse and was surprised when he told me that he didn't think much of him. I inquired what it was that he didn't like about my wonder horse. Dave replied that he was pigeon-toed (and he was), cow-hocked, and the most awkward horse he had ever seen. "Well, besides that, isn't he all right?" I asked. Dave just gave sort of a disgusted grunt. I suggested that we hitch him, because I felt sure that Dave would change his mind when he saw the horse in harness. The horse was hitched, and we drove down to a nice stretch of dirt road. Dave got out, and I drove up and down the street several times; however, even before I stopped I knew that Dave realized he had misjudged Revelation. Dave had that "almost smile" on his face which means that I am showing a horse the way he thinks it should be shown.

When I stopped, Dave said, "He is the greatest green horse I ever saw." Was I happy, and did I think I was a good judge of horseflesh! However, I must say that there were many times when I did not display such good judgment.

Now, I am going to let Revelation tell you the story of his life up to this time. Revelation is speaking:

"I was born on a farm near Marion, Ohio, in 1906. My mother was a homebody, doing the many chores around a farm. She had such a nice disposition and always did her work cheerfully; and even though she had to work hard, pulling the plow and doing other heavy work, she never complained. She set a wonderful example for me to follow.

"My father was called The Tramp and from stories I have heard about him, he was well named. He was quite a fast stepper and spent most of his time hanging around race tracks.

"When I was a few weeks old, I was kept in the stable during the day, while my mother went out to work. At first I was very lonely and made a terrible fuss, but when I found it didn't

do any good, I decided I might as well keep quiet. I was allowed to have a little visit with Mother while she was having her noonday meal, and I had mine at the same time. How I looked forward to the evenings, when Mother and I were turned out in the pasture together. It was so nice to run around and play, while Mother nibbled the fresh green grass, and to enjoy the cooling breeze in the twilight, my favorite time of day. I only wish I could tell Mother how much I have profited by the talks we had then. She gave me so much good advice, some of which has already been a help, and more of it will be as time goes on. There was one thing that seemed to worry her. She was so afraid that I might some day have an owner that would not be good to me. She told me that there were many kind people and many cruel people in this big world, but she warned me to do my very best always, whether hitched to a beautiful carriage or to a lowly plow.

"Mother told me that when I reached the age of two, men would come around and do strange things to me. They would put something under my tail that might bother me at first by pinching a little or tickling. Then they would fasten a wide strap around my body, and it would be fairly tight. 'It will seem strange to you at first, and I have seen youngsters get so mad that they would squeal and even kick, trying to get it off, but it didn't do any good; so the more quietly you take it, the better it will be for you. Then they will put something cold and hard in your mouth, fastened to straps that go back of your ears; on these straps are pieces of leather that almost cover your eyes, and you will be able to see only what is going on in front of you. It may annoy you for a while, but you will become accustomed to it.' Then she told me that they would fasten reins to the thing in my mouth, which was called a bit. When they pulled on the left rein, I was to turn to the left, and, naturally, to the right when the rein on that side was pulled.

"After I was six months old, I saw very little of my Mother, but during the months before I was broken to work, I had

many hours to think over the advice she had given me. I can never thank her enough for preparing me for what was in store in the days to come.

"All that she told me happened late in my second year. I was frightened but not nearly so badly as I should have been had Mother not advised me so wisely. The year I was three years old, the young son of my owner drove me back and forth to Marion, where he attended school. I noticed a man looking at us a number of times as we passed his home, but I supposed that he was interested in the nice-looking young man in the buggy.

"One morning he stopped the young man and asked if the horse he was driving was for sale. He answered that he thought his father would sell the colt but couldn't price it until he talked with him about it. He promised to let Mr. Whipple know the next morning. Mr. Whipple was watching for us, and I heard the young man say that the price was $125, and I was sold then and there.

"Mr. Whipple came to the farm after me and took me to a very noisy place. I was really frightened. It was so different from the peaceful farm. He put me in a strange little building on wheels. I was in a large stall with a deep bedding of hay and a barrel filled with water. There were no windows in this queer building, and when the door was closed, it was very dark indeed. After a little while, something came along and bumped right into the building and almost knocked me down, and I must admit I was terrified.

"Soon the building began to move, at first slowly, but then faster and faster until it jolted me so that I could hardly stand up. It would move for awhile, then stop, and there would be more of those terrible bumps. That kept up all night, and I was tired and sore when morning came. It must have been about noon when we made another stop. A man opened the door, and how wonderful the fresh air seemed after being shut in that dark, stuffy place all night.

"When I was led out, I was so stiff that it was an effort to move, but I soon forgot it because there were so many strange things to see. I was taken to a very large stable. I had never seen anything like it. In it were many beautiful horses, but they didn't look or act like the horses on the farm. Their coats shone, and they were all covered up. I suppose that was to keep them clean. They had short manes and hardly any tails at all, which looked very strange to me, and I wondered how they scared the flies away.

"When they were driven, they held their heads in a proud manner and picked their feet up high. I didn't know there were so many things to be done to a horse. I was brushed and rubbed until my coat was just as glossy as the other proud beauties. My white stockings were washed every day. After I was all fixed up, I often wondered what the colts on the farm would have thought if they could have seen me. I suppose they would have said that I had become a city slicker.

"After I had been there about three days, they fastened me in a narrow stall and put some kind of harness on me. I could hardly move. I was very much frightened, because Mother hadn't mentioned anything about a performance of this kind. I wondered what on earth they were going to do to me, but I soon found out. They cut off most of my tail, and it was very painful. I am sure that Mother didn't know such things were done or she would have prepared me for the shock. They took me back to the stall, brushed me off, and out I went again. I'll admit I was very nervous, for I didn't know what to expect. This time they led me out into a ring. There were three men and a young woman standing there, watching a man driving a stylish pair to a phaeton. I hope that you won't think I am boasting in telling this, but when the young woman saw me, she seemed to lose all interest in the pair.

"They must have told her that they had just cut off my tail, because she came over, put her cheek against my nose, and said so feelingly, 'You poor thing, have they been hurting you?' I knew she was the kind that would be a real friend. And then

I heard her ask the price, and when they said $1,500, I could hardly believe my ears. A week ago I had sold for $125. What could have made me so much more valuable in just one short week? The only change was that I had lost my beautiful long tail. When I was taken back to my stall I wondered whether that young woman would buy me, and I hoped she would, because I knew that she really loved horses.

"A few days later I was again loaded on the train. I wasn't so frightened this time because I knew what to expect. I heard the men say that I was going to Kansas City, but I didn't know to whom I was going, or when I would get there. Everyone was strange to me. My new stable mates were very nice and tried to make me feel at home. They told me that my new owner truly loved her horses and would be kind to me, which was a comfort. After I had been there a short time, the horses told me that our mistress would be home that morning, so we were all being brushed and fixed up to look our best.

"It wasn't long until a young woman came through the door with her hands full of sugar. I heard her voice before I could see her, and my heart jumped for joy, because it was the same voice that said so understandingly that morning in Chicago, 'You poor thing, have they been hurting you?'

"And now my mistress has something to say."

That was the beginning of a happy partnership which lasted twenty-six years. In all my years of experience with horses, I have never come in contact with a more lovable animal. Revelation was a real gentleman and always did his best. I never want to love another horse as I loved him. He was one of the few natural show horses I have ever seen. He never wore a bitting rig, and still his head was always carried perfectly.

In January, 1910, we were going to show in Denver, Colorado, and that was to be Revelation's debut in the show ring. I am going to let him tell you about his first show. Here is Revelation again:

"In January, I was once more to take a trip. Several horses that lived in the same stable with me in Kansas City were in the car, so I didn't feel nervous or lonely, and anyway I was quite a traveler by this time, because this was my third trip on a train in less than six months. I heard the other horses talking, and they said that we were going to a horse show. Well, that meant nothing in my young life, but they seemed quite excited about it.

"When we arrived in Denver, we were taken to a place where there were a great many horses. Men were grooming them and washing their feet, while other men were washing carriages and cleaning harness. It was a very busy place and was different from anything I had seen before, so I was beginning to understand why my stable mates were so excited about the trip. I, too, was beginning to feel the thrill of expectancy.

"One day I was given even more attention than usual. I was brushed and rubbed until I was afraid I wouldn't have a hair left. My white legs were washed and my feet scrubbed until they were spotlessly clean. I couldn't keep from wondering what it was all about. That night crowds of people came to the building, and many came by and stared at us in our stalls. Later on, they put a beautiful set of harness on me, and I was hitched to a phaeton. A lot of people were standing around, and I heard several say, 'Isn't he a beauty!' but I never dreamed that they were talking about me, because there were several handsome horses standing there, and they, too, were hitched to phaetons, and anyway I knew that I was just a green country boy.

"I was becoming more excited all the time, and it was hard to stand still. Finally, my mistress picked up the reins, spoke to me, and I knew that it was time to get going. When I started in the gate, saw all the bright lights, the crowds of people, and heard a band playing for the first time in my life, I forgot myself, squealed with excitement, and gave the dashboard a good, hard kick. My mistress said, 'Steady, Revie,' and I knew I had done something wrong.

"What Mother had said about always doing my very best flashed across my mind, so I arched my neck, pricked my ears, and tried to step higher than any of the other horses. When a man in the ring called, 'Line up,' that meant for us to stop. I tried to remember just how Dave had been teaching me to stand, so I wouldn't look so pigeon-toed. I was so afraid that I wouldn't stand in the proper way and so kept moving my front feet, trying to get in the right position. But the judges, knowing that I was a youngster and that this was my very first show, made allowances for what they thought was nervousness; and, frankly, I was very nervous. I had never heard people make so much noise with their hands, but, do you know, I rather liked it, and I liked the music, too. It made me want to step all the higher. My ears were forward all the time, and my eyes were almost popping out, as there was so much to see and hear, and I didn't want to miss a trick.

"After we stood there a while, a man came up and fastened something on my noseband, which I afterwards learned was a blue ribbon. That meant that I was the best horse in the ring. Now really you can hardly blame me for feeling pleased with myself, as I had won the blue ribbon the very first time I was ever in competition, and all the other horses had the advantage of having been shown numerous times.

"When I went back to the stable, I was so excited that I could hardly tell my stable mates what had happened. Most of them seemed pleased with my success, but one sort of looked down his nose and said something about 'beginner's luck.'

"I made one more show that week and again was fortunate in pleasing the judges and being awarded another blue ribbon. After winning two blues, I noticed that several of my stable mates were not as friendly as they had been, which puzzled me, but my real pal told me that they were very jealous. It's too bad that they had to behave like human beings and show their jealous natures.

"A Mr. Warren Galbreath of Fort Worth, Texas, and Mr. Walter Palmer of Ottawa, Illinois, were the judges, and I

heard them tell my mistress that I was the most sensational young horse they had ever seen. Imagine my having such wonderful compliments paid me, when I had just left the farm a few months before. At night when the show was over and the stable was dark, I was too excited to sleep. I would stand in my stall and think of my faithful mother. I hoped that she knew what a sensation her son had created. That sounds dreadfully conceited, but I am just telling you real facts.

"It's strange how quickly excitement gets into one's blood. After being in the ring twice and experiencing all the thrills that went with it, I felt that it would be terrible to live the humdrum existence of a work horse, and yet I believed that Mother was happier on the farm, doing her humble duties faithfully, than she would have been running around as a show girl. To her, that would have seemed frivolous, so I must have inherited the longing for excitement from my roving Dad. The horses that had years of experience in the show ring told me that it would soon get to be an old story and the thrill that comes with the winning of ribbons would not last. I am sure, or at least hope, that that is not true, for if it were, there would be no incentive to go on trying to make yourself a better show horse.

"And now my mistress wishes to talk to you again."

If Revelation was excited about his first show, think how happy I was when my wonder horse made good and became the talk of the show held in Denver in 1910.

We were going to Europe in April, so Daddy arranged to send the horses to Maysville, Kentucky, to be turned out to enjoy the wonderful bluegrass pastures for which that state is noted. The pastures near Kansas City were all fenced with barbed wire, which was not safe for such high-spirited animals.

Imagine shipping horses more than five hundred miles to spend a few weeks in safely fenced pastures. We really loved our pets and did everything we could to protect them and make them comfortable. I sometimes wonder if that is not one reason we have won so many ribbons. I believe animals as well as people respond to kindness.

10

BEING a good sleeper has never been one of my assets, but some very pleasant times have come from inspirations I have had while trying to think myself to sleep. This is true of the experience I am about to relate.

I had been reading about the great Olympia Show to be held in London, England, in June, 1910, and we expected to be in Europe at that time. On one of my restless nights the thought occurred to me that it would be great fun to show The King in London. The more I thought of it, the more the idea appealed to me. Dave, his wife, and little girl were going to Scotland to visit his family, so it would all work out perfectly.

I was so filled with the idea that I could hardly wait for morning so I could tell Daddy about the marvelous idea. Every morning before breakfast, Daddy sat in the library while he read a chapter in the Bible, and during that time he did not wish to be disturbed. But this particular morning I simply couldn't wait. When I told him what I had thought up during the night, he didn't say much one way or the other. I didn't know whether to feel discouraged or not, but knowing Daddy as I did, I had a sneaking idea that by night, having had an opportunity to examine the idea from all angles, he would give the answer I was longing to hear.

Sure enough, that night during dinner Daddy said, "Well, Honey, I agree with you and have decided that it would be a nice thing to show The King in England." I was so thrilled that I just couldn't wait to finish dinner before rushing out to tell Dave the exciting news.

Until that time I hadn't been very enthusiastic about the trip. There were two reasons for this state of mind. In the first place, I am the world's worst sailor and I dreaded the trip across the ocean. Sallie had been abroad a number of times, but I could never get up the courage to go. Furthermore, we expected to be away six months, and since I had never been separated from my four-footed friends that long, I was sure that I would be very homesick. But now that The King was to join us in London, and we would see and take part in the wonderful horse show, I was almost counting the days until we would be on our way.

I made up my mind that I was not going to be seasick; instead, I was preparing to enjoy every minute of the trip. Daddy selected the "Rotterdam," because she was a large, comfortable ship; and since she was slow, with fewer vibrations, I probably would not be so seasick. At least that was what Daddy hoped. It was to take ten days for the crossing, quite a contrast to the time made by big airliners of today.

There were seven in our party; in addition to Mother, Daddy, and me, there were two cousins—Maggie Belle Long, a pretty young girl with dark hair and lovely large gray eyes, and Margaret Wilson, in her early teens and as bright a youngster as one would care to meet—Mrs. Gade, a friend who was to attend to the many details in connection with traveling in foreign countries, as Daddy wished to be relieved of as much responsibility as was possible, and Robert, the chauffeur.

We got on board early in order to be unpacked and settled before the ship got under way. What a pleasant surprise to find our staterooms filled with flowers, candy, fruit, and gifts from our thoughtful friends.

I was sure that we were going to have a wonderful crossing and was looking forward to enjoying all the good times afforded on board a ship. But alas, the landlubber just couldn't take it. There is something about the fishy odor of a ship that affects my stomach and makes me feel very unhappy, to say nothing of feeling very uncertain of my ability to maintain a proper poise.

While the ship was still tied up to the pier, my face took on a sort of pea-green color, and I am sure from the way I felt that I was the same color inside. I was afraid to get very far from the stateroom. I tried to be game and stick it out, but when Mother suggested that I spend the first twenty-four hours in bed, I didn't argue with her but hastened to take her advice.

Margaret and I were roommates. By the way, Margaret is responsible for the nickname, "Shoo Shoo." When she was very small, her effort to pronounce "Loula" somehow came out "Shoo Shoo," and to this day she calls me by that name.

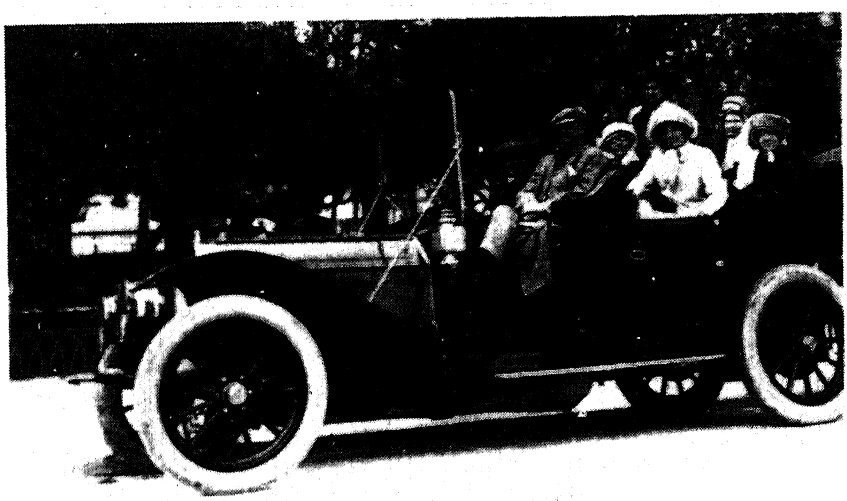
Just a short time after the ship got under way, Maggie Belle came in and said in a rather disgusted tone of voice, "I don't see how anyone could get seasick," but an hour later she had found out how it could happen. I heard a sort of moan and on opening my eyes beheld Meg sitting in our room, and she, too, had acquired that sickly pea-green color and looked far from gay. I was feeling awfully low myself, but just couldn't resist saying, "Meg, I don't see how anyone could get seasick, do you?" I was answered only with a most withering look from those big gray eyes.

But Meg was lucky in not being sick very long and spent most of her time on deck. Two nights before we were to land in Cherbourg, Meg came down to the room all excited. She had met a young chap from Boston; and in the course of their conversation, he mentioned that although he had never known anyone by the name of Long, he had once asked the price of a very beautiful horse called The King, which was owned by

a Miss Long. Meg said: "What a coincidence. Miss Long is my cousin; she is on this ship; and The King will be shown at the London show in June."

All this time I had been bedridden but I managed to get up on deck the last night to meet the young man who was such an admirer of our horse. He was going to be in Europe a very short time, so was unable to see The King show. He wished to know our stable colors, and I told him we used blue and yellow. He was very thoughtful indeed, for each day during the show, a bouquet of blue and yellow flowers was delivered to my room.

We went directly to Paris, and our first gasoline car was delivered to us there. It was a 66 Pierce-Arrow, a touring car painted gray. It had a much longer wheel base than the cars made in the European countries, so attracted a great deal of attention. There were no front doors on the cars built in 1910, and we had trouble keeping our skirts under control when riding in the front seat. Acetylene gas was used for the headlights. The acetylene tank was fastened to the running board, and instead of pressing a button to turn on the light, we



Last Word in a Car, 1910

As the Olympia Horse Show is one of the greatest in the world, I feel that my readers would enjoy a somewhat detailed account of it. For this purpose I am including two clippings from the Sunday, June 5, 1910, issue of the *American Register and Anglo-Colonial World*, International Horse Show and Summer Number, London Edition:

The International Horse Show, which, founded on an idea initiated in Belgium, has now become one of the most popular events of the London season.

There is every reason to believe the fourth annual show, which opens at Olympia on Monday next, will be the greatest of the kind that has ever taken place. Apart from the number of entries—3,000 in all—the show will be more representative of the nations of the world than any show in history, and in addition the bookings have exceeded even the highest expectations of the promoters.

Though King Edward's death threatened to react disastrously on this year's show, King George's representation to Lord Lonsdale that it would proceed, and that the King Edward VII £500 gold cup be competed for, has had an immediate and most favorable effect.

The 88 private boxes, seating from six to twelve persons, have all been booked for some time past at prices varying from £45 to £150, according to position. Among those who have places in this manner are a large number of Americans who have specially visited England for the Roosevelt festivities, and who on learning that many of these had been abandoned owing to the death of the late King, remained for the funeral, and are now continuing their visit in order to see how American representatives fare in the great equine display.

Ex-President Roosevelt will, of course, be among the visitors. A large number of European noblemen are also on the list.

Russia, for the first time, has decided to send over a team of military officers to take part in the international jumping competitions. The feats of the Cossack are known all over the world, and it will be interesting to see whether the Russians can jump as well as they can ride.

It has been decided to hold the Coaching Marathon on Saturday, June 11th, and the Corinthian Marathon on June 13th.

The Duke of Connaught's cup for jumping over the course, which is restricted to British officers, is likewise certain to be a success, as already 160 entries have been received.

The jumping section appears to have increased in popularity, as in classes for pairs upwards of 70 entries have been made, whilst in single competitions the average is upwards of 200 in each class.

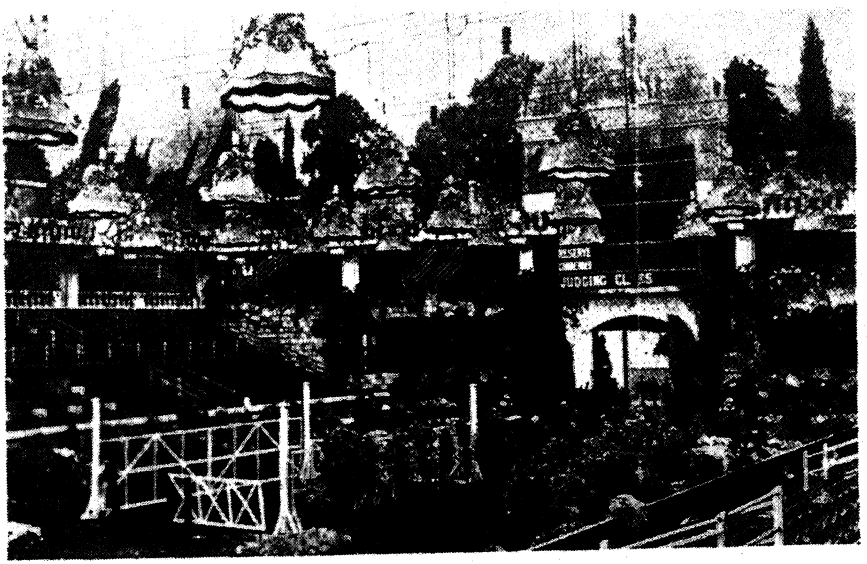
LUMBER KING'S DAUGHTER

Great interest is being taken in Kansas City and throughout the Missouri Valley in the fortunes of Miss Long, who will exhibit her prize-winning gelding, The King. It is said that Miss Long hopes that with good luck this beautiful horse, which is strictly trotting-bred, will carry off a ribbon or two.

Here is another clipping from the London paper:

Among the most interesting Americans who will appear prominently at the coming International Horse Show at Olympia will be Miss Loula Long, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Long, who will be there to begin her contest for the blue ribbon.

Miss Long has driven at many American horse shows in America, but she has never yet competed on this side of the Atlantic. She is bringing her own horse, The King, over.



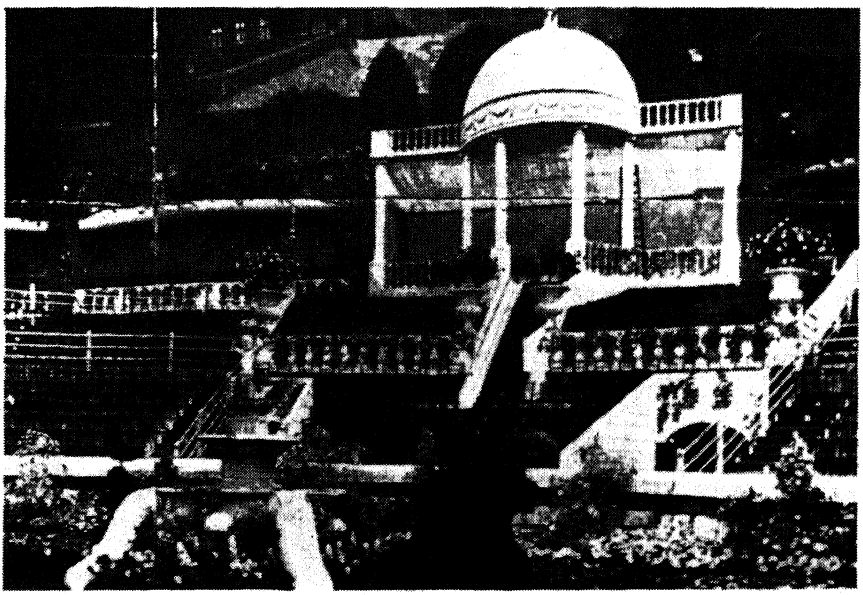
Floral Display at the Olympia Horse Show

The brilliance of the illumination will be one of the most remarkable features of the show this year.

Besides the 4,000 small lights which will be strung around the arena and terrace gardens, 100 arc lamps and 50 flares more than were used last year have been fixed.

Other innovations are a couple of fountains, which will play all day, and their bases are being constructed into picturesque rockeries surrounding little pools.

The horse show building is undergoing a transformation, and already the once barren interior has blazed into a mass of color, and shows a picturesque representation of an old English garden. The sunken gardens at Lowther Castle, the Earl of Lonsdale's seat, provided the model this year, and the model has been most effectively reproduced—at the cost of £10,000.



Another View of the Olympia Floral Display

The scheme involves the employment of upwards of 50,000 potted plants, of flowers of numerous varieties and colors.

Running the entire way round the hall above the tiers of seats will be a balustrade supported by thirty-two arches, the whole structure being so cunningly made as to suggest ancient moss-grown stone. Flowering creepers will trail over the pillars and arches.

It may be added that this year's show incidentally involves the use of—

30,000 sq. ft. of turf
1,500 loads of soil and tan (to form the beds of the arena)
500 loads of proper soil for the flowers and plants

Do you wonder that words failed me as I looked at this exquisite, artistic arrangement? The pictures reproduced on the two preceding pages may help to give you some idea of the surpassing loveliness of that floral display.

The stables were in the same building, and many exhibitors had their quarters beautifully decorated. Judge William H. Moore and Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt, both from New York, and Mr. Julian Morris of Virginia were showing in London that year, as was our good friend Mr. Murray from Toronto. Judge Moore and Mr. Vanderbilt were showing heavy-harness horses. Mr. Morris and Mr. Murray were showing hunters. So we were the only American exhibitor showing a roadster.

A reporter came around for an interview the first day of the show. Among the many questions asked was one wishing to know how long I had been interested in horses. I told him that I had been interested in them as long as I could remember and that when a youngster I considered it a real treat when I was allowed to wash my pony's white legs. The next morning when the interview appeared in the London paper, it was under the heading: "American Woman Exhibitor Grooms Her Own Horse." When we went out for our morning visit to the stable with sugar and apples for The King, there were several photographers waiting to take my picture in the act of grooming the horse.

Dave had always driven The King, and he drove him beautifully; so, of course, he would show him at Olympia. And, anyway, women didn't show roadsters. In the first place, a roadster was considered strictly a horse for a man to drive as he usually takes quite a hold of the bit, and those narrow road wagons were not easy to sit in when a horse was going around the ring at full speed.

When the time came for The King to make his first appearance before an English audience, we were naturally very much excited and were naturally anxious for him to make a good impression. We were well pleased with his performance and, as the saying goes, thought he had "won it a mile." But the judges

did not see through our eyes and gave him, not first, but second. We were very much disappointed but tried to be good sports and not show our feelings. The King was to show again two

The King in London

days later. Although I don't know what actually happened, I always felt that the judges realized they had made a mistake in placing King second but were unwilling to admit it; anyway they sent word that they thought it would be better for me to drive my own horse.

That was such a foolish thing to say, because Dave drove the horse much better than I could ever hope to do. I thought it would be impossible for me to drive him, because he had a very hard mouth; and it was all Dave, who had strong arms, could do to hold him. Dave and Mr. Murray got together and fixed up a bit that they felt sure would enable me to show him.

Instead of a gate at the entrance to the ring, there were huge oak doors, and the ring was hidden from sight until the doors swung open. The horses were lined up, one behind the other. The King was lined up in first place. I was walking up and down the aisle, too nervous to stand still. I had never driven The King in the ring, and I knew how hard he pulled. And, too, it would be the first time I had ever driven in a show held in England, and I thought perhaps an English audience might not approve of a woman's showing a roadster. Do you wonder that I was nervous?

It seems that the drivers of the other horses entered in the class recognized the fact that The King was dangerous competition in any company; so they had been plotting to try to beat the horse from America. They expected Dave to drive, and when I got in the wagon and took up the reins, one of the men said, "Ye gods, a woman is going to drive that horse!" I imagine it was their turn to feel nervous because they could tell that The King really took hold and would be a handful for a woman to show.

As the huge doors were about to swing open, I looked for Dave. I had grown so scared that I had decided he would have to do the driving, but Dave was nowhere to be seen. The doors swung open slowly as the bugle sounded, and there I sat, gazing into the beautiful ring, around which hundreds of people were seated. Talk about stage fright—well, I surely had "ring fright"!

There were eighteen entries in the class, and six were sent in at a time. To this day I don't remember how I got into the ring, but when I came to, I was just letting The King go at a jog trot. Then I realized that I was in there to show a roadster

and would therefore have to show some speed if I expected The King to win a ribbon. The next thing I knew, we were passing all the other horses, and in England, as in the United States, The King won the approval of the audience, which they showed by their applause.

The six horses were lined up; the judges looked them over. I had seen a number of classes judged and knew their method of weeding out, which meant that three out of those six horses would be given the gate. Those were indeed tense moments. I knew that I had not driven The King as well as Dave drove him, and I felt that if we were given the gate it would be almost more than I could bear. I tried to look unconcerned, but I certainly was watching the ringmaster out of the corner of my eye, because he would be the one to walk over to the losers and tell them to drive out the gate. So when he started to walk toward me, my heart seemed to stand absolutely still, and my mouth was as dry as a bone. Surely our beautiful pet was not going to be humiliated by being the first one excused from the ring, but my heart soon started beating faster than ever as the drivers on each side of me were given the gate, along with one other.

I felt weak from the suspense but had time to recover my strength while the other twelve horses were being tried out. Six of those were then given the gate. That left nine for the final competition, and this time we all went out to work together. By that time I had more confidence in my ability to hold The King and had the courage to let him really step on. The crowd was also getting excited, and I could hear a noise that sounded like someone beating on a tin can. I couldn't imagine such a thing at the dignified Olympia Show, but it was actually happening. Mr. Murray had become so excited that he had rushed to one of the restaurants in the building, got a tin pan and a spoon, and was standing at the end of the ring, beating it as hard and fast as the drummer in a present-day "boogie-woogie" band.

Again we were lined up, and then two were sent out to decide which would be the winner. The King was one of the two. By that time I was so excited that I felt as though I had the strength to hold an elephant and wasn't afraid to give The King his head. He was one of the gamest horses I ever saw.

We were asked to stop our horses alongside the railing. A roadster must stand quietly. The King looked like a beautiful dark bronze statue, as he stood there motionless, but the other horse was very restless. The ringmaster walked over to me, touched his hat, and said, "Miss, will you please line up?" In a weak voice I asked, "In which place?" When he said, "In first place," I was afraid I had misunderstood, but when I drove into what corresponds to the winner's circle on a race track, The King was truly given an ovation. I heard someone yelling, "Hurrah for Missouri," which I learned later was our English chauffeur. I tried to look indifferent, but I couldn't control the smile that spread across my face from ear to ear, and when I raised my eyes to our box, I saw that our little party were wearing smiles that rivaled mine.

Mr. Murray was so excited that he literally lifted me out of the wagon and gave me a big hug. Many people were most gracious, rushing up to offer their congratulations. I didn't feel that I was among strangers, for lovers of horses are never strangers to one another.

I felt very tired when the excitement was over, but it wasn't until I got out of bed the next morning that I realized how many muscles I had used in driving The King. I was so sore and stiff that I could hardly move, but the joy of winning the class was worth more than the discomfort I suffered from the sore muscles.

There were many interesting classes during the show, but two made a lasting impression. One was the coaching marathon. This was, of course, for road coaches, and what a colorful picture those twelve brightly painted coaches made. The horses were beautifully groomed, their coats shining in the sunlight and their harness spotlessly clean. The guards, with

their long, highly polished horns, were ready to blow their cheery signals as the horses trotted along the streets on their way to Olympia.

The race was made much more interesting to us because of the entries of two exhibitors from the United States, Judge William H. Moore and Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt. We felt very proud of our countrymen when we saw their splendid horses and the beautifully appointed coaches. We were not at all selfish—we were only hoping that they would finish first and second.

The teams were to start in a park about twelve miles from where the show was being held. We, with many others, had driven out to see the teams get under way. What a busy place it was. The grooms rushed around making a last-minute inspection to see that the harness was in perfect order and that each horse was bitted as it should be. If for any reason they should have to stop to adjust the harness after the race started, it might cause them to lose the handsome trophy which was the prize in this event and which was greatly desired by the owners of road fours.

The drivers were up straightening their lines and twirling their whips, so everything would be in readiness when the signal came to go. The horses were champing their bits and getting restless; they, too, seemed to sense that this was an important occasion.

The teams were started two minutes apart, and the judges, who were waiting in the ring at Olympia, knew the order in which they would leave, as the time made was to be taken into consideration. One judge stood at the gate to clock their time the minute they drove into the arena. We saw them all leave the park, then we hurried back to Olympia. It was so exciting to notice the expression on the drivers' faces as we passed the different coaches and to see how the horses were standing up under that steady trot on the hard streets. Of course, the horses were in wonderful condition because their owners had been fitting them for the race for weeks.

Policemen were stationed at all crossroads and streets to hold back the traffic. Much had been written in the papers about the coaching marathon, and a great many people had

Coaches in the Marathon

gathered along the way to watch the colorful coaches drawn by the stouthearted horses as they trotted past.

It didn't take us long to drive the twelve miles in a car, so we had been sitting in our box about half an hour when we heard the faint sound of a coach horn. Everyone jumped to his feet as he was anxious to see which team would be the first to enter the ring. The first team in would not necessarily be the winner, as that one might have been the first one to leave the park; and anyway the condition of the horses counted a certain per cent, as did the appointment in the coach.

Most of the horses, and also the drivers, looked weary and seemed glad to stand quietly while the judges looked them over. I am ashamed to say that I do not remember the winner of the

class, but I am sure that if either team from the United States had won, it would have made a lasting impression.

The other event that seemed so unusual to us was the class for a pair of jumpers. If my memory serves me right, there were two hundred pairs entered. When we saw the number of pairs, we were amazed and supposed that it would take one whole evening to judge the class; but the class was divided into three parts and shown at the morning, afternoon, and night performances. It was very interesting, because each pair was allowed only two minutes to complete the course, and the jumps were really difficult.

Crow and Murray had an entry, and their pair was to jump at the night performance. We had several English people as our guests that night, and I had told them that we had a friend who was going to ride in that class and to be sure to watch him, because he was a wonderful horseman. When it came their turn to jump, the big oak door swung open, and two horses dashed into the ring. There was no time to lose, as two minutes is a very short time in which to encircle a large ring twice and, in so doing, make twelve jumps.

I can still see fat, jolly Mr. Murray as he looked with his coat of hunting pink (I never could understand why they call that fiery red, "hunting pink"), white breeches, black boots, his black velvet huntsman's cap set on his head at a rakish angle, as he sat astride that big horse.

The first jump was rather near the entrance gate, and maybe the bright lights bothered Mr. Murray's horse, for when it came to the first jump, it stopped very suddenly. But Mr. Murray didn't stop; he carried out his original intention of going over the jump. Not only *he* landed on the other side of the jump, but also the horse's bridle landed with him. Talk about a miracle; in some way that short, fat little man got over or under the jump, put the bridle back on his horse, got on the horse's back, and completed the course in two minutes. It seemed that everyone in the huge building was applauding, and

many were cheering when that game little Scotsman and his riding partner accomplished what seemed the impossible. Our friends agreed that he was a wonderful horseman.

After leaving London, Carlsbad was one of the interesting and unusual places we visited. Carlsbad is noted for its many different springs, which are supposed to have wonderful medicinal qualities. Daddy thought that it would be a good place to spend several weeks in relaxation, and he hoped that the waters would prove beneficial to his health. Daddy had traveled through Switzerland on a previous trip, so it was decided that the rest of the party should motor through that interesting and beautiful little country while he was taking his much needed and richly deserved rest.

We had motored as far as Geneva, which was the last city of any size in which we were to stop before going on to Paris. The very last day we were in Geneva, a wire came from Daddy telling about two horses he had seen in Vienna that he thought I might be interested in and for Meg and me to meet him in Munich. Of course, I was always delighted with the prospect of going to look at horses. However, Meg and I did feel a little nervous about traveling in a strange country, because neither of us could have been considered an expert linguist.

Mrs. Gade made arrangements with a courier, who was highly recommended by the hotel manager, to go as far as Zurich with us, where he would put us on the train for Munich. Meg and I traveled first class, and the courier was given money to travel that way, too, but he preferred to ride third class, saving the difference in the fare to spend as he pleased. It was really very amusing to us, because each time the train stopped, he would come running up to our car and peer into the window of our compartment to see that his charges were still there. We felt like birds in a gilded cage.

Riding in the same compartment with us was a Russian couple. The man spoke a little French, but his wife spoke only Russian. She was the first and only woman I ever saw smoking a cigar. She had the technique down to a fine point, never

even raising her veil when she smoked. During the afternoon we had a severe electrical storm, and I never saw a woman so frightened. I really felt sorry for her. She kept mumbling, as we thought, to herself; but her husband told us that she was praying. She would pray awhile, and then up to her lips would go the big cigar, and vigorously she would puff away. We could understand the praying, but the cigar seemed very strange, and I might say unladylike to us. We had both been raised in the strictly puritanical manner; and may I add, the more I see of life, the more indebted I feel to my beloved parents for the ideals they planted in my mind and heart when I was just a child. I know that early training has been helpful to me many, many times in the game called life.

It was about midnight when we reached Zurich, and how well I remember the rather dingy-looking station. There were very few people about, and it was a lonely spot. It seemed strange not to hear even one word spoken in our native tongue. After an hour's wait it was a great relief to be in our compartment, with the door locked, on the Munich-bound train. Practically all our traveling in Europe had been done by automobile, and as the trains and customs are so different from those in our own country, it is not surprising that we were somewhat ill at ease. We were surely delighted to see Daddy waiting at the station gate for us when we arrived in Munich.

That year Munich was crowded all the time, as the Passion Play was being held in Oberammergau, and it seemed as though everyone visited Munich either on the way to or from witnessing that wonderful pageant. We had been there before going to Carlsbad.

We felt much more relaxed on the journey from Munich to Vienna, because we were with Daddy and had the feeling that nothing unpleasant could happen. Of course, I asked dozens of questions about the horses, but Daddy was wise and did not tell me much, because he didn't wish me to be influenced by his opinion.

It was while he was in Vienna selecting some things for our new home, which was supposed to be finished by the time we returned from Europe, that he learned of a man who had fine horses for a hobby. After seeing the horses, Daddy sent me the telegram. The owner of the horses kept them at his attractive country place twenty-five miles from Vienna.

He graciously invited us to have luncheon in his home, and we gladly accepted. Imagine our surprise when, on approaching his place, we saw the Stars and Stripes, our own country's flag, flying from the top of the flagpole on the front lawn of his home. We immediately spoke of our surprise, as well as our great pleasure, at seeing our country's flag flying on a private estate in a country so far from home. He explained that he had once been in America and had made many good friends while there and so had purchased an American flag, thinking that his friends from that country who came to see him in Austria would feel more at home when they saw their beloved Stars and Stripes waving a welcome to them as they approached his estate. It was certainly a lovely thought. I am afraid that he would not have found us so gracious had he come to see us at Longview.

Luncheon was served on a terrace overlooking beautiful gardens. The flower arrangement on the table was lovely, and the food was delicious. Besides all that, it was there that I met my first real live Count, and although he could not speak a word of English, nor could I speak a word of his language, we got along very well indeed with the aid of our charming host, who interpreted for each of us what the other had said. During the conversation, I was telling about someone I knew who, while traveling in Japan, met a naval officer and in nine days was engaged to him. After being made to understand what I had said, his reply was, "It would not take me that long if I could speak English." I thought that our American boys were fast workers, but this chap wasn't so slow himself!

Later we went to the stable, and when the horses were led out, I forgot the Count and everything else. He didn't know

much about horses but was very much interested in airplanes and was having one built at that time. I easily picked out the two horses that had appealed to Daddy. One was a very fine black gelding; the other was a beautiful dappled gray Russian-bred Orloff. My, but he was a spirited animal, with worlds of style. He had a beautiful intelligent little head, a long graceful neck, and a lovely smooth body. He didn't wear a check, but his head was always carried high, and he never poked his nose. He had splendid all-round action and could step on, almost as fast as our standard-bred horses; and, as I have mentioned before, I always liked a horse that had plenty of speed. They told us that he was a very game horse and that although he was only seven years old, he had already worn out two mates.

The more they told us about him, the more I admired him. But there were two things that were not in his favor. The first was his color, as gray horses in this country were used almost exclusively in road-fours, and at that time we didn't have a road-four. The second, and most serious reason, was that one front hoof was slightly deformed.

Daddy said that I could have him if I wanted him, and it took a mighty lot of courage to say "No," because I never saw a horse with a sweeter personality. The price on him was high, and being a gelding, there would have been duty to pay on bringing him into the United States; otherwise, I would have let Daddy get him for me, just to have the pleasure of having him around to drive on the streets. *If* he had been another color, and *if* he hadn't had that bad hoof, I honestly believe that he would have been the greatest harness horse I ever saw —or at least one of the greatest. What a pity that such an outstanding animal had to have those two handicaps.

The black gelding also had his fine points. However, he was no mate for Revelation, and he would not be any good to us as a single horse.

The Count had evidently been busy on the telephone, for when we got back to the hotel and went to our rooms, we found

them filled with flowers. Very soon after our arrival at the hotel, our charming host and the Count came to have tea with us, after which we were taken to see the airplane which was being built for our new-found friend. They were very insistent that we stay in Vienna for several days, and among the inducements was that of being taken up in the plane when the Count took it up on its trial flight. If he had asked me to go buggy riding behind a horse that had never been hitched before, I might have taken a chance, but as it was, I wasn't ready to make any kind of trial flight with him—aeronautical or otherwise!

We were sorry to leave that night, as the whole experience had been a pleasant one, and if we had not been sailing for home so soon, we probably would have stayed a few days longer. But we had to be on our way, as we were headed for Berlin to continue our search for beautiful horses.

However, we did not see any fine horses there and so were soon on our way to Paris. It was good to get back to the Hotel de Crillon and join the rest of our little party. Your own look good to you at home, but they look even "gooder" ("gooder" was one of my favorite words when I was a child) when you are in a foreign land.

Another pleasant surprise awaited me: when I went to my room, there sat a lovely big basket of flowers, and on the card was this greeting: "To Miss Long, from your 'affectionated' Count So and So." Marg was quite excited when she saw the card and asked questions faster than I could answer them. Numbers of telegrams and letters followed, and for months—to be more exact, twenty-two months after our return home—the letters continued to come; and, finally, the Count, in person, appeared at the Union Station in Kansas City, Missouri, U. S. A. By that time he *could* speak English, and speak it very well indeed, but he did not succeed in making me "Countess So and So." I like the title "Mrs." better, don't you?

I began counting the weeks that would have to pass before we would be homeward bound. We were hearing regularly from Mr. Anderson, on whose farm our horses were enjoying their vacation. In one letter he said that Revelation was a nice horse but he didn't believe he would ever make a real show horse. You can imagine how indignant I was to have anyone dare say such a thing about my wonder horse.

Dave went to Scotland from London and looked at several horses. He bought a two-year-old stallion called "Copperus" and a three-year-old mare by the name of "Woodhatch Fragility."

We came home on a fast boat, but, fast or slow, that fishy odor was there. However, I had fewer days of seasickness on the return trip than I had had going over.

We saw many beautiful statues in the course of our travels, but none that gave us as great a thrill as did the Statue of Liberty, which we could see as we steamed into New York Harbor. HOME. That is certainly one of the most beautiful words in the English language. In the words of Henry van Dyke, as he sings of "America for Me"*—

'Tis fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings,—
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study Rome;
But when it comes to living there is no place like home.

*Reprinted from *Poems of Henry van Dyke*. Copyright, 1911, by Charles Scribner's Sons; 1939, by Tertius van Dyke. Used by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

I like the German fir-woods, in green battalions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled;
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
In the friendly western woodland where Nature has her way!

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack:
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free,—
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the rolling sea,
To the blesséd Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Waiting to get through the customs was an exciting experience. The officer examining my baggage seemed quite surprised when he found a pair of horse kneepads and a rather unusual bit in my trunk. About that time a reporter came up to interview me. She asked many questions concerning our experiences during the show in London and finally asked whether I had received any proposals of marriage while in Europe. I suppose I was rather flippant when I said, "No; if I had, I would be married." Marg, bless her loyal little heart, thought that every man who talked to me proposed, so she spoke up quickly, saying, "Why, 'Shoo Shoo,' we counted twenty-four proposals you have had." Wasn't she a wonderful little press agent?

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OUR first show cast of Chicago was made in Washington, D. C., in the year 1912. Our show string was composed of four heavy-harness horses, a roadster, and two five-gaited saddle horses. It was a nice little afternoon show and was held just a few blocks from the White House. The hunter classes were very good indeed, but the entries in the other classes were rather light.

Our stable boys were very much excited over the prospect of showing in Washington, the capital of our great country, and supposed that everything would be on a grand scale. At that time, this show was in its early stages, and the grounds were very modest, much the same as we found in the smaller cities in the West. There were no electric lights in the stables, so the men carried lanterns while doing their nightly chores.

William, one of our men, had been with us many years and was quite a character. After having to do his night work with only the light from a lantern, William said, "Well, I have been to a lot of pumpkin shows, but this is the 'pumpkinest' one I ever saw."

We also had entries in the National Capital Horse Show, held in Arlington, Virginia, in 1920 and 1922. Mr. Melvin Hazen and also Mr. J. O. Gheen were very active in the show

and made a lasting impression, as they were so gracious in doing everything within their power to make our stay a pleasant one.

There were two events in 1912 that I shall always remember with happiness. In July of that year, a slender little Irishman, by the name of Johnny J. Haffey, came to work for us, and that was a lucky day for what was then the Loula Long Stables. Johnny has gone into the ring with me hundreds of times, and it is a wonderful feeling to know he is there. If anything goes wrong, he always knows exactly what to do. Often in a class, after we line up, I will ask Johnny how my horse performed, and many times he has said, "Your horse made a good show, but So and So's horse made a better one." I never knew a person with a more cheerful disposition. My Daddy always said that his name should have been Johnny Happy. I would name him Johnny Loyal Haffey, for his loyalty is outstanding.

Whatever success I have had with horses, I owe to three men: My Daddy, who was so generous in allowing me to buy so many horses, and our loyal trainers, Dave Smith and Johnny Haffey, who knew what to do with them after we got them. What a grand combination those two men have been for more than thirty years. Johnny has worlds of patience and courage in breaking the colts, and Dave has patience and that unseen something which puts on the glamour a horse must have to be a success as a show horse. To Dave and Johnny, thanks a million for the many, many hours of joy you have given me.

Another fine man and splendid trainer that helped make our stable a success for eight years was James Gilchrist.

There were always so many interesting things in the stable to fill the time. However, we spent the summers in some cooler place than Kansas City. We had planned to go to Glenwood Springs, Colorado, that summer, but Daddy said that he had some important business which would necessitate his staying at home. Mother, Sallie, Sallie's children, Robert and Martha, Miss Pendergast (a graduate nurse, who, by the way, is still with the Ellis family), our cousin, Birdie Read Ellis, in whose

parents' home we had spent so many happy days when visiting in Kentucky. Birdie's little son, John Read, and I made up the party that was to spend several weeks at the Hotel Colorado.

The hotel was located at the base of the mountains on the edge of Glenwood Springs. It was a large stone building surrounded by trees and lovely green lawns and was indeed a delightful spot in which to spend the summer months. What happy times we had: moonlight rides along the beautiful mountain roads, climaxed by a steak fry or a corn roast; swimming in the large pool, filled with warm water from the hot springs, and then to Glenwood for a hamburger and an ice cream soda.

The polo field was beautifully located in a valley almost entirely surrounded by mountains and, in the late afternoon, with the many lights and shadows, reminded one of a beautiful painting. A small clubhouse which adjoined the polo field was a popular place for the hotel guests to visit for afternoon tea. Those who enjoyed horseback riding would ride out, and the other guests were taken out in horse-drawn wagonettes. An Englishman, Mr. Ernest Stephens, was the riding instructor, as well as a splendid polo player, so he organized teams from among the hotel guests, and everyone enjoyed either having a part in or watching the games.

Quite a number of women were riding, so we decided it would be fun to try our hand at polo. As we couldn't play on sidesaddles, Sallie and I had to go back to what we considered our tomboy ways and ride astride. At first, I felt almost unsafe on a cross saddle, but it didn't take long to feel perfectly at ease riding the way I had learned to ride when a small girl.

During the summer a rodeo and race meet was held in Glenwood. Cowboys came from many miles with their fastest ponies, some to take part in the races, and others to ride in the various events. The day before the races, when we were on the polo field, I noticed a man galloping an unusually nice-looking gray pony on the track. I immediately wished to know to whom the pony belonged but was unable to find out any-

thing other than that it was a cowboy's racing pony. The next day I was ill and so had to miss the races, but the following day a number of us attended the rodeo. We were sitting in the grandstand, and I must admit that I wasn't greatly interested in any of the events taking place. But when the cowboy rode in on the good-looking gray pony, not as a participant but as an onlooker, I became very much interested and asked Hall Miller, a friend of ours from Atlanta, Georgia, to go over and ask whether the pony was for sale. After talking to the cowboy for several minutes, Hall got on the pony and rode her. All this time I was very fidgety because I wanted to hear what the man had to say. To me, the pony had an outstanding personality, and I wanted very much to own it.

When Hall came back, he said that the price was $125. I said, "Why on earth didn't you write a check for her right then and there?" After buying show horses, it seemed almost like a gift to buy a horse of any kind for $125, and especially such an attractive one as was the gray pony. I wanted him to go back and buy her at once, but manlike, he told me not to appear too anxious. He said he had arranged to have the pony brought over to the hotel at nine-thirty the following morning, so I could ride her. I didn't need to ride that pony to tell I liked her. I was already crazy about her.

I am afraid I was not very pleasant at the dance that night, because I was worried for fear someone else would buy the mare. I had noticed several people watching and talking about her while Hall was riding her; and then, too, the man might change his mind and decide he didn't want to sell at all.

I was downstairs when the dining room opened the next morning so I could finish breakfast before the pony arrived. I was almost as excited as I had been the day Model Jr. and the brown mare were brought out to the house for Daddy's inspection. I suppose it must have seemed strange to my friends to see me so thrilled over the prospect of the purchase of a $125 pony when I had such beautiful horses at home, but to this day I still get excited when I buy a new horse.

I had been watching for the pony for some time, but it wasn't in sight, so I stepped into the dining room to speak to a friend. I am positive that I couldn't have been there more than five minutes, when in strolled Hall. He said that the man had been out there with the pony, but he told him I was eating breakfast and to come back in half an hour.

I was so bored I didn't know what to do. I asked Hall what the man said. He replied that the man had said he couldn't wait, as he had a long ride ahead of him. I nearly had a fit, but Hall thought he was just bluffing. I was so angry that I exploded and said, "Hall Miller, if you let that pony get away, don't you ever speak to me again as long as you live!" and I meant it. From the way Hall started out of the hotel, he must have known that I wasn't fooling. He seemed to know where the cowboys hung out. There were three saloons in Glenwood, so he decided to make the rounds. After going to two of them and failing to see the owner of the pony among the card players, he was not so sure the man was bluffing when he said that he couldn't wait. But when he entered the third saloon, there sat his man playing poker. I imagine Hall felt very much relieved because it would have taken a great deal of courage to come back and tell me that he had let the gray pony get away.

What a sweet little mare she was, and how I loved her. She was about fourteen two, with a nice neck, a beautiful intelligent head, and the loveliest big soft brown eyes, and a wonderful personality. She was, as Dave would say, a nickel's worth too long in the back, but I never saw such powerful quarters and chest on any animal her size. And what a heart the little thing had. She was as game as they make them. She was about three-fourths thoroughbred, and as fast as lightning.

Out on the road or around the farm where she couldn't see the track, she was as quiet as could be. She could walk faster than any horse I ever rode, and I never saw her refuse

to go any place you asked her. No matter how steep a place was to go up or down, she never hesitated but went right ahead, and was as sure-footed as a mountain goat. But when she got on or in sight of a race track, it was a different story. Then she seemed to become a bundle of nerves and all she wanted to do was run. She would toss her head up and down and prance first to one side and then to the other; but when you gave her her head, she would make one leap, then straighten out, and it seemed as if she were flying, her gait was so smooth. I have ridden her a quarter of a mile in twenty-two seconds.

One evening a man came up to me in the hotel and said, "Miss Long, will you please tell me what you did to get that foreman of mine to sell his racing pony?" I answered, "Well, we just paid him what he asked." Then he asked if we had any objection to telling the price. When he heard the sum was $125, he threw up his hands and said: "Well, I'll be damned! I have offered him three times that amount, with three ponies to boot, but he refused to sell at any price." I could easily understand his feelings as she was an unusual animal and would be hard to replace. We later learned that the cowboy had been drinking when he sold his great little mare and that when he sobered up and realized what he had done, he broke down and cried. I hope he profited by that lesson.

We took Speculation (that was the name I gave the pony) back to Glenwood the next five summers, and the cowboy always came to see her and seemed very happy when he knew she would have a good home as long as she lived.

It may have been my imagination, and I hope it was, but sometimes when I would go into Speculation's stall, she would be standing there with a sort of sad, faraway look in her pretty brown eyes, and I wondered whether she was longing to be back on the ranch, located in that lovely mountain country.

Later that summer, Sallie bought a nice bay pony from Tommy Baxter. The pony's name was Cracker Jack and he

was well named. He had been used on the Baxter ranch as a cow pony but was ideal for polo, because he had such a nice mouth that he was always ridden with a snaffle bit. He loved

Speculation

to play polo and would follow the ball of his own free will. He was quick at turning and could really run. He was a tough little rascal, or perhaps I should say he was extremely game. One never had to worry about his quitting.

Tommy Baxter broke Cracker Jack. I have never seen a better rider than Tommy, and he must have also been a wonderful trainer. He seemed to be a veritable part of his horse, and no matter how quickly his horse would jump or turn, he was never caught off balance. Once in a while he would stop by the polo field and play two or three chukkers of polo, but always on a stock saddle. One day I asked him to play a

chukker on Speculation, but when a horse came running along beside her, she was on her way, and it was impossible to stop her with one hand.

That year Denver had a very good polo team and they were beautifully mounted. Lafayette Hughes, Larry Phipps, and Walter Houston were three of the players, but I can't recall the name of the fourth man. They were looking for a few practice games before taking part in a tournament, so they came down to spend a few days in Glenwood, where they could use the picturesque polo field, enjoy the hospitality of the Hotel Colorado, and have fun playing with the makeshift Glenwood polo team, mounted on the ponies which were used by the hotel guests for their daily rides on the mountain roads and trails.

There were to be three games. How plainly I can see the setup for the first game. Most of the residents of Glenwood had turned out to see the Denver team play. We all felt that it would be a walkover for them, but we were going to do all we could to encourage the untrained, untried Glenwood team.

The Denver team's beautiful thoroughbreds, with their bandaged legs and tails, and bodies covered with fine woolen blankets, were being led up and down the side lines by their well-turned-out grooms. The Glenwood team's mounts had been ridden most of the morning on the mountain roads and had then been ridden out to the game that afternoon. Now, they were tied to a hitching rail just beyond the clubhouse to enjoy a bit of rest before the game started. Cracker Jack was to be used in the game but he was in splendid condition.

Mr. Stephens, Tom Dooley, Jr., Tommy Baxter (who had been practicing for two days riding an English saddle), and a chap whose name has escaped my memory, made up the Glenwood team. The captains tossed a coin for the selection of the goal they would protect, and the game was on. Imagine our surprise when the Glenwood team was the first to score. We thought perhaps the Denver players allowed them to score so the game would not appear too one-sided; but as the game progressed, we realized that we had underestimated our

players. They were indeed playing a great game; and we could hardly believe our eyes when we saw those slow, patient horses which we used for pleasure riding, tearing up and down the field alongside the swift-moving thoroughbreds.

After each chukker the ponies from Denver had their faces sponged, the sweat scraped from their hot bodies, and a mouthful of water was given each one. Then a light woolen cooler was thrown over them, and then they were led around by the grooms so as not to cool out too quickly. Tommy, Charlie, Ginger, and the other Glenwood ponies were led around by small boys, but the sweat still covered their hot faces and bodies, and there were no coolers thrown over them during the first game. But before the second game began we had purchased buckets and sponges and had rigged up some homemade scrapers. Sallie and I certainly were busy between chukkers. The ponies were not accustomed to having their faces sponged and their mouths washed, and at first they were frightened, but later on they seemed to enjoy it. Some of them objected to the scraper, but we scraped just the same. I am sure that Dave would have been ashamed of the awkward way I went about caring for those horses after having had the advantage for several years of watching him train boys to do that very thing. I believe I got more water on myself than I did on the horses.

Glenwood won the first game and Denver the second, so there was much excitement on the day of the third and last game. Quite a number of people came down from Denver and were out cheering for their team, but the Glenwood team also had its supporters. I have never bet, but if I had had a million dollars up on that game, I don't see how I could possibly have been any more excited. I yelled; I ran up and down the side lines; I washed horses between chukkers; I encouraged the players; and I was so tired when the game was over that I was almost unconscious.

If the first game was a surprise, the last one was a sensation. All the men played well, but I never saw anyone ride

as Tommy Baxter rode that day. The Denver team were real sportsmen and admitted that they were surprised at the game played by the Glenwood team. To be perfectly frank, the Glenwood players were more surprised than anyone else at the outcome of the series, for they won the first and last games.

We went to Glenwood again the following year and shipped Speculation, Cracker Jack, Kentucky Laddie (a five-gaited horse for Daddy) and Black Beauty (a tiny black pony belonging to Martha Ellis).

There was another race meeting held that year, and I rode out to the track on Speculation. There was to be a quarter-mile dash for ponies. Several men came up and told me that my pony should be in the race as there wasn't an animal there that could outrun her. I think they wanted to ride her in the race, but when I told them I wouldn't let anyone else ride her, they said, "Ride her yourself." Well, I didn't know what to do. Mother and Daddy were sitting up in the funny little grandstand, and I didn't have time to go up and ask for their permission; and, anyway, to be perfectly frank, I was afraid the answer would be "no." The temptation was too great for me to resist, so I shortened my stirrups and rode with the others to the starting point, which was across the track from the grandstand. I was wearing a white divided skirt, but a bright-red Norfolk jacket, so I could easily be seen. Daddy had a cataract on one eye, and the other eye was not strong, so his distant vision was poor. Mother said, "Why, that looks like Loula on her gray pony riding out on the track," but Daddy was sure she must be mistaken.

Speculation was very nervous, tossing her head and prancing all the way to the quarter pole. I wasn't any too calm myself, because it was my first race on a track, and there were many ponies. And, too, I was more than a little concerned about the way Mother and Daddy would react to their daughter's riding in a race.

Speculation could get under way very quickly, so when the starter said, "Go," she got off well in that bunch of twelve

ponies. The first few seconds I was holding her back, but she was fighting for her head, so as we turned into the stretch, I loosened my hold. Out went her little head, and she really began to move. There were three ponies ahead of us, but in a few strides she had passed the first one; then in less time than it takes to tell it, she had overtaken the other two and won by two lengths, and going away. My heart beats faster as I write about it after all these years, so you can imagine how excited I must have been on that afternoon so many years ago.

By the time several people had told me what a wonderful ride I had given the pony (the pony really won all by herself), I thought maybe I would be receiving offers to ride in the next Kentucky Derby. In the midst of the excitement a man came leading a sixteen two brown thoroughbred horse, on which was a saddle such as those used by a jockey. He asked, "Will you ride my horse in the next race?" I replied, "On that saddle?" Without a word he rushed over and started unbuckling my saddle, saying, "You can use your own saddle." I told him that I was sorry, but I was almost afraid to go back to the grandstand as it was, because I had ridden my own pony without permission from my parents and was quite sure they would not approve of my riding a real race horse in a real race. When the owner of the horse said, "Won't you please ride, as I know you will give my horse an honest ride, and I can't trust these boys that ride around here," I felt that that was a compliment worth having and appreciated it much more than those about the supposedly good ride I had given my gray pony.

I hardly knew what to expect when I joined my parents; but Daddy just said, in a sort of teasing manner, "When did you become such a successful jockey?" I honestly believe they enjoyed the race, and I know I did.

The second event that brought such happiness was that on our return from Glenwood in 1912, we learned what the important business had been that had kept Daddy home during those hot months when he should have been away taking a

much needed rest. My Daddy never knew what it meant to spare himself.

He had been trying to locate land on which to build what had been a daydream when he, a boy of twelve, had walked behind the plow helping his father with the crops on their farm in Kentucky. He was looking for rolling land with trees, and perhaps a little stream running through it, such as he had enjoyed in the home place where he spent his boyhood. Such a place was not easy to find, as he wanted a farm not too far from Kansas City. We had no idea what Daddy had in mind, only this: he had talked about a place large enough to have an up-to-date dairy, to furnish good clean milk for the babies and children of Kansas City, as we had found it difficult to obtain suitable milk for Martha when she was a tiny tot. And then there were to be pastures fenced with rail fences that would be safe for our horses to enjoy their vacations, as well as for the faithful ones that were retired to live a life of ease on green pastures.

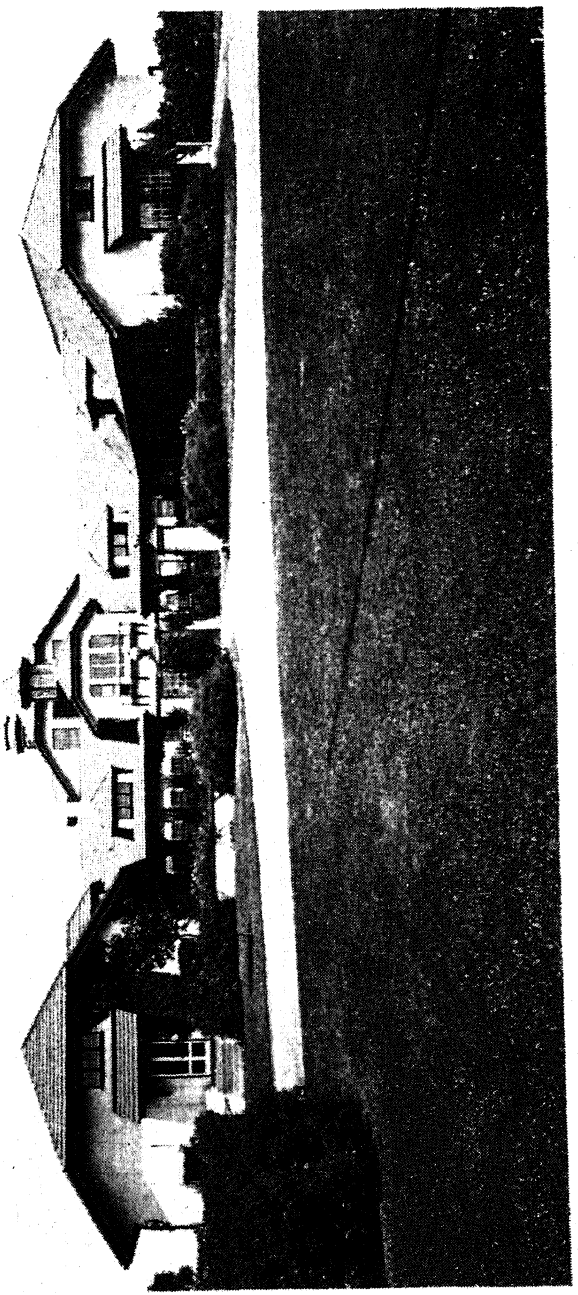
Naturally, Daddy was very anxious to have us see what is now known as Longview Farm. So, soon after our return, we drove twenty-one miles to a spot south and slightly east of Kansas City. My Daddy was a man of great vision, and I am sure he had studied the rolling acres in such a thorough manner that the way it would look with the buildings, fences, and other improvements, when completed, was well pictured in his mind. However, he had told us nothing of his plans, as he wished it to be a surprise. Daddy had purchased twelve small farms, which altogether made a tract of land of 1,780 acres. There was a little stream and also several acres of woods, which reminded Daddy of his beloved Kentucky. There was only one good house and stable on the grounds, but Daddy was glad of that, for then it did not seem wasteful to tear other buildings down and lay out the place as he wanted it.

On that afternoon in 1912, I failed to see anything attractive about it because, unfortunately, on the way we had had some

delicious cold buttermilk and luscious red apples, and they made me feel like a "poisoned pup." Poor Daddy was so disappointed at my lack of enthusiasm, for he had been sure that I would be thrilled at the prospect of having a farm. Of course, he didn't know how the buttermilk and apple had changed my outlook on life and everything in general.

We were not to get possession of the land until April, 1913; but long before that time, I had seen and studied the blueprints that were being made by Mr. Henry Hoit for the buildings that were to be a part of Longview Farm. Then I did begin to get enthusiastic. There was to be a stable for the harness horses, containing thirty box stalls, a large carriage room, as well as a large harness room, living quarters for the men, consisting of ten bedrooms, living room, and bathrooms, and an indoor driving arena 80 x 175 feet. There was to be a barn for the saddle horses with thirty box stalls and living quarters for the men. Plans were drawn for a half-mile track, with a grandstand and clubhouse that would seat 1,000 people. Under the grandstand were to be ten box stalls for the trotting horses. There would be a bandstand large enough for a twenty-piece band.

Then there were drawings for the large dairy barn, the cow and calf barn, a large work-horse barn, a hog barn, a boarding house for the unmarried men, and a residence for the manager, Compton J. Tucker, who had been associated with Daddy in the Long-Bell Lumber Company. Drawings for the homes for employees, greenhouses, blacksmith and carpenter shops, garage, and implement shed were included, besides a home for our family, where we could go and stay whenever we liked. Last, but far from least, there was to be a little church in a lovely spot surrounded by beautiful green lawns and graceful shade trees, truly a church in the wildwood. A bell was to be placed in the tower to ring every Sunday morning to call the people living on the farm, as well as the neighbors, to worship.



Harness Horse Stable

And may I break the thread of my story for just a minute. In that dear little church my youngest niece, Lucia Long Ellis, and two of my nephews, Hayne Ellis, Jr., and Long Ellis, were

Clubhouse

baptized. It will always be a beautiful and sacred picture in my book of memories. Ferns were placed around the baptistry, and it reminded me of a natural pool that one would find in a beautiful woodland. Those three lovely blond children, their sweet little faces very serious, as they stepped down into the water to be baptized by Dr. Robert M. Meyers, one of the finest young men I have ever known, made me feel that heaven was very near.

When Martha, my older niece, was married, she had her choice of the large city church in which her Grandfather had taken such an active part, the city house, the house on Longview, or the little church on the farm, and she chose the little church. Martha was taken to the church in an automobile, but when she came back to the house as Mrs. John Davis Leland, she came in our Little Mother's victoria, with Adoration and

Importation stepping more proudly than they ever stepped in any show ring. And when Lucia was married to Edgar J. Uihlein, Jr., in 1941, she, too, chose the little church for her wedding. That is another of the treasured pictures that will live forever in my memory.

Now, back to April, 1913: My Daddy was sixty-two years old, and as he was anxious to see the farm develop in his lifetime, many men were put to work, and buildings were started on various parts of the farm. It looked like the beginning of a little town. A large grading camp with dozens of pairs of mules was located near the center of the farm for there was much work of all kinds to be done. A twenty-acre lake had to be made to supply water for all the farm needs. The dirt taken out to make the lake was used to make the big fill at the end of the half-mile track. Ditches had to be dug for the

Longview Chapel

water and sewer system as well as conduits to carry the electric light and telephone wires. Roads were made and paved, and miles of fencing were built.

It was indeed a busy and interesting place, and whatever I had lacked in enthusiasm on that warm September afternoon, I more than made up for later on. The buildings were all of cream stucco, with red tile roofs. There were hundreds of trees and shrubs planted, because the location for our home, as well as those for most of the buildings, had been pastures where there were no trees. If you could see Longview as it is today it would be hard to imagine what a bare-looking spot it was in 1912.

I hope that some day I may have the pleasure of meeting the readers of this simple little story on Longview Farm. A warm welcome awaits you.

Home

12

THE year 1913 was filled with most interesting happenings for me. As I told you in the preceding chapter, Longview Farm had begun to be a very busy place. Shortly before the dairy barn was finished, Daddy and Mr. Tucker made a trip to various parts of the country, looking at Jersey cattle, as we had chosen that breed for our dairy and show herd.

Before going further I want to introduce Compton J. Tucker, the first manager of Longview Farm. He was known to the young people as "Tuck," but Mother and Daddy always called him "Compton." Tuck and I attended the same school when we were youngsters. He was also a lover of horses and often took me for a drive behind his adorable pair of Shetlands, and later on let me ride his beautiful and spirited black pony. In fact, Tuck and I were childhood sweethearts, and I shall never forget that on my twelfth birthday he was the one who sent me my first box of flowers. I can close my eyes and see so plainly those beautiful flowers as they looked when I opened the box—a half-dozen roses and a half-dozen carnations. It seemed as though I had never seen anything so beautiful. I am sure that the American Beauties and orchids that came in later years never caused a thrill as great as did those dainty tea roses and fragrant carnations.

When Tuck was twenty-two, he married my cousin, Ethel Pet Leeke, of Oxford, Pennsylvania, whom he met while she was visiting in our home. Not long after Tuck and Pet were married, he accepted a position with the Long-Bell Lumber Company. Daddy had known Tuck for a number of years and recognized his business ability, as well as his fondness for livestock, and so offered him the position as manager of the place, which was later known as Longview Farm.

In the spring of 1913, Pet and Tuck moved into the one livable house on the place, but it could not boast any modern conveniences. They were really pioneers and saw the dream farm of my Daddy become a reality. What an asset they were to Longview, as well as to the surrounding community. They always took an active part in worth-while things.

During their trip, Daddy and Tuck visited the Undulata Farm, owned by Colonel Weisinger. There they bought a beautiful three-year-old filly named Katherine Grisby. If we had known as much about saddle horses then as we do now, Katherine Grisby would have been shown in the three-gaited classes, and I honestly believe she would have made as good a three-gaited horse as I have ever seen. I realize that that is a broad statement, for in all these years that I have been attending shows I have seen many outstanding horses. She had a beautiful long neck. I have never seen a horse cleaner through the throatlatch. She had a sharply chiseled head, a perfect pair of ears, a lovely body, and oh! what air and animation. And what a trot she had, with all-round action. I never saw a saddle-bred animal make such good use of its hocks. In fact, she had so much action that we tried her in heavy harness, but she didn't have enough substance for that class. The mare didn't like to rack, and we made the mistake of showing her in the gaited classes.

At that time we did not have a regular saddle-horse man, but an attractive young chap by the name of John T. Hook, of the firm of Hook and Woods, located at Paris, Missouri, had been showing Kymokan, a five-gaited saddle horse that Daddy

enjoyed riding. We were so pleased with the way he handled the horse that we sent Katherine Grisby to him. Many people have asked where Kymokan got his name. It is the abbreviation of the names of the three states in which Daddy had lived —Kentucky, Missouri, and Kansas.

We then began buying a number of saddle horses. We were showing in St. Louis, and Mr. Pres Ray, from Bowling Green, Kentucky, was there with a beautiful bay five-gaited saddle

My Major Dare

stallion called My Major Dare. What a lovely horse he was, with a head dainty enough for a mare. Some judges considered him too fine for a stallion, but I was so impressed with him that on my return from St. Louis I told Daddy I thought we should own him. By the time Daddy had got in touch with Mr. Ray, he had sold the horse to Mr. Paul Brown, of St. Louis. But Daddy was not easily discouraged, so with Mr. Hook he went to St. Louis and purchased the stallion, along with several well-bred brood mares. I wasn't such a bad judge, after all,

as My Major Dare won many blue ribbons for us, as well as a number of championships. He was grand champion five-gaited saddle stallion at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, held in San Francisco, California, in 1916.

From Mat Cohen we bought a very beautiful three-gaited mare by the name of Nancy Garland. Those were the days when all three-gaited horses were docked, which always seemed a silly custom to me. Riding in the summer, when the flies were bad, the horses would stop and try to throw their heads around to knock off the flies that could not be reached with their short tails.

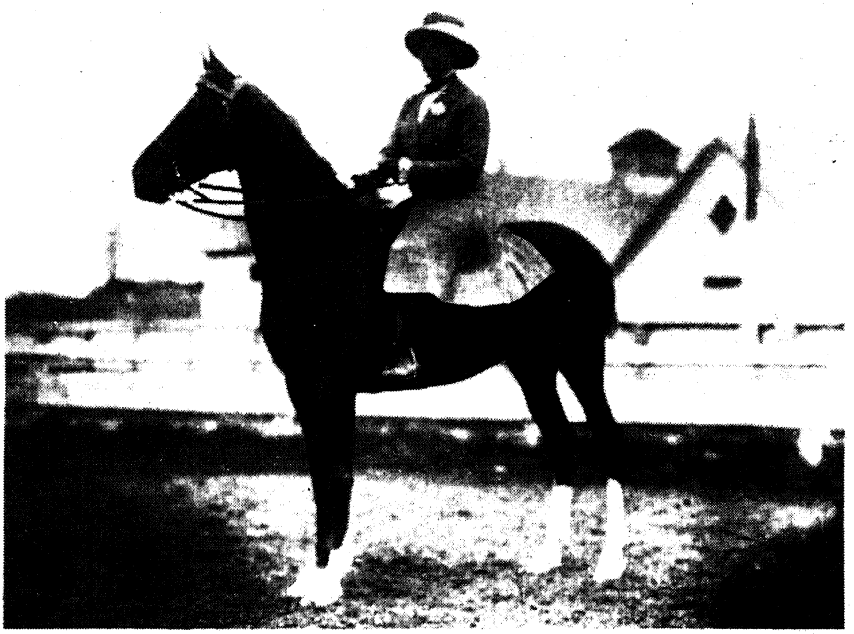
It seemed that Nancy Garland was owned by a man who had a small place in the country; and when going in to Lexington to sell butter, eggs, and chickens, he would drive the fine little mare to a spring wagon. She was very thin, and of course, still had a long tail. Mr. C. C. Harris saw her on the street one day and being a splendid judge of horseflesh, knew that she had the making of a show horse and bought her for $135. After he had owned her for a while and had given her plenty of good food and care, she was indeed a thing of beauty, and it was hard to imagine that a few months previous she had been a poor underfed work horse.

As soon as Mat saw the dainty mare he wanted to own her, and the price asked was $1,000. Mat said that he would pay a dollar a pound, and Mr. Harris agreed to accept his offer. The small mare was put on the scales, and Mat wrote a check for $989; but if the price was still a dollar a pound when we bought her a short time later, she had certainly put on weight faster than any animal on record!

Now that we were buying the best saddle horses we could find, we naturally felt that we must have one of the best trainers. John T. Hook was the one selected, and what a wise choice he was. In all the years I have attended shows, I have never seen a better rider, nor one that could get more out of a horse than could Mr. Hook. He was an unusually good judge of a green horse, and so was a valuable addition to our stable.

Many a time he has had a thin horse led out, saying, "Boss, I want to show you the running gears of a good horse." Mr. Hook also had a wonderful personality, and his entrance in the show ring was always greeted by applause. The boys who worked for him were devoted to him.

A home for Mr. and Mrs. Hook and their small son, Leonard, was nearing completion, and the stable for the saddle horses was almost finished, so Mr. Hook would soon be bringing our horses



Nancy Garland

to the farm. With so many horses, Mr. Hook needed a good young rider to assist him. Lonnie Hayden, a young chap who had been working for him in Paris, was the one selected. Lonnie was another natural horseman. He was as much at ease on a horse's back as he was sitting in the most comfortable chair. He was an untiring worker and took great pride in the horses he

trained. Many an audience has been thrilled when Lonnie was showing Chief of Longview or Sweetheart on Parade for Mrs. Roth.

Later on, our saddle-horse hobby grew until we needed more high-class riders, and then Don Reavis came to be a member of our saddle-horse department. Don was a handsome youngster, a very attractive figure on or off a horse; and I never saw him override a horse. The other riders could go flying past, but Don never got excited and always kept his horse going in form. Two other fine youngsters and good riders that were with us were Spec Marham and Carl Gillman. We could and did put on shows with just our own horses in those days. With Mr. Hook, Lonnie, Don, Spec, and Carl riding in the same class, there was sure to be plenty of excitement, as each took such an interest in his horse that the rivalry was very keen. And when Dave, James, Johnny, Tuck, and I were driving against each other, we tried just as hard to win as though we were showing against our greatest rival.

While attending a show in Omaha, we met Mr. Orson Moulten, of Batavia, New York, who judged at many of the larger shows all over the country. He told us about a fine show to be held in Rochester, New York, in September and assured us that we would enjoy showing there and that the people of that part of the country would enjoy seeing our horses. So we decided to make the show in 1913. It was held in connection with the Industrial Exposition, which always opened on Labor Day.

All the downtown streets were gaily decorated with flags and bunting, and everyone seemed in a festive mood. The Horse Show Committee offered prizes for the most suitably decorated window, and we enjoyed walking around to look at the many attractive displays. That was over thirty years ago, but one thing stands out very vividly in my memory. On Labor Day there was a long parade in which many bands took part. At the conclusion of the parade, all the bands joined together (there must have been at least twenty) and marched up the

street, playing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The men played and marched as though they were inspired, and the people standing on the street seemed stirred by that great Christian marching song.

The show was held in the afternoon in Edgerton Park, and the layout was very attractive. It was the first time we had ever shown in a grass ring. Our horses were stabled in the water works stable across the street from the show ring; and the employees around the place just couldn't do enough for us. I think "courtesy" must be the password in Rochester, because never have I seen more of it than in that city.

Before the show opened, Mr. Norman Van Voorhis called on us at the hotel and made us feel that we were indeed guests of the city of Rochester. When we went out to the show, the mayor, as well as several members of the Horse Show Committee, came around to the box to welcome us. I have never seen or felt greater hospitality. I particularly remember Mayor Hiram Edgerton, Mr. Van Voorhis, Mr. Edgar F. Edwards, Mr. Thomas Fox Brown and his cheery little wife, who brought us such lovely flowers from her garden, Mr. Victor H. Hurst, and Mr. Louis B. Jones.

What lovely trophies we have to remind us of those happy days, but better than all of those is the memory of the gracious way the people of Rochester received us. In 1913 I was the only woman showing there in the open classes, so, naturally, the crowds were generous in their applause, but I must be fair and say that they were always generous in like manner to all exhibitors. We showed there a number of times, and each year when I would make my first appearance in the ring, the warm welcome I received brought much happiness to me.

I shall always remember the tea tent so graciously presided over by Mrs. Warren Whitney. The afternoon would not have been complete without at least one visit there to sip tea and eat delicious sandwiches and cake while watching the interesting classes going on in the ring and chatting with the many friendly people.

There are many, many happy memories conected with the Rochester show. It was there that I first met Mr. William Wanamaker, Jr., his charming wife, and lovely daughter, Isabella, who is a splendid horsewoman. What a lovely picture she made driving Eve and Suave to her ladies' phaeton, or as she rode Cherrystone to win many blue ribbons. Billy Pinch, one of the best horsemen in the game, was in charge of the Wanamaker horses and always kept them in the finest condition.

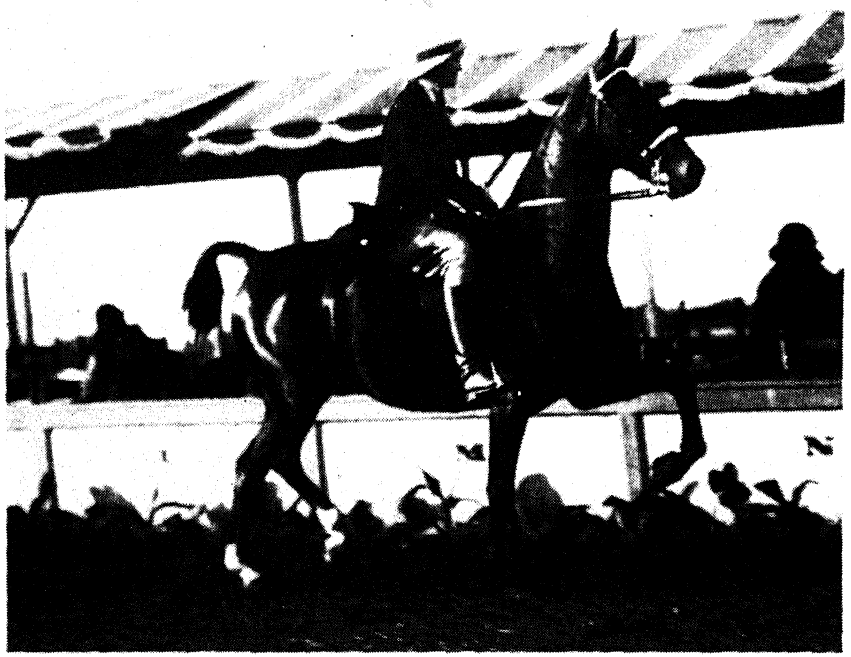
There I first saw Clara Peck showing her great favorite, Allah. What a dainty little miss was Clara Peck, dressed in a midnight-blue habit, riding on a sidesaddle. Mrs. Walter Hanley, on her many-times champion, Driftwood Blaze, also rode on a sidesaddle. Mr. and Mrs. Hanley also had hackneys shown by the great whip, Charlie Barrie. Somehow, I always think of the Hanleys as saddle-horse exhibitors, and yet I associate Mr. Hanley with the almost unbeatable runabout horse, Brother Jed.

Flirtation

I can remember attractive Janice Ligget, on Bohemian Actress, or putting her big chestnut jumper, Tradesman, over the difficult jumps; Eleanor Sears, on her well-named chestnut gelding, Radiant, and the splendid drives she gave her hackney ponies; and Constance Vauclain, driving her famous mare, The Whip, or riding her beautiful hunters. None other than the one and only Paddy O'Connell, often called the Irish Ambassador, was in charge of the Vauclain horses. Many an exciting race have I had with Paddy in the pace and action classes. One of those classes stands out clearly in my memory. It was one of the few rainy days we encountered during the Rochester show, but on this afternoon the ring was quite wet and muddy. We all had on raincoats and goggles. Foolishly, I had worn one of my favorite hats, so when the class was called, I decided to drive hatless. Although the rivalry was the friendly kind, we were all out to win. I was showing Flirtation, and the little thing could certainly move and had a heart big enough for a seventeen hand horse. She would go until she dropped. I don't see how it was possible for such little feet to throw such large pieces of mud.

Around and around we went, the mud flying from the feet of the ponies, as well as from the fast-turning wheels. Soon my glasses were so covered with mud that I couldn't see, so off they came. I would get a hunk of mud first in one eye and then in the other. Half of the time I couldn't see where I was going, there wasn't a clean spot on my face, and the mud was in my hair. The crowd was certainly enjoying it, and so were the drivers. Paddy was driving a fast pony, and I realized that was the pony I had to beat. Flirtation and I were doing our very best, and so were Paddy and his pony. It was like a chariot race in a circus. First, I would take the short cut on the turn, gaining the lead, and on the next turn Paddy would do the same thing. It was all very exciting, and Paddy and I were having a great deal of fun. Being the only woman driving the class, it seemed to please the audience when Flirtation

and I would dash out in front. I am going to let you guess which pony won. Did I hear someone say, "Flirtation"? You guessed right the very first time.



Martha on The Jester

Another exhibitor was Mrs. J. S. Sylvester, driving her beautiful bay gelding, Expression, as well as other hackneys, and also showing saddle horses. The genial Tommy Walsh was in charge of Mrs. Sylvester's horses and he always looked well in the ring.

Janet Mackay made a lovely picture when showing her good mare, Cherokee Princess. I first saw Ivy Madison, Becky Lanier, and Alice Stuart riding hunters in the Rochester ring. How those youngsters could handle their spirited horses!

Jean Austin showed Mary Yandall Fox, a five-gaited saddle mare. Many of you know Jean as Mrs. William du Pont, Jr.,

and always think of her as riding hunters and riding them well. Equally memorable were the hackneys from the Montpelier Farm, owned by Mr. William du Pont and shown by the able young trainer, Freddie Pinch.

We also met Mr. and Mrs. R. M. C. Carpenter, whose daughters, Louisa and Irene, were an attraction whenever they were showing. Louisa, on her smart-looking chestnut gelding, Powelton, and my niece, Martha Ellis, on her game jet-black gelding, The Jester, were great rivals in the road-hack classes.

The Jester was standard-bred and won a blue ribbon at the show held in Madison Square Garden as a roadster before we decided he would make a good three-gaited horse. He had trotted a mile in two seventeen and could run like a quarter horse. I never saw a horse with a faster flat-footed walk. And Martha Ellis was an unusually pretty girl as well as a splendid rider, so the two made a very favorable impression, as the following clipping indicates, winning the blue ribbon in the class for road hacks not exceeding sixteen hands.

> Smartly [Miss Ellis] rode [The Jester] around at a walk, fast trot and slow canter, eliciting applause at each passing of the stands. When a hard gallop was called for by the ringmaster, the black gelding spurted spiritedly ahead of nearby entries and for a moment it seemed as though the gallop would become a race. Miss Louisa DuPont Carpenter, riding the Dilwyne Farms entry, Powelton, kept Miss Ellis on the alert and was awarded the red ribbon. Clover Clockwork, a Clover Heights Farm entry, placed third and the white ribbon went to Buddy, a chestnut gelding owned by H. G. Whaley.

Powelton was also a fast horse, and Louisa was an excellent rider, so when those two youngsters met in the road-hack class, and the ringmaster called, "Gallop on," there was always an exciting race.

One of my many pleasant memories of Rochester is the charming hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. "Griff" Strong, and of the beautiful horse show dinner they gave in their spacious home. And what an attractive picture petite Mrs. Strong made

when she was showing Glantham Marvel. Their daughter, Betty, who was then a little girl, won many ribbons with her saddle ponies.

It was in Rochester that I first saw Mrs. Richard Goodman, showing her great-going little pony, Star Shot. He was one of the few ponies ever to be placed over King of the Plains.

Tommy Clark was there, too, with the ponies from the Delchester Farm, owned by Dr. Ashton. Tommy Clark was one of the best all-round horsemen I ever knew. He could show or judge any kind of horse, and do a first-class job of managing a show, which he did at Devon, Pennsylvania, and Springfield, Massachusetts.

Jack Goodwin was showing the fine horses of Mr. A. W. Atkinson; and Arthur Naylor, the dashing horses and ponies owned by Mr. and Mrs. Francis Garvin.

It was at Rochester that I first met Mr. and Mrs. J. Macy Willets and their attractive twin daughters. Mrs. Willets is another of the fair sex who is a splendid whip, and I never saw a prettier or more charming little lady in the show ring.

How the names and faces come rushing to my memory: Miss Amy du Pont, with her hackneys; Mr. John Bushnell, driving his good gig horse, The Governor. In one of the shows held at a later date, I first met Jean Browne Scott. As I remember, Jean was sixteen the first time I saw her show and was a game youngster as well as an outstanding horsewoman. I have never seen a better one. Not only could she drive a single or pair but she was as much at home driving a four or tandem as the best of the masculine whips. I never cease to wonder how Jean's small hands could hold four reins as well as a whip and control those four spirited horses.

Mrs. William McColl was another feminine whip who could handle a four or tandem as well as the professional drivers. I shall always remember the splendid drives she gave Crusader.

Any horse or pony driven by Mrs. William Cox was assured an outstanding drive. If I am not mistaken, Mrs. Cox is the

only woman from the United States that has ever had the honor of judging at the Olympia Show, held in London, England.

Bally Macshane, owned and often ridden by F. H. Bontecou, was always a great favorite in the performance classes for jumpers. He was such a big honest horse that everyone seemed to love him.

I always associate Jane Bancroft with Likely Lady. They made a charming pair. I shall never forget Mrs. Rowland and Frank Connors, riding the pretty bays, My Love and Betty Wright, in the class for a pair of saddle horses; Freddie Wettach, Danny Shea, and Bill Norton, riding jumpers; demure and attractive Rose Lawler, driving hackneys in a faultless manner; Mrs. Mortimer Fuller, smartly gowned, and giving her ponies a good drive; and Harry Hess, riding Amber Crest for Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Fuller to win dozens of blue ribbons.

Among the young chaps exhibiting were Pete and Bill Macy, showing hunters. Bobby Jones, Albert Buyers, and Fred Whaley were showing three-gaited horses. McKay and Sandy Patterson were greatly interested in all the goings on. Of all the young people showing at that time, I believe McKay Patterson is the only one who is still showing horses. Also at this show were Joe Collins, riding the fine saddle horses belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Camp, and Mrs. Irene Castle Treman, showing her bay gelding in the three-gaited classes, or walking around the promenade with her cunning little Griffons.

I first met Mrs. John Gerkin at the Rochester show, not as an exhibitor, but as a judge. It was a real pleasure to show in front of her because she really knew her horses.

Mr. T. A. Crow, of the firm of Crow and Murray, was also there. How I would have enjoyed seeing Mr. Crow and Mr. Murray together. These gentlemen, both splendid horsemen, were as different as day is from night. Mr. Murray was fat and jolly, while Mr. Crow had a quiet manner but a keen sense of humor. Mr. Crow was showing a young bay mare that I

liked very much. We hitched her with Revelation, and Dave and I thought that in another year she would make a good mate for our horse, so Daddy was to hear much about the mare when we got home.

The Rochester show included Mr. J. Campbell Thompson, showing his four-in-hand; Mr. and Mrs. John R. Thompson, showing their outstanding pony stallion, King of the Plains, as well as other fine hackneys; Mrs. J. K. Dering, driving her hackney horses and ponies; and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hanna, showing saddle horses and hackney ponies.

I could go on and on telling of the many charming people I met for the first time while showing in that hospitable city, but I must get on with my story.

I shall aways remember an amusing incident that happened during one of the shows. We were going to show two horses in the pace and action class. Both horses were trotting bred and had nice all-round action. I was going to drive Ambition, a bright-colored chestnut stallion with white markings. Dave was to drive a bay mare with a great deal of quality, which we had named Distinction. She was well named as she had the distinction of being the only balky show horse we ever owned. For days, even weeks, she would work perfectly and then suddenly she would decide not to move, and it was impossible to change her mind.

Before the class we were teasing each other about which of our two horses would win. (I always considered it a feather in my cap to win over Dave.) I drove out of the stable first, and Dave was to follow. I had been over in the paddock several minutes, but Dave did not appear. I was not worried as I supposed that he had decided to remain in the stable until the class was called, but I found later it was Distinction that did the deciding. The gates opened, and all the waiting horses dashed in. Being a pace and action class we were all driving fast. I cast my eyes around, trying to get a glimpse of Dave, and tried to decide whether Dave was going so fast that I couldn't catch him or whether Ambition was showing so much

speed that Dave had been unable to pass us. When we lined up, I looked up and down the ring, but Dave and Distinction were not to be seen. I then surmised that the temperamental bay mare had decided she did not choose to run.

There was a large pile of coal inside the grounds surrounding the water works stable, and when Distinction got that far, she decided she had gone far enough. When the boys tried to persuade her otherwise, she threw herself and landed on top of the coal pile and there she stayed until she was good and ready to get up. Dave's face wasn't red—it was black.

It was my custom to take two or more Boston terriers with me to the shows. One year we had still another mascot, a pigeon. Horace Neal, one of our stable boys, who loved all kinds of animals, found the pigeon before it was old enough to have feathered. It stayed around the stable all the time, would sit on the backs of the horses, and when the boys were washing the horses' feet, Amos (the pigeon) would walk so near the horses that we were afraid he would get stepped on. When Amos would be flying around outside, Horace would go to the door, call him by name, and Amos would soon be back in the stable.

We were going to show at Rochester, Syracuse, and Springfield, and Horace wished to know what I thought about taking Amos along. I told him he had taken care of the bird so could do as he pleased. They made a little house and painted "Amos" on it, and he was sent along with the rest of the outfit. We again stabled in the water works stable. Amos' house was fastened up inside the stable, and he was turned loose to do as he pleased. When our horses were taken across the street to be exercised or to show, Amos flew over, too, and when the horses went back to the stable, he went back with them. I never knew that a bird had so much sense.

Before going back to the Rochester show, I want to tell you about another unusual mascot we had. "Gardenia" was a skunk. One morning Johnny came into the stable and asked Horace to come out and see if he knew what kind of animals

those were at the edge of the shrub bed. Horace looked at them and said, "Why, them's skunks." They were chilled and almost dead and were so young they didn't even have their eyes open. Horace put a hotwater bottle in a box and placed the baby skunks beside the water bottle and fed them some milk with an eye dropper. A day or so later I asked Horace if his wife wished to keep them, and he replied in a very positive manner that she certainly did not. Then I took charge of them and named them "Gardenia" and "Magnolia."

I have a room fixed especially for my dogs. There is blue linoleum on the floor and white benches around the wall. The pillow slips are made of blue denim. There is a water hydrant in the room, as well as other things for the amusement and comfort of my four-footed friends. Gardenia and Magnolia were kept in there, too; but they had to stay in a small box for awhile. It was remarkable how soon those little rascals knew my voice. As soon as they heard me speak, they would scramble around in their box and make a queer chuckling sound.

Feeding them with an eye dropper was tedious work, so one day I went into town to buy a doll's nursing bottle, as they were too young to use other than a very small nipple. I left the little "wild flowers" in charge of my young niece and nephew, who were visiting us, and when I returned, they met me at the door, saying they had bad news. Little Magnolia had gone to Skunk Heaven. I have always thought the youngsters fed it too fast with the eye dropper, because it is easy to strangle such a small animal.

Gardenia's drinking from the tiny nursing bottle was a cute performance. He would put his paws up and hold it just the way he wanted it. Naturally he missed his sister, so I advertised in the *Lee's Summit Journal* for a baby skunk, but received no answers. Later, one man told me he had found ten very small ones and I could have as many of them as I wanted.

It wasn't long until Gardenia grew very restless, because he had outgrown his home. I decided it was time he made the acquaintance of his roommates, so put him on the floor. The dogs came up and sniffed around him, then departed rather

Gardenia, Merry Legs, and Gin

hurriedly. The dogs were more afraid of Gardenia than he was of them. We had an adorable platinum-blond Chihuahua we called Jean Harlow. Manlike, Gardenia fell for the blonde and tagged around at her heels. This at times seemed to bore her but at other times appealed to her motherly instinct.

When I took the dogs out for a walk, Gardenia was taken, too, and sometimes he would get lost in a flower bed. I would say, "Jean, go find Gardenia," and the cute little thing would make the rounds of the flower beds. When Jean began to push something with her head, I knew that the lost skunk had been found.

We had only one accident before Gardenia was deodorized, and it wasn't really his fault. He was in his box on top of a high chiffonier. When he heard my voice, he started moving around, and the box, skunk, and all fell to the floor. Fortunately, he was young, and his "perfume" had not acquired its full strength; but even at that, it could hardly have been considered delicate.

Before Gardenia lost his scent, he slept on the benches beside the dogs. His was quite an operation, and I fear some of the perfume was spilled during the removal of the scent bags, for when Gardenia came home from the hospital, he certainly had none of the odor of the flower for which he was named. The first few days the poor little fellow was so sore that he couldn't climb up on the bench, but when he was able to do so, the dogs would begin sniffing and then move to another bench. Gardenia would get the queerest expression on his funny face, as much as to say, "They didn't used to treat me this way." But when the cold weather came and he had a beautiful long coat, the Chihuahuas were glad to cuddle up close to him because they are cold-blooded little animals.

Many amusing things happened in connection with Gardenia. Grace Hood, our young cousin, was visiting us and was in the guest room, which is down the hall from the nursery (that is what we call the dog room). At three o'clock in the morning, Miss Hogan saw a light in Grace's room and thinking that the child might be ill, she went in to see what was needed. Grace, sitting in the middle of the bed, with her eyes as big as saucers, said, "Gardenia is in my bathroom making a lot of noise." On investigation, Miss Hogan found that Gardenia had come in contact with a mousetrap, which was firmly caught on the end of his tail. He was running around the bathroom with the wooden trap rattling along on the tile floor. It must have been a weird sound to hear in the middle of the night.

That year we were showing in Syracuse, New York, Springfield, Massachusetts, and St. Louis, Missouri; and Gardenia went along with the two little Bostons, which have traveled

all over the country with the horses. I was a little doubtful as to the reception Gardenia would receive in the hotels; but if there was ever an objection to his presence, I never heard it.

When spring came, the call of the wild came to Gardenia, and he would beg to be let out. The first night I let him out I wondered whether I should ever see him again, but he begged so hard that it seemed cruel to keep him in. The next morning, there he was on the front porch, curled up and sleeping soundly on a chair. He seemed glad to be back home again.

Sometimes he would not be in sight, so I would call him, and he would come running from a shrub bed. But one morning he didn't come, and several days passed without his putting in an appearance, and I began to worry. He had been raised a pet, was so accustomed to dogs that he had no fear of them, and his one and only means of protection had been taken from him. I was afraid he might be caught in a trap and left there to starve; so I walked around the place, calling, "Gardenia, Gardenia," and hoped to see him coming from under the shrubs, but he never came. One morning Miss Hogan told me that a neighbor, hearing a noise in his chicken yard, grabbed his gun and rushed out to see what was wrong. There was a skunk and several dead chickens. Naturally, he shot the skunk but felt very bad when he found he had killed Gardenia. I would have preferred his life end in that way than to know he suffered in a trap.

And now, back to the Rochester show of 1913. Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt and Mr. Emil Selig were our strongest competitors. In fact, they were so strong that we won only six blue ribbons, and three of those were won by the saddle mare, Nancy Garland. But Revelation, bless his heart, was champion harness horse of the show.

We showed in Rochester in 1913, 1916, and each year from 1918 through 1926. In fact, we felt that Rochester was a sort of second home. The first few years we stopped at the Seneca Hotel. It was always so exciting when we arrived to find the lobby filled with people there for the show, and it was so nice

seeing our many friends. Everyone seemed to be talking at the same time and wishing to know if the other person had any new horses. The beautiful trophies were on exhibition in the lobby, and we were interested in seeing the ones that we hoped our horses might be lucky enough to win. Then there was always a dash for the newsstand to get a program for the show. We could then tell what competition we should have, although we always knew it would be stiff, as usually almost all the outstanding horses were entered for the Rochester show.

In later years we stayed at the Sagamore, and there, as in every place else in that city, we were made to feel very much at home. Sometimes while walking down the street, a stranger would step up and say, "Miss Long, the people of Rochester are so glad to see you back again." Is it any wonder that I have such happy memories of Rochester?

In the following years we enjoyed the Eastern circuit, starting at Hamburg, New York, followed by Rochester, Syracuse, Springfield, and Brockton. It was fun going back to those places year after year, and it was a joy to have Martha with me at the early shows. The first few years she was in finishing school and later in college, so she always had to leave me about September 20.

And when thinking of Brockton, Mr. Fred Field and his son Fred, Jr., come to mind because they made the show. The exhibitors laughingly referred to the Brockton show as the three-ringed cirus. There were the north and south rings, where the show horses were exhibited, and the center ring for the circus acts. It kept us busy keeping track of the ring in which we were next to perform. There was never a dull minute during that show, and everyone seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion.

It's strange how we associate certain places with certain people. It was in Syracuse that we first met the C. C. Bradley family, when "Bud" Bradley was a young lad, showing his saddle horse in the local classes and riding with me when I was showing in my ladies' phaeton. One year in Syracuse I was

driving Animation and was told that Governor Miller would like to ride behind the mare. I felt quite flattered and decided that I would show him how fast the mare could go. Of course, the reins steady the driver, but when a second person was in one of those not-too-wide seats, it wasn't easy to sit comfortably, or should I say "safely," especially when going around the ring at a fast clip. Governor Miller was holding on to the side of the rig and didn't look too happy. As usual, I was talking all the time and I asked the Governor if he had any children. When he told me that he had eight daughters, I slowed the mare down. One couldn't afford to take chances with a man who had eight girls depending on him. I was well aware that looking after two girls was a full-time job for my Daddy.

I always associate Mr. Charles Nash and Tommy Clark with Springfield, as they made a great success of that show. It was during a Springfield show that I first met Mr. Adrian Van Sinderen and his daughter, Katherine, who, although just a young girl, could drive like a veteran. It was there that I also met a sweet little girl by the name of Audrey Thomas, who was a splendid rider. My, how hurriedly the years are passing! It seems only yesterday that I met these young girls, and soon their children will be showing their own ponies.

It was in Springfield that I made my last appearance riding on a sidesaddle. I had been riding astride for several years, but in Springfield the ladies' classes still called for a sidesaddle. We had been showing Virginia Lloyd in the five-gaited classes but decided that she would make a nice three-gaited mare, so her mane came off, and her tail was pulled. She was a nice type for a lady, so I decided to try my luck on a sidesaddle once more. It took many hours of practice to feel at home again riding sideways. The saddle classes at the Springfield show were always well filled, and the ladies' class that night was no exception.

Virginia Lloyd and I were getting along fairly well, but when Isabella Wanamaker on Cherrystone was in a class, you had to be on your toes as that combination was hard to beat.

Cherrystone was a high-class horse, and Isabella was an excellent horsewoman. There were two judges. One voted for Cherrystone and the other for Virginia Lloyd, so George Chipchase was called in as referee. He asked us to canter our horses in a figure eight and make them change leads as we reversed. I thought, "Here is where I am ruined, as I am sure that when I move in my saddle to make the mare change leads, she will start to rack." But, wonder of wonders! If we had practiced every day for five years, she couldn't have made a better performance. But Isabella was not so fortunate. It was one of the few times that I ever saw Cherrystone make a mistake, and Virginia was given the blue ribbon. I decided that that was a good time for me to retire from showing on a side-saddle, as I might never again be so lucky.

Those were good old days, and when I start reliving them, I am afraid I may bore you with the many tales I have to tell. But I could not close this chapter without mentioning two men, Dutch White and Honey Cravens, acting as ringmasters, who helped make a success of the shows I have mentioned, as well as many others all over the country. Their cheery bugle calls told us when it was time to come into the ring, and their funny little horns blew for the riders to leave the ring in the touch-and-out classes, when the jumpers they were riding had made a mistake. They were always very helpful when anything went wrong in the ring, and their many gracious courtesies will never be forgotten by the exhibitors. They always seemed happy when they came to put a blue ribbon on your horse's bridle; and when it was another color, they wished you better luck next time. The shows would have been incomplete without one or the other of those two popular men in the ring.

These clippings show how kind the Rochester press was to us:

PREMIER WOMAN OF TURF COMING

Local Show to see Loula Long's famous string and smile

Miss Loula Long of Kansas City is making the same kind of hit at the horse show that she did when she exhibited her horses here three years ago. She certainly has some splendid, fleet-footed

animals, and handles them with consummate skill. And, then, an attractive girl has a certain amount of advantage with the crowd that no mere man can attain.

And, to jump ahead of our story for a moment, here are two Rochester clippings of a later date, after I became the wife of R. Pryor Combs, of which I shall tell you in the following chapter:

MRS. LOULA LONG COMBS
AMONG MANY NOTED HORSEWOMEN TO
SHOW THEIR THOROUGHBREDS HERE NEXT MONTH

A favorite of favorites is first among the horsewomen to send positive word that she is coming to the Red Star Horse Show of Rochester's annual exposition during Labor Day week. Mrs. Loula Long Combs will be here for the first time since she became the wife of Pryor Combs, and the pick of her Kansas City stable of show horses will be entered in practically all of the harness and saddle competitions.

The coming of Mrs. Combs was announced this morning by Chairman Norman Van Voorhis, together with the names of several other women, some of them newcomers, who are to distinguish the local ring with their champions. At the same time the chairman made it emphatic that the Red Star show will be second to none ever held in an outdoor ring.

The presence of Mrs. Combs will awaken more enthusiasm among Rochesterians who have watched their horse show grow than probably any other event to be announced before the formal entrance of the thoroughbreds to the ring on September 2nd. Miss Long, now Mrs. Combs, began her eastern invasion of the show world when she graced Rochester's four-day show of 1913. That beginning was more consequential to Rochester than to Miss Long, as her riding and driving went a long way toward awakening the promoters of the horse show to its possibilities and to the fact that Rochester was ready to make of this new venture a truly great sporting event. The shows since have borne this out.

At the time of the Rochester show in 1913 Mrs. Combs had not exhibited in New York, and she might not have done so that year had not the late Alfred G. Vanderbilt, also an exhibitor that year, been so pleased with her riding and driving that he personally urged her to go to the New York show. In December of that year she exhibited at Madison Square Garden, duplicating her successes at

Rochester, and was hailed with enthusiasm by the Metropolitan press as the premier reinswoman of the country. Mrs. Loula Long Combs is now in Washington, where her husband, R. Pryor Combs, is engaged in war work. She was not an exhibitor here in 1917. Her last year was in 1916, since which time she became Mrs. Combs.

Two of the prime favorites of the stands and boxes lined up with the field in the competition for the Hotel Seneca cup offered for the best harness horse, any size, to be driven by owner or member of owner's family, dealers and professionals barred. The two favorites were Mrs. Loula Long Combs and Miss Isabella Wanamaker and from the record of their entries in the class it was a foregone conclusion that one or the other would lift the blue. Miss Wanamaker chose to make the trial with her Eve and Mrs. Combs selected her Animation, each presumably the best animal in the famous Wanamaker and Combs harness teams. The gates swung wide for the class and the entries pranced in.

The ring had scarcely filled when the crowd of spectators sensed the competition. Mrs. Combs and Miss Wanamaker both won the esteem of Rochester show-going population several years ago, and as they whirled around the ring gusts of applause followed them. The bearing of the two women was a study: Mrs. Combs is a smiler in the ring and with a sportswoman-like and debonaire manner she threaded her horse and vehicle around the oval. Miss Wanamaker with a sober and thoughtful expression on her pretty face kept her horse in continuous and handsome action, her bearing almost indicated that there was a dash of Pennsylvania Quaker in her lineage, so primly did she hold the reins. After a long conference between the judges the ribbons were bestowed and the Philadelphia girl, a half smile playing around her mouth, saw the coveted blue rosette fastened to Eve's bridle. Mrs. Combs received the red.

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ON OUR return from Rochester in 1913, Daddy was told of the beautiful young mare belonging to Mr. Crow, which Dave and I thought was the best mate we had seen for Revelation. We had tried several horses with him and were using Hesitation as a mate at that time, but he was too coarse to be a good mate for Revie. Quality was Revie's middle name. Hesitation made a good wheeler in a tandem or in a four, and was such a sweet, honest horse that he was always known as "Honest John" in the stable.

Mother and Daddy were going to Toronto in a short time to attend a church convention, and Daddy agreed to see the mare before coming home.

While at Mr. Crow's stable, Daddy saw a jumper called Ladylike, and she appealed to him so much that he bought her, as well as the bay mare to be Revie's new mate. Ladylike was to be a surprise. Daddy was always trying to surprise me, but somehow I always seemed to find out about it before the surprise arrived. But this was one time he felt sure he would be successful.

The day before the new mare was expected to reach Kansas City, I was downtown and met a friend who had been in Toronto with Mother and Daddy. During our little chat she

asked, "How do you like your new horses?" Well, I sort of sat up and took notice when I heard her say "horses" as I was expecting *a horse*. It was hard to keep the news to myself during dinner but I managed to do so. When the horses came, Daddy said, "Well, honey, this is one time I really surprised you." Like George Washington, I could not tell a lie, so I said, "Daddy, I knew there would be more than one horse," and told him how I happened to know. He was so disappointed that I was sorry I hadn't kept still.

Mother never enjoyed the jumping classes; so Daddy bought Ladylike with the understanding that I was not to ride her. When informed of this, I said if I couldn't ride the mare, I would get no pleasure out of owning her. After much begging on my part, Mother finally consented to let me ride. The mare had nice manners, with the exception of tossing her head a bit.

I had ridden a pony in Glenwood that could jump about three feet, but that was the extent of my experience riding jumpers. Ladylike was sixteen two, so she could almost step over a three-foot jump. The bars were raised to three feet six, and that was still a stepover for the mare, and again the bars were raised—this time to four feet six. Then it was really fun to fly through the air on the back of the graceful animal. I wanted the jump raised to five feet, but Dave was wiser than I and said that I had jumped high enough for a beginner.

I was delighted with Ladylike and enthusiastic over the prospect of showing her in the Kansas City show, which was to take place in about two weeks. One morning during the show I went down to the Convention Hall to ride the mare so we could both become accustomed to the ring, as well as the jumps, previous to our first appearance before an audience.

She was feeling a little skittish, so Dave suggested that I let her gallop around the ring a couple of times to get the kinks out of her back. I was riding with my hands low on her neck: when she started to gallop, she playfully threw her head to the side and, in doing so, bent back the fingers of my left hand. It hurt more than I cared to admit.

I stopped in the center of the ring, and Dave came to see what the trouble was. I told him that I had hurt my hand slightly, and when I took off my glove, my small finger was sticking out at a queer angle. Dave said, "Oh, you have dislocated your finger, but I think I can put it back in place." He gave it two or three hard pulls, which really did not add to my comfort, and still the finger continued to point in the wrong direction. Sallie had been sitting in the box, and sensing that something had gone wrong, came out into the ring and said, "You had better get off that big horse and stay off until you have found out what has happened to your hand."

About that time someone suggested that it might be a good idea to see a doctor. I told Dave not to unsaddle the mare as I would be back in a short time to ride her. Imagine my feelings when the doctor told me that not only was my finger dislocated, but the joint was crushed and two small bones in my hand were broken, too. Besides the disappointment of not getting to show my new horse, it was just three weeks until time for the New York show, and I had been looking forward for weeks to showing our horses in Madison Square Garden. It was to be the first time we had ever been there as exhibitors.

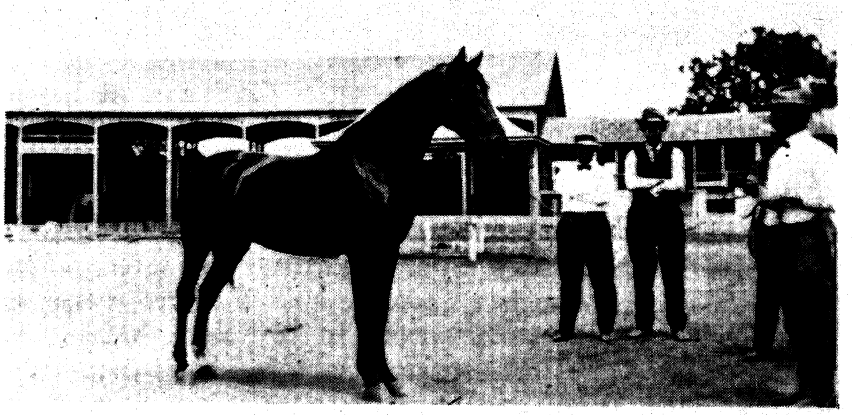
My third and small fingers had to be put in a splint, and the doctor was very doubtful about my being able to drive for several weeks. My Little Mother said: "Now, Loula, you were very fortunate to have only the bones in your hand broken instead of your neck, and I will never have a minute's peace of mind if you are going to ride jumpers. Can't you be happy with your harness and saddle horses?" I did so want to learn to handle jumpers, but Mother was always so sweet and unselfish, and I felt that it was not fair for me to cause her so much anxiety; so I agreed to give up riding Ladylike.

I was very careful with my injured hand and I found that with the aid of handholds I would be able to drive. I was so excited over the prospect of showing in New York that I could think of nothing else. For several years that had been one, if not the greatest, of my ambitions, and now at last it was to be realized.

I don't remember the exact number of horses we shipped, but I do recall that Revelation, Hesitation, Nancy Garland, and Aspiration were four of the number. Unfortunately, Nancy Garland had a car fit en route and was so badly skinned up that we were unable to show her, which was a great disappointment, as she had made a very good impression during the Rochester show.

The show was held in the old Madison Square Garden down on Madison Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street. Dave didn't like to stable in the Garden because the ventilation was poor, so we kept our horses in Harnett's Boarding Stable at 15 East Thirtieth Street, between Fifth Avenue and Madison. Also, we felt that the walk to and from the Garden in the fresh air would be good for them.

The class that is still fresh in my memory is the novice roadster class. I never saw as many horses in a roadster class before or since. In the first workout it was impossible to show much speed. Aspiration was really a picture horse, with her dainty little head, her well-formed body, and her jet-black coat glistening like satin. We bought her from the master horse-



Aspiration

man, Bob Moreland, in Lexington, Kentucky. She was out of a saddle-bred mare by a trotting-bred stallion. She could show a great burst of speed in a small ring and had a great deal of style.

In the Middle West we always made our entrance driving fairly fast, so I drove into the ring in true Midwestern fashion. Well, when all those men—and there were more than twenty of them—saw a black streak dash into the ring, with a woman who had one hand in a splint, doing the driving, they looked and acted exceedingly nervous. One really couldn't blame them. I would dash past one, and the ringmaster would call, "Stay in line, please," and then presently out I would go again, and the same call would be repeated. It was not music to my ears, as Aspiration and I wanted to get going. Mr. Clark was the ringmaster and was always very courteous to everyone.

We lined up, and the judges looked the horses over very carefully. Then Mr. Clark went to first one driver and then another, saying to them, "Drive out, please." When he came to me, he raised his hat and said, "Miss Long, will you please drive out." I said, "Do I have to drive as though I were in a funeral procession or may I drive the way I please?" His answer was, "You may drive as you please, but do be careful not to upset." That was all the encouragement Aspiration and I needed. Maybe I imagined it, but the drivers left standing in the center of the ring looked relieved when they found that they did not have to drive out with the woman from the wild and woolly West.

Aspiration was such a willing little thing; the minute I spoke to her, she moved right along at a fast clip, to the great delight of the audience, but not to the delight of the other drivers. Several times I went around the turns on two wheels, but that was not a new experience to me, for in those days we drove much faster in the roadster classes in the West than was usual in the East.

Mr. Clark got so nervous watching us go at such a fast pace (I suppose he was afraid there might be an accident) that he

would call, "Not so fast, please." I shall never forget George Watson standing on the rail. As I drove past him, he put his hands up to his mouth to make his voice carry above the noise and shouted: "Don't pay any attention to them, Miss Long. Go on and show your horse." But I didn't need anyone to urge me on. I adored driving a trotter; and the faster it could trot, the more I enjoyed it.

I really got a tremendous thrill out of winning that blue ribbon, because there were so many fine horses in the class. That was the only blue ribbon we won all week, but Judge Moore had such beautiful horses that one never felt disappointed at being placed second to him.

Here are some of the write-ups from the New York papers telling of our victory in the roadster class:

CROWDS CHEER HER VICTORY AT GARDEN

Drives as no Girl Ever Did in Any Show Ring

Of course the programmes of horse shows vary little from year to year. There is always the same riding, driving and hurdle jumping. This year the driving ring takes on a picturesque tinge because of the appearance of a dashing young woman from Kansas City, who handles a pair of superb horses with consummate skill.

WITH THE HORSES

New York, Nov. 18—With all eyes turned toward Miss Loula Long of Kansas City, Missouri, the first woman to ever take a blue ribbon in the roadster class, driven by a woman, the horse show began its fourth day today.

HISTORY MADE AT HORSE SHOW

Miss Loula Long First Woman to Drive
Winner in Roadster Class

Spectators Applaud

Achievement More Notable, as Her Right Hand in Splints
Society Is Out in Force
International Honors for the Plaza
Cup Go to the United States

History was made at the National Horse Show in Madison Square Garden yesterday along the lines of the advancement of women in

sports, when Miss Loula Long of Kansas City drove her own mare, Aspiration, to victory in the best class of novice roadsters that ever paraded in the Garden. Interest in the international contest hunt teams showing and the fencing of clever jumpers paled before the enthusiasm created by the magnificent driving of the western woman.

The merit of Miss Long's achievement was considerably enhanced by the fact that she drove with her right hand in a splint as the result of a fractured finger received while driving about two weeks ago. In spite of this injury Miss Long drove on Saturday in harness classes with fair success, but few experts believed that she would be able to control the more spirited trotter in a class that required speed as well as delicate handling of the reins.

No other woman has ever been able to drive the winner of a roadster class at a national show, where the best drivers as well as the best horses meet in competition. Miss Kathrine Wilkes of Canada, who several years ago owned famous trotters, has supplied roadsters which have won blue ribbons, but the drivers always have been men.

Judges' Decision Disapproved

Criticism of the judges' decision took place earlier than was expected, and as far as could be seen from the outside, it was not without good grounds. Fourteen horses were shown in the novice harness class for single horses, and if there were ever novices, this class contained them. Watching carefully, the result showed that out of the entire field, Revelation, the entry of Miss Loula Long, the lone woman competitor, was the only horse that never made a break nor took a misstep, while all the others, without exception, had either to be slowed up at the turns or go to breaks.

Miss Long was pitted against five of New York's best reinsmen for the final, but long as the slip was, she certainly held her position and her mount never once mixed his gait.

All the way from Kansas City came Miss Loula Long to prove to us that the West is not without its quota of fine horseflesh. Miss Long has ten entries in the show, each and every one a ribbonite. I called on Miss Long in her box after she had shown to particular advantage in the ring. She was all enthusiasm over the show, and her hands were in splints.

"But I saw you driving only a few minutes ago," I protested.

"Certainly you did," she laughed. "It was a bit awkward, driving with my hands bandaged like this, but I have the use of three fingers on each hand, and so I managed to get on after a fashion."

Has Western Gameness

"I fractured the bones of both hands recently during the Kansas City Horse Show. I was determined not to allow this to interfere with my showing in New York, so here I am. You know gameness is one of the boasts of the West, and being a Western girl, I must live up to it.

"Do I care for the Madison Square Garden show? I love it. It is a lot different from our Western show, so much more conventional. Ours are not so dignified, but much more dashing. For example, we are allowed to show speed in the ring. If I am driving and can pass the driver ahead of me I do so. Every driver must take care of himself in the ring.

"Another point is the line up. Out there we line up wherever we happen to be. The winner is called to the judges' stand for the award. That keeps up the interest until the very last minute. Here the winner is known as soon as the line-up is arranged. I like the western idea of sustained suspense much better.

"Horses are my hobby. There is something big and splendid about a perfect specimen of the horse. Up to now I have exhibited in seven shows this autumn. My string has been on the road so much they scarcely know what a comfortable box stall feels like. But they have stood up under the travel wonderfully, and I am going to give them a well-earned rest."

Miss Long is as breezy as her own Western prairie. She wore leaf green corduroy with sable, a velvet hat in the same shade with trimmings of paradise feathers, and a corsage of orchids.

HORSE SHOW SONG IS LIKELY TO BE
"LOULA-OULA-LONG"

Kansas City Girl is easily the star attraction of day,
Outshining Society Women who merely sit in boxes
Whereas she is in the arena

And if the summaries tell you how the aforesaid Miss Loula Long of Kansas City, the newcomer with the big string of horses and the different costume for each event, won the roadster class in the afternoon with her black mare Aspiration, they won't tell you how she drove, with her hands far forward in the loops of her reins, because one of them was broken. "Like a deputy chief going to a four-alarm fire," some one said.

Honor must always be given where honor is due, and no mistake is made when it is stated that Miss Loula Long of Kansas City and her black mare Aspiration not only took the blue rosette from a large

field of exceptionally good horses and fast roadsters, but that she achieved in her victory what no other woman has ever done in the history of the National Horse Show. Notwithstanding the handicap of a broken finger, she drove like a workman and electrified the entire assemblage by the way she sent her black trotter along. The finished manner in which she set the pace, the way she handled the mare at the turns, made the running up the straight, showed in very decisive fashion that she is a driver and a horsewoman of the very best calibre. The lady from the West is to be warmly complimented upon her success, and I am sure that THE FIELD is only expressing the hope of every one else that she will be a regular exhibitor in future at this great national event. We wish her the best of good luck and also more power.

WOMAN SCORES A SENSATIONAL VICTORY
IN HORSE SHOW RING

Miss Loula Long of Kansas City
Wins Blue Ribbon in Roadster Class
She Drives the Winner

So far Miss Loula Long of Kansas City has been the heroine of the show. There is generally a star every year which scintillates and stands out above everything else in the exhibition. It's sometimes a horse, but more generally a woman. This year it is Miss Long, the representative of the Middle West.

Miss Long Wins the Blue

Yesterday Miss Long took the splint off the wrist which was broken at the Kansas City Horse Show three weeks ago and drove the black stallion Aspiration to a blue ribbon.

And here is an excerpt from Revelation's Diary, which you might enjoy reading:

Before we were shipped to New York, I heard my mistress say to Dave, "Revie will meet Judge Moore's great mare, Bountiful, for the first time."

I was very anxious to see the mare as I had heard so much about her. We met for the first time on Monday night. She was a grand mare with a beautiful body, but a little plain in the head.

After watching her step around the ring, I decided I could put my knees higher than she could, but somehow I couldn't flex my hocks

as gracefully as did the haughty mare. The judges must have enjoyed watching us go, as they kept us going for quite some time.

It may sound boastful, but the crowd seemed to like me better than they did Bountiful. At least I got more applause than she did, but the judges didn't agree with the audience. The mare was given the blue ribbon, and I had to be content with the red.

Realization (my mate) was third. I was so embarrassed by Realization's actions during the class. As long as she could follow right behind me and stand next to me when lined up, she was perfectly happy. But just let another horse come between us, and she would nicker and make a fuss and show so plainly that she was crazy about me that all the others in the ring were giving me the horselaugh. I felt like giving the silly mare a swift kick.

On the train going home, Realization complained of not feeling well, but she was such a high-strung little thing that I thought she was tired from all the excitement, and she would soon be all right again after a few days' rest. But the boys knew better, so they telegraphed to have an ambulance meet us when we arrived in Kansas City, to save Realization the exertion of the long walk home. The poor little thing suffered for several days and then showed so much improvement that the doctor said she was out of danger. But the strain on her heart was too much, and she died very suddenly.

We were all broken up, and I felt sorry for my mistress, because she cried as though her heart would break. Realization died in the city stable, but our mistress had her taken to Longview Farm to be buried. Her final resting place is among the beautiful trees, that stand as tall sentinels, guarding her grave day and night.

After that, I had a new mate called Reputation. She was one of the most beautiful mares I ever saw but had a bad disposition, or maybe she just always looked on the gloomy side of life. She always kept her ears back, which made her look sour. A horse with its ears back always reminds me of a human being with a frown on his face. If Reputation had carried her ears better, she would have been one of the greatest mares I ever saw, but even with that handicap, she won many blue ribbons.

Many interesting things happened during our stay in New York that year. One in particular was most unusual, and I wish to tell you about it. About an hour before train time, the telephone rang, and a Mr. Thompson asked to speak to me. He said that he was a representative of the Barnum and Bailey

Circus and told me that our horses had made such a hit at the horse show that Barnum and Bailey wished us to join them when the circus opened in Madison Square Garden in March and to tour with them throughout the season. He also told me that Jenny Lind, the great concert singer, had toured with

Realization

them one season. To me it was an unusual but fascinating offer, for when attending a circus as a child, I thought how wonderful it would be to travel around with all those beautiful horses. The wild animals, especially the lions, always had a great appeal to me. As I didn't have time to talk any longer, I asked the man to write me a letter.

Turning to Sallie, I said: "Well, what will happen next! That was a representative from the Barnum and Bailey Circus." Sallie's answer was, "Well, perhaps they saw you drive in the roadster class, and wish you to be one of the drivers in the chariot races, and then be the fat lady in the side show between times." I really wasn't that fat, but Sallie was always teasing someone.

On our arrival home I laughingly told Mother and Daddy about receiving a real honest-to-goodness offer to go with the circus. I shall always remember Martha's reaction to the story.

Barnum & Bailey

Greatest Show on Earth

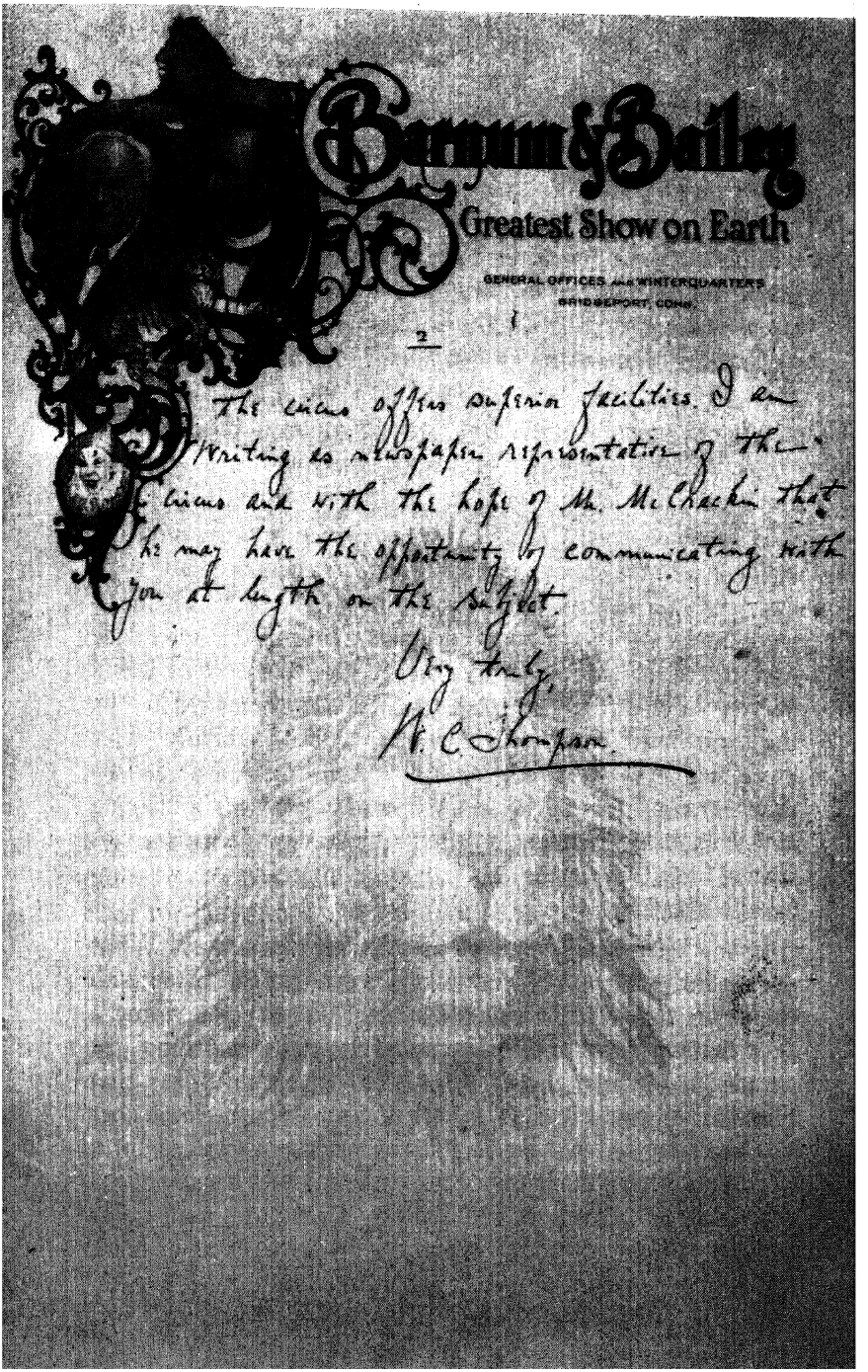
GENERAL OFFICES AND WINTER QUARTERS
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Dec. 16, 1913

Miss Lola Long,
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Madam:

Following our long telephone conversation during your recent visit to New York the Barnum & Bailey Circus has commissioned me to follow your suggestion that I put in writing a proposition that you take with us during our annual engagement in Madison Square Garden, which opens in March for a month or later, and in our route during the latter spring season. If the proposition makes appeal to you Mr. Samuel McCracken, general manager would be glad to discuss it in detail with you or with you either, to whom you may forward me it might be necessary to consummate you be fully aware of the magnificent collection of the Barnum & Bailey Circus, and will appreciate that every possible dignity would attach to your alliance, that you would be exhibited in no unbecoming way and that every due consideration would be extended you. You know Mr. Ford confident that New York engagement



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The circus offers unique facilities. I am writing to newspaper representatives of the circus and with the hope of Mr. McCracken that he may have the opportunity of communicating with you at length on the subject.

Very truly,

W. C. Thompson

She was then a small girl, six years of age. I said, "Martha, how would you like to have Aunt Lou take her horses and travel with a circus?" I then went on to say that I might even ride in the circus parade and she could tell her little friends that was her Aunt Lou, but best of all I would probably be able to give her a pass so that she could attend all performances of the circus when it was showing in Kansas City. She looked at me so earnestly and said, with a pleading tone in her sweet little voice, "Please go with the circus, Aunt Lou."

After being home a few days, I forgot all about the conversation with Mr. Thompson. Then about the middle of December, along came the letter reproduced on the preceding pages.

If you have time I should like to tell you another amusing incident with the circus as a background. It happened one summer when we were in Glenwood Springs. The circus came to town, and most of the young people staying in the hotel rode over to see the parade. I was on my gray pony. She was a nervous, high-strung little thing, so was very much excited by the band music and by the smell of the wild animals. Her lovely big eyes were bright, her nostrils distended, as she pranced along tossing her dainty head. She was attracting almost as much attention as the circus parade. To me she was always beautiful, but on this particular morning she was unusually animated.

In the afternoon several of us attended the circus. While one of our party was buying tickets, a woman connected with the circus stepped up to me and said, "Weren't you riding a good-looking gray pony this morning while watching the parade?" My answer was, "Yes." She went on to say that Speculation would make a beautiful circus pony. I told her that the pony was not for sale at any price. We talked for a few minutes, and during the conversation I told her about my experience with Barnum and Bailey. I certainly went up in her estimation and was as glamorous in her eyes as a movie star is to a youngster of today. To a circus performer, a member of the Barnum and Bailey Circus has truly arrived!

After we were seated, she brought several of the circus performers in front of our seats and pointed out the person who had turned down an offer to become a member of the greatest of all circuses. I am sure they thought anyone who wouldn't jump at the chance to become a part of the Barnum and Bailey Circus must be just plain crazy. Finally she brought the manager of the circus around and introduced him. He was a very attractive man and invited us to have supper with them in the circus dining tent. But, alas, fate seemed to be against the realization of my childhood dreams of being a part of a circus as a performer or as a guest. I had an engagement for the evening that was impossible to break at that late date, but all during the evening I kept thinking of "what might have been."

And now back to the New York show. We showed there a number of times at the old Madison Square Garden, at the Armory, and at the present Madison Square Garden. If I tried to tell you about all the exciting classes and the interesting happenings, I should have to write several volumes, but I shall at least tell you a few of the highlights.

In 1915 we again showed at the Garden. As I write, I have the program of that year before me, and how I wish the classes were as well filled today as they were then. In the class for horses over fourteen two and not over fifteen one, there were twenty-four entries. Imagine twenty-four beautiful high-steppers in one class. Twenty horses entered in the class for horses from fifteen one to fifteen three, and still more amazing were seventeen entries in the class for horses over fifteen three. Eleven pairs entered in the class for horses over fourteen two and not exceeding fifteen one. Acting as judges in the harness classes were Mr. Robert Graham, Mr. John J. Dixon (both residents of Canada), and Mr. George B. Hulme, of New York.

We had a little pair we called Animation (not the Animation we showed so successfully several years later) and Admira-

tion. Not many days before we were to ship, we decided that Admiration was not working as well as he should. Beaucaire was running out on pasture, so, of course, was soft and didn't look his best, but we decided to try him as a mate for Animation. Beaucaire was standard-bred: Animation was a hackney and could trot faster than any horse of that breed I ever drove. We were pleasantly surprised to see how well they mated, as far as looks were concerned, and how well they worked together. What pleased me most of all was the way they could step on. I always have liked a horse that had plenty of speed.

Beaucaire's name was changed to Aviation, as the "ions" had by that time become the vogue in our stable. We decided that as long as we were taking Beaucaire, we might as well enter him in the runabout class, as he had won many ribbons when shown as a runabout horse. It was the last day that entries could be accepted, so we had to wire in the entries of Aviation for the runabout class and for the pair classes with Animation.

I always enjoyed walking through the stables and looking at the horses before the show began, and the stableboys were always happy to lead out their favorite horses. The boys working for Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hanley had been showing us a promising new saddle horse. One of their grooms led out "Brother Jed" and said, "This is the one that always wins the blue." I remarked that he had better have the horse going his best when we met him next year, because we had one we were getting ready for the runabout classes which we thought in another year would worry the best of them. He laughed and said, "We have been told so many times that someone has a horse that will beat Brother Jed we are tired of hearing it." I said, "Remember, I warned you." He replied, "We would be glad to have some real competition."

And then later in the week came the never-to-be-forgotten runabout class. Here is a clipping from the paper which will describe it far better than I can. But first, let me tell you, of

all the clippings I have kept, this is my very favorite one, not because it is flattering to me, but because my Daddy carried it in his billfold from the day it was published until he went away.

LOULA LONG SHOWED THEM

Madison Square Garden Wildly Cheered Her Driving

And Aviation now is the King of the Runabout Class, having Beaten Brother Jed in a Spectacular contest

New York, Nov. 9—Aviation, owned and driven by Miss Loula Long of Kansas City, won the runabout class at the Madison Square Garden Horse Show last night. He beat Brother Jed, the great bay gelding of Walter H. Hanley, considered the grandest horse in the runabout class, and he beat him after a contest that brought cheers and wild applause for him and his driver.

Round and round the tanbark tore Aviation and Brother Jed. After a few minutes the judges called in the eight entrants, held a consultation and then sent out Brother Jed and Aviation a second time. Aviation lived up to his name by breaking constantly, particularly when his admirers in the boxes and reserved seats—not to mention in the galleries and among the railbirds—whooped and yelled.

Her big, wide-brimmed hat flopping, Miss Long guided him at a dizzy clip around the enclosure, taking turns that brought shouts of admiration from old horsemen. After twenty rounds of the ring the judges again called in the great Brother Jed and Aviation. Again they consulted, examined both horses and then called in Reginald C. Vanderbilt. After Mr. Vanderbilt had examined them, both horses were sent off.

But now the Garden was a pandemonium. The above referred to old horsemen, their eyes bright and their voices husky, turned to each other and said: "Look at that woman drive. Just look at her. Look at her take that turn. In twenty years the Garden has seen nothing like it. Just look at her, will you!" And Miss Long, smiling, but serious, the big hat flopping, swayed on the reins, executed all sorts and descriptions of masterly twists and convolutions at breakneck speed. Aviation, suddenly become entirely a land animal, was pounding along in magnificent stride, his legs working like powerful, well-oiled machinery.

Brother Jed, however, was faltering. His great stride and action had succumbed to the terrific strain. Although his gait became more and more uneven and although by her masterful horsemanship and

dashing courage, Miss Long swept triumphantly through the flying tanbark and sailed squarely across his bows, as it were, just before she was called in again by the judges, old Brother Jed showed himself for the great blue blooded, regular horse he is. He came up with his head and his tail held high.

Silently the judges nodded and silently the ringmaster pinned the blue ribbon on Aviation's bridle. Even though they are moth eaten and shopworn these old words, "the crowd went wild," are the only ones suitable that come to mind to describe what happened after that.

"I am so happy," Miss Long said while she was busy shaking hands with about a thousand well wishers. "And the queerest thing about it is that it was only by a fortunate chance that I brought Aviation along. It happened that there was more room than we expected there would be in the car and I told them they might as well give Aviation the extra space."

When I drove out of the ring after Aviation won the blue and Brother Jed was placed second, the boys working for Mr. Hanley were standing around the gate, and the one who had so proudly led Brother Jed out for our inspection before the show looked as though he had lost his last friend. At first I was going to tease him and say, "What was that you said about being tired of hearing someone say he had a horse that could beat Brother Jed?" Then I remembered how bad I felt the night Revie lost his first championship, and I wouldn't have appreciated it if anyone had teased me then. So I did unto others as I would have them do unto me. Mr. Hanley was one of the first to come over and congratulate me, and he was very gracious in saying that Aviation deserved to win.

I suppose one thing that makes showing horses so interesting is that the unexpected very often happens. At that time there were three outstanding runabout horses, Brother Jed, Jack Tar (owned by John R. Thompson), and our Beaucaire, lately named Aviation. Brother Jed was always placed over Jack Tar. We had shown Beaucaire many times in the same class with Jack Tar, but Beaucaire had always to be content with the red ribbon, as Jack Tar was the one to wear the blue.

And yet when Brother Jed and Beaucaire met, it was Beaucaire that left the ring with the blue ribbon attached to his noseband. It demonstrates the old saying, "You never can tell what will happen in a show ring."

I well remember the night I drove Animation and Aviation in the ring for the first time. I never saw two gamer horses. There were ten pairs showing in the class. Where we had been showing, if a slow pair was in front of me, I would pass

Beaucaire (Renamed Aviation)

them. I did the same thing in New York and what should I hear but the old familiar call, "Stay in line, please," which I had heard when driving in the roadster class in 1913.

There was one driver who could cluck louder than anyone else. If there had been a clucking contest, I am sure that he would have been awarded the prize for the grand champion clucker. He must have been driving a lazy pair that needed a

lot of urging, as it seemed to me that he clucked with every breath. Each time he would cluck, my pair would try to go a little faster, and my arms were getting tired from trying to keep them in line. If I could have let them step away, they would have been all right. My hands were beginning to cramp, and I was afraid that the horses would get out of control. Finally I reached out and took hold where the coupling joins the lines together, and then lined up on the "also ran" side of the judges' stand. Very soon all the pairs were called in. After the judges had looked them over, Mr. Clark came to me and said, "Miss Long, will you please drive over and line up in third place," which meant that they would receive third prize.

I didn't know what to do. My arms still ached, and I didn't know whether I could hold the pair or not, but inasmuch as I had the whole ring to myself, I decided to take a chance. The horses must have known how weary I was because they didn't take hold at all. When I drove out of the ring I told Dave that I had never had a pair pull like that pair, and that he could show them the next time. I thought maybe it was my fault that they took such a hold. I can still see how Dave looked as he drove those two bays hitched to a mail phaeton. Dave was always well groomed, and that night he had on a cutaway coat, striped trousers, silk hat, and looked unusually well. I mentioned in an earlier chapter that Dave has light hands and usually handles the reins as if he were holding a piece of ribbon.

In this class he drove in with his usual light hold on the reins, but very soon I noticed that he was taking a firmer grip. From then on we had fun watching Dave, but he wasn't having much fun with the pair because they were really hard to hold at a park pace. When he came to the ends of the ring, he would glance to see if the judges were looking his way; and if they were not, he would reach out to the couplings and set the pair back good and hard; when he would again pass the

judges, he would try to appear as though he were having a wonderful drive. His face kept getting a little more flushed each time he went around, and he would look at the ringmaster out of the corner of his eye, hoping that he would be called in. I knew only too well how he felt. After the class was over, Dave agreed with me that the pair certainly was not easy to drive, and I was mean enough to be glad that they didn't behave any better for Dave than they did for me.

May I mention the names of people showing harness horses at the Madison Square Garden in 1915:

J. Campbell Thompson, A. S. Colgate, Miss E. Viau, William H. Moore, Miss Constance Vauclain, Miss Loula Long, Mrs. Edward B. McLean, Wild Rose Farm, Crow and Murray, Paul Moore, Hamilton Farm, Meadowbrook Stud Farm Company, John Mackie, John L. Bushnell, Miss Isabella Wanamaker, William A. Lieber, A. W. Atkinson, George P. Finnigan, Alex Gemmell, John McE. Bowman, Samuel Willets, Emil Seelig, Lehman Strauss, Joseph Kaiser, John Doyle, Walter Hanley, and R. E. Moreland. Mr. George Heyl was showing Shetlands and hackney ponies.

In the saddle classes, among the saddle-horse exhibitors were Misses Alice Dodsworth, Dorothy Webb, Marjorie Hubbs, Marion du Pont, Clara Peck, Clemence Crafts, Constance Sala Regan, Isabella Wanamaker, Mrs. Herbert L. Camp, Mrs. Josephine Reynolds, Mrs. Edwin Gates Backcock, Mrs. G. H. Chipchase, Mrs. David Wagstaff, John T. Spratley, Godfrey Preece, Walter Hanley, and Bob Moreland.

As I look through this catalogue of the Thirtieth Annual Show of the National Horse Show Association, it is with a feeling of sadness, for out of the large number of harness exhibitors that had entries in that show, I am the only one who is still enjoying what to me is the greatest of all sports—showing horses.

Before our next New York show appearance, the most important happening in my life took place. On June 30, 1917,

I became the wife of Robert Pryor Combs, a young man whom I had known since childhood, and whose father, Dr. George Hamilton Combs, had been the pastor of the church in which our family had worshiped for many years. I mentioned earlier in my story that three men were responsible for whatever success I had enjoyed with my horses and now I must add a fourth—my husband. Very often, after women are married, their husbands object to their doing things that keep them away from home, or to having them in the public eye, so to speak. But Pryor has always been most understanding. He seemed to realize that horses were not just a hobby with me, but that I had loved them all my life, and to give them up would really be a hardship. He encouraged me to go on and enjoy my horses and shows. He even suggested that I show under my maiden name, but we decided the entries would be made in the name of "Loula Long Combs." Thus for more than a quarter of a century that name has appeared in horse-show programs all over the country.

Fortunately, my husband has a keen sense of humor, and I have heard him tell many times of being with me at a show not long after we were married. We were walking around before the show, looking at the horses. I knew many of the stableboys and always enjoyed talking with them. I had stopped to say a word to one of the boys, and as we walked away, one boy said to the other, "Who is that with Miss Long?" The other boy replied, "Why, that's *Mr.* Loula Long." And sometimes a letter would come addressed to Mr. Loula Long Combs, and that, too, amused Mr. Combs.

I think I am correct in saying that we first showed in New York, in 1920, the Animation of whom we were so proud. Animation was a standard-bred mare and was bought by Dave from Mr. Jones in Brampton, Canada. She had been shown very successfully in the roadster classes and had a mark of 2:14. Animation would go higher from a walk than any horse I have ever seen, and that is unusual for a standard-bred horse.

They usually have to step on to show their action. In all the years we had her, she never went out of form, and no one ever saw her break.

I have often said that show horses are freaks, and after you hear Animation's background, you will agree that she belongs in that class. Animation had been retired several years when we were showing in Canada. A man came up and introduced himself and then asked if we still owned Animation. I told him that she was not only still in our possession but that she would be as long as she lived. He then told me that he bred Animation and wished to know whether or not she had raised any colts. I told him that she had two colts, but we were a little disappointed in her offspring. He then said, "Perhaps I shouldn't tell you this, as it may cause you to think less of the mare." I assured him that nothing he could say would make any difference in my feeling toward that lovable, game animal. Then he gave me her breeding. She was out of a small spotted mare, and by a standard-bred stallion that never amounted to anything as a sire. A good animal is like a good person and can't be kept down. Animation had little to start with, but she finished a real champion.

In 1920 she went to the Garden a novice. She won the novice class for horses under fifteen three, the open class; was one of the three that won first for the best three; with her mate won the under fifteen two pair class; and finished champion horse under fifteen two. I suppose that in fiction she would be described as going from poverty to riches in one short week. That year, Reputation won two blues and was reserve champion over fifteen two. Revelation and Reputation won the championship for a pair over fifteen two, and we won several ribbons of other colors.

I haven't a program for that year, but I have the Official Horse Show Blue Book, and it is interesting to look over the old ones, as well as the up-to-date numbers. It's wonderful how Mr. and Mrs. Waring have carried on through all these

years, and horse lovers are greatly indebted to them for their untiring efforts.

The names of the exhibitors in harness classes at the 1920 show in New York listed in the Blue Book are: Judge Moore, Mrs. J. S. Sylvester, Mr. F. B. Jourdan, Mr. A. W. Atkinson, Mr. R. Lawrence Smith, Miss Isabella Wanamaker, Mrs. Loula Long Combs, and Mr. John Bushnell—quite a drop from the number showing in 1915. Of course, those do not include the names of people exhibiting hackney ponies. Mr. William du Pont, Colonel J. C. Groome, and Mr. George Willing did the judging in the heavy-harness classes.

And now, let's go to Squadron A Armory, in New York City, where the Thirty-seventh Annual New York (National) Show was held. The harness classes were judged by E. Victor Loew, John C. Groome, and Louis Haight, at that show held in November, 1921. That was the year of the first $2,000 harness stake, and, naturally, great interest was taken in the much-talked-of event.

Mr. and Mrs. James Putnam were shipping their English champion to New York and hoped to take the coveted ribbon with them when they returned to their home in faraway England. They were also bringing Park Carnation, Buckley Fame, and Melbourne Fire, three hackney ponies that had won the highest honors in their homeland. Here they were to meet the most outstanding ponies showing in our country, among which was Sir Eric, the winner of countless blue ribbons when shown by Miss Wanamaker.

Field Marshal would need to be at his best to compete successfully with such horses as Eve, Bountiful, Animation, Princess Sheila, Reputation, Nelson Primrose, and several other of the top ranking harness horses that were being shown at that time.

Mother and Daddy had been in Europe that summer, and while visiting the different horsemen in an effort to find a horse or two for me, they saw Field Marshal being trained

by Jimmy Black, one of the well-known Black brothers of Yorkshire, England. Daddy said that Field Marshal was a beautiful animal and that it would take a mighty good horse to beat him. I am sure that Daddy was trying to keep me from getting my hopes too high, because it always hurt him to know I had suffered a disappointment.

Dave and Johnny, as well as all the boys in the stable, were excited about meeting the great champion from England, and I wasn't exactly calm about it myself. Roy Armstrong was taking care of Animation, and I never saw a fond parent show greater pride in a child than Roy showed in that mare. The sole topic of conversation seemed to be, "When we meet Field Marshal in New York." We knew that there would be many other outstanding horses in the class, but Animation had met them before; Field Marshal was unknown to all of us.

One morning Roy said, "Mrs. Combs, wouldn't it be wonderful if Animation should win the stake?" I answered, "Yes, it surely would, Roy, but let's not count too much on it." Frankly, I am afraid I wasn't practicing what I was preaching. To Roy, Animation was perfection, and he couldn't imagine any horse's being good enough to be placed over her.

Imagine our surprise, on going to our box, to find that the box adjoining ours was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. James Putman, of Exeter, Devonshire, England. We introduced ourselves to them, and before the show was over, we became such good friends that we invited them to spend a few days as our guests on Longview Farm before returning to England. While with us, Mr. Putnam rode a five-gaited horse for the first time. Because he enjoyed it so much, he seriously considered taking one home with him.

Animation and Reputation were both entered in the stake. When showing a horse, one doesn't have much of an opportunity to see what the other horses in the class are doing, but I wanted to watch the class closely to see how our pets compared with the others.

Dave always drove Animation unless she was showing in a class calling for owners to drive. James Gilchrist drove Reputation very well, in fact, much better than I did, so it was lucky for her that James was the one to handle the reins the night of the stake. Jimmy Black was up behind Field Marshal, the showy black gelding that had crossed the ocean to try to wrest the honors from the pick of the heavy-harness horses owned in the United States. Several of the horses in the class had been imported from England, but Eve and Animation were American-bred. Billy Pinch, who had trained Eve and brought out the best that was in her, was to drive her that night of nights.

When the bugle sounded to call the stake class, you could feel the excitement in the air, and all eyes turned toward the gate through which the proud beauties would enter. As each horse came into the ring, it was greeted with applause. The stableboys were crowded around the entrance gate, each one trying to get a vantage point from which he could watch the horse he had been grooming for weeks, getting him in tiptop shape for this important class.

I don't know which one was the more nervous—Mrs. Putnam or Mrs. Combs. Both were sitting on the edge of their chairs, eyes glued on the gate, watching to catch the first glimpse of their horses as they entered the ring.

When Animation came through the gate, I was certainly not ashamed of her. She was a dainty mare and always reminded me of a modest, humble person; but when she was driven at a trot, she moved like a powerful piece of well-oiled machinery; and, as I mentioned before, I never saw the mare break. Eve was also a chestnut, with worlds of quality. She had a finer front than Animation and was truly a beautiful mare. Field Marshal had a front fine enough for a saddle horse and had beautiful action, but he didn't have as much courage as either Eve or Animation.

As I remember, there were fourteen horses in the class. In the first workout, the horses that made the best impression were lined up to the right of the judges' stand, and the others on the left. Then the horses that had not been fortunate enough to meet with the judges' approval were again sent out, so the judges could have another look and be sure that they had not made a mistake, before giving those horses the gate. Then the favored horses were sent out to work on the rail.

Animation

The suspense was terrible, at least it was for Mrs. Putnam and me. Mrs. Putnam would say to her husband: "Jimmy, why don't they line the horses up? At home they never keep them going this long." I would say to my husband, "Now honestly, Pryor, don't you really think Animation is outshowing any horse in the ring?"

Again the horses were lined up while the judges conferred, and once more the order was given, "All out on the rail." It was warm for a night in November, and the Armory was heated, and when I say "heated," I mean it was *hot*. I think I am correct in saying that Animation was the only horse in

the ring that wasn't clipped, and, of course, she had her heavy winter coat, so the poor little thing was really feeling the heat. But she had nothing on Mrs. Putnam and me. You never saw two more excited women. There sat the two rival owners in adjoining boxes, neither one conscious that the other was near. Mrs. Putnam was saying: "Why, Jimmy, this is terrible. Field Marshal has never had to work so hard. Why *don't* they call him in?" And I was saying, "Poor Animation, are they trying to kill her?"

And then! The judges asked that Eve, Field Marshall, and Animation be sent out while the other horses remained in the center of the ring. That was almost more than Mrs. Putnam and I could stand. Our pets had already been in the ring three-quarters of an hour and now they were being sent out for another grilling. Animation was the only standard-bred horse in the ring, so the prolonged workout was to her advantage. The last time out, Eve and Field Marshal were beginning to tire. I am sure that Animation was tired, too, but she would keep on trying until she dropped from exhaustion. In all the years we showed Animation, I never saw Dave touch her with a whip; but on that fourth workout, at the far end of the ring, he threw the whip alongside the shafts, and to this day it thrills me when I remember how she responded to that little extra urging and how that game mare was popping her knees and using her hocks when she came past the judges. Evidently she impressed the judges the same way, as they told the ring-master to motion for Dave to line up in first place. The crowd seemed almost as pleased as I felt. Everyone admires a person or an animal that does its best, and anyone watching Animation that night could not help but feel that she was giving all she had.

As a rule, when Dave is driving in the show ring, you can't tell from the expression on his face how he feels, but that night his smile was much the same as the one that spread across my face when The King won in London. I rushed down to the

stable to shower our champion with sugar and carrots. Naturally, all our boys were beaming, and Roy said, "What did I tell you, Mrs. Combs; didn't I say she was the best horse in the world?"

I forgot to tell you that Eve was second and Field Marshal was third. I am sure Mr. and Mrs. Putnam were disappointed to have their beautiful horse defeated, but they accepted the decision as a true sportsman should. At the close of the show they sold Field Marshal to Mr. O. W. Lehman, of Chicago, for $12,000, and he was the winner of many blue ribbons in this country.

I am copying a write-up about Animation from the *New York Herald*, November 20, 1921:

WORLD'S CHAMPION HEAVY HARNESS HORSE

Mrs. Loula Long Combs' Animation

When Animation defeated Field Marshal, the acknowledged pick of English harness horses, and a dozen others representing the flower of American show rings in the $2,000 stake at the National Horse Show last week she was entitled to be called the world's champion of her type. A little more than a year ago the judges were treating her like anything but a champion of champions, for while she won twenty-five first prizes in the campaign of 1920 she was also placed second eleven times, third six times and fourth twice. Her defeats were not due to misbehavior or poor condition, but to the fact that several judges apparently failed to see that she was one of the greatest harness mares the show ring has even known. No champion in the long history of the National Horse Show has been without faults, and Animation is not an exception, but for combined beauty of figure, quality, style, action, speed, dash and whatever other attributes may go to make a "phenomenal" horse, as the lamented Fatty Bates used to say, "it is very doubtful whether her superior has been seen." It would be worth the price of a ticket to the Dempsey-Carpentier fight to see it if Lord Brilliant, Whirl of the Town, Lady Dilham, Forest King, Lord and Lady Seaton and a few of the other old champions could be called back to their best form to meet this new queen of the ring.

It is a reflection on the show ring sport that nothing whatever is known about the breeding of the world's champion. It has been said,

and probably it is true, that Animation's sire was a trotting-bred horse in Canada. But nobody knows what particular horse it was or who it was that bred her or anything else about her origin that can be called definite and satisfactory. David Smith, who drives her in all her performances, bought her for the price of a second rate harness horse about three years ago for Mrs. Loula Long Combs of Kansas City, and she made her debut at Rochester in 1919. She is a light chestnut or sorrel mare, about 15.1½ hands high. Her mouth indicates that she is eight years old.

England's Best Beaten

The defeat of Field Marshal, acknowledged to be the best horse of his type in England, caused a sensation, though it was almost universally approved by experts outside the ring. He made a brilliant show on entering the arena, but appeared to lack endurance, perhaps because of his recent ocean voyage, and lost something of his snap and action before the ribbons were tied. Eve, the winner of second prize, made the performance of her career.

Mrs. Loula Long Combs of Kansas City added two more first prizes to her score at the afternoon exhibition, defeating the entries of Judge Moore, William H. Wanamaker, Jr., William du Pont and others in a competition for the best three harness horses from one stable and taking the measure of John P. Crozer's novice winner, Sir John, in the open class for saddle horses exceeding 15.2. Her winning high steppers were Animation, Reputation and Temptation.

Our last show in New York was in November of 1937. Mr. Horace Smith, of London, England, was the harness judge. We showed in twelve classes, in which we won ten firsts and two seconds. Captivation was first, and Invasion was second in the stake. Killearn Farm, Dicksfield Farm, Mrs. Ione T. Kaiser, Greyholme Stables, Judy King, and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel H. McCarriagher were also exhibitors in the harness classes.

When thinking of the New York show, I always think of Ned King, who helped make many of the shows a success. Mr. King was not only well liked by the owners, but I have heard the managers of the stables, as well as boys working in the stables, say that they always enjoyed attending any show

managed by Mr. King. To my way of thinking, that is the highest compliment that could be paid to a person managing a show. Mr. Ned King is a good judge, too; we know from experience.

Here are a few of the write-ups to show you how kind the press was to us when we were showing in New York many years ago.

"A Good Horse, A Country Road, That's Real Happiness."
—*Loula Long.*

"A good horse and the lure of a country road. That's my idea of happiness. The clean, wholesome friendship of a thoroughbred is a thousand times better than that of scandal mongers over a bridge table. A horse is honest. If he doesn't like you, you know it. He insists on a square deal, and the mere act of giving it to him is good for a woman's soul."

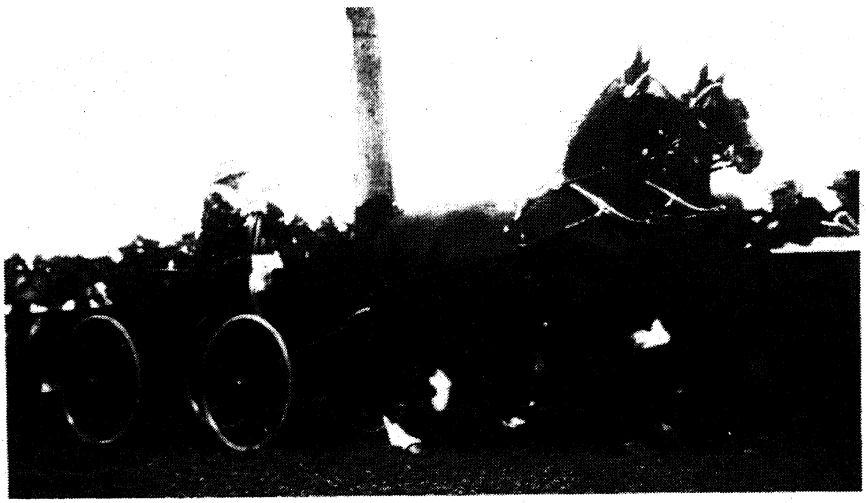
As Miss Loula Long, expert horsewoman, said these things to me in the Madison Square Garden yesterday, I could not help but wonder if she were not unconsciously giving me a little of her philosophy of life as well as her fine enthusiasm for horses. Then I made a discovery. Life has meant more to Miss Long because of her love for horses, and she declared it would for any girl who cared for horses as sincerely as she did.

Miss Long will soon be a national figure because of her genuine love for horses. For those who would know the why of things, be it said briefly in passing, that Miss Long is the daughter of R. A. Long, of Kansas City, prominent horseman and clubman in the Western metropolis. As far as Miss Long's personal triumphs are concerned, suffice it to say that judges recently declared her one of the greatest drivers in the country. Her horsewomanship is practically without peer this side of the Atlantic. At the present time she is exhibiting nine of her own horses at the Garden.

There is a fine spontaneity, an irresistibly contagious enthusiasm in life that just naturally makes everyone like the little Western lady, whose horses are proving the sensation of the present show. Miss Long forgets the crowds, the bright lights, the music and the cheering throngs when she enters the tanbark with her horses. To her, the horse is the thing. Nothing else matters.

And then she drives as few women have ever driven. It is an eye satisfying thing to see her great highly bred horses, with their

fire of youth and the best blood of their sires urging them on, obey her slightly wish. Her complete understanding of her horses and the fact that she is able to bring out the very best that is in them, is one of the continual wonders of the present show.



Revelation and Temptation

"I feel as though my horses were constantly asking me, 'What shall I do now? Anything you say. What paces do you want next?'"

Miss Long laughed as she spoke and that laugh was good to hear. "I have known women with beautiful horses fail to win because they thought more of personal applause than they did of their horse. You've got to really mean it with a horse. You can't fool him."

And then it was my good fortune to hear Miss Long talk of women and horses. Her clear, steady eyes are keen where horses are concerned, but they are also mighty shrewd in seeing and understanding human nature.

"Women should be experts when it comes to handling any horse," she declared. "They have more patience than men, they are naturally kinder, and they have a quicker, more sensitive understanding that horses appreciate instantly. But women are so used these days to superficialities. That's why horses have of late years fallen a little in the enthusiastic regard of womankind.

"Let me prove my statement," Miss Long continued with a great deal of seriousness behind her smile. "Isn't it true that the average

girl knows as much about horses as she does about the North Pole? Except in certain circles, even society has slighted the horse lately. A horse show used to be a great event. Now I sometimes think as far as the majority of women are concerned they could be discontinued entirely and never missed.

"Women would rather talk of automobiles. It's the smart thing to do nowadays. Dogs, tango teas, bridge—all the externals—that's what a woman's life easily becomes in these artificial days of 'canned' music, 'canned' thinking and stereotyped talking.

"Can't you see why horses aren't so popular as they once were with many women?" A quizzical little smile wrinkled the corners of Miss Long's eyes. "A horse is fundamental. He makes no attempt to pretend he likes you if he doesn't. You know exactly where you stand with him always. Let me tell you a secret." Miss Long's femininity is always paramount.

"When I get the blues and feel I haven't a friend in the world, I take one of my horses, and after a few hours alone with him out under the wide skies and through the woods, the world is all made new for me. I forget my grouch. I'd rather have a good horse as a pal any day than a heap of folks I know."

Just then the herald announced the harness class, and Miss Long was in her seat, in the perfectly-appointed phaeton before the last notes of the horn had stopped. Reins in hand, she stooped over for an instant to right her three tangled Boston terriers—Divinity, Miss Bob and Vanity—who were sharing the seat with her.

"Wish me luck," she called back as Revelation and Realization, her stunning pair of high-action horses, threw back their aristocratic heads and made for the entrance gate. Another instant and she had swept triumphantly over the flying tanbark. Miss Long's theories hold true in actual practice.

The inevitable blue ribbon was pinned on Revelation's proud, tossing head when the gallant pair left the judges' stand a few minutes later. Her "pals" had made good again.

Miss Loula Long is undoubtedly before the world and ahead of the world in showing and driving harness horses. She waked up New York in a style unheard of with Aviation, Hesitation and Revelation in winning ribbons and prizes. She has set the Knickerbockers all agog with her supreme and superb horsemanship. With Aviation she won the runabout event; wearing out Brother Jed 'till he didn't look like thirty cents, though considered the greatest run-

about horse of all time. She also won the Stanhope drive with Revelation and Realization in a manner that spurred all beholders to a roaring pitch of enthusiasm.

Miss Loula Long is a Missouri woman, and belongs to a farm at Lee's Summit near Kansas City. She owns the largest stable of horses in the union, and is rapidly becoming the most brilliant celebrity of the horse world. She owns My Major Dare who led the procession at the Panama-Pacific show at San Francisco.

Being a normal woman I must add a P.S. You will notice from the clippings that the press speaks of my right hand as being in splints, but it was really my left.

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*WHILE showing in Rochester we met a number of charm-*ing people from Canada, who gave us such a cordial invitation to attend their shows that we decided to go the very next year. Here is Revelation to tell you about it:

In the spring of 1914 our mistress came to the stable one morning and said, "Dave, what do you think about going to the Canadian shows this year?" Evidently Dave thought well of the idea, because from then on great preparations were made for our first invasion of Canada, our neighbor country.

I was very nervous and I suppose I was foolish to worry so much about it, because worrying never helps a situation; but I had heard that there were several very outstanding horses up in that part of the country. I had been winning so many blue ribbons in the States that I am afraid I had become spoiled. I felt that it would be humiliating to go to Canada and be awarded red ribbons.

The first show was held in Toronto. It was nice to find another stable showing there from our United States; Mr. Val Crane was there with his beautiful horses. It was like meeting old friends, for we had attended many of the same shows at home, and we were anxious to make a good showing in competition with all the fine English-bred horses.

There was a mare in Toronto by the name of Wild Rose, who had a great reputation, and I dreaded our first meeting. However, when I first saw her, I was rather disappointed because her head

wasn't very pretty; but she had a lovely body, and her action was indeed beautiful. Then there was Earl Grey, a gelding. My, but he was a handsome horse, a bay with white markings. It was a coincidence that Wild Rose, Earl Grey, and I were all bays with white markings. When I saw those two beauties, I felt weak in the knees and wished myself back in my comfortable stall in Missouri.

Before we went into the ring, my mistress came over to where I was standing, and while stroking my neck said, "Revie, we shall have to do our very best, as there will be several horses in this class that are hard to beat." I knew I must not fail her, and I also remembered what my mother had told me about always doing my very best. When we got in the ring, I saw that every horse in the class was doing its best to win. I was going to try to outstep all of them.

Finally, we were all lined up. The judges got together and talked for what seemed to me a very long time. I was very nervous, because I was afraid I hadn't made a good impression. I couldn't bear to think that I was going to disappoint my mistress, and then my own pride would suffer, too, if another horse should be placed over me. When the ringmaster came over and fastened a red ribbon to my bridle, I was heartsick to think that my first ribbon in Canada had to be a red one. When people came rushing up to congratulate my mistress and I heard them say, "You must feel proud to own a horse that won over the best horses showing in Canada," I was really puzzled, until someone explained that in Canada the red ribbon is first prize and the blue is second. It was all very confusing to me.

With Realization as a mate, we won the pair class. Realization was Canadian-bred and made such a beautiful show that she was placed over Earl Grey in the class for the King Edward cup, much to the displeasure of the trainer of the regal bay gelding. All my stable mates did well, but I was the one chosen to wear the championship ribbon proudly when I left the ring the last night of the show.

Our next show was in Montreal, and we met with the same success there as in Toronto. I hate to admit it, but jealousy showed up in my nature for the first time on that trip. My mistress had a smart little pair of black roadsters called Aspiration and Anticipation. They were very popular with the audiences, and my mistress seemed to enjoy driving them so much that I thought she liked them better than she did me. I kept wishing that I had taken after my Dad and been a fast stepper instead of a high-stepper. I watched the two black horses when our mistress would come around, and it was really disgusting the way they would nicker and paw and do everything they could to attract her attention. I didn't like it at all. She was

always nice to all of us, but I noticed that when she came around with sugar and carrots, I did get more than any of the others, so, I knew I had no cause to worry. Jealousy doesn't pay, because you not only make yourself miserable but all the others around you as well.

From Montreal we went to Ottawa. The first part of the week I was feeling fine, and with my stable mates continued to win red ribbons. By that time I had become accustomed to the red ribbon's being given to the winner of the class.

The night came for the championship class, and somehow I dreaded it. I had never had that feeling before, and I had met and conquered all the horses that would be showing that night. I ached all over and felt rather depressed but I thought that I might be able to make a good show. When the class was called, I tried to go into the ring with a dash, but for some reason my legs felt stiff, and my feet were so heavy that I just couldn't pick them up as high as usual. I had to force myself to keep my ears forward. The ring hadn't seemed large earlier in the week, but that night it seemed like a mile each time we went around it. It was hard to get my breath, and my throat was a little sore and very dry. I wondered if the judges were ever going to tell us to line up. I did my best, but it wasn't good enough, so the championship ribbon was put on the bridle of Earl Grey, and I was given the reserve ribbon. I felt bad, not only physically, but also mentally, as I had heard my mistress say many times, with so much pride in her voice, "Revie has never lost a championship," and I knew she would be disappointed. She drove me to the stable, got out of the rig, came up to my head, gave me a piece of sugar, and, patting me, said: "Well, old pal, we can't always win, but we must be game and lose with a smile. I love you just as much as if you had been made champion of the show." That made me feel better, but I noticed that she had a little quiver in her voice, and that hurt me, because she usually seemed so happy.

She started to leave two or three times. I would paw, and she would come back and give me another piece of sugar. I was trying to tell her that I didn't feel well, and maybe that was the reason I lost the championship class. She must have understood, for I heard her say to Dave, "Revie doesn't seem quite like himself; do you suppose he is sick?" Dave answered, "I don't think so, but he must be very tired, because he has shown in many classes during the past three weeks." Of course, that was true, as I showed in the open class, gig class, the pair class, ladies' classes, tandem class, and in the lead of the four at all three shows.

Later that night it hurt me to breathe, and every bone in my body ached. I seemed to be burning up inside and was cold on the outside. The next morning I was so sick that Dave sent for the doctor. After the doctor examined me, he said that I had pneumonia in both lungs and doubted if they would be able to save me. I don't know whether you know it or not, but it is very bad for a horse to lie down when it has pneumonia, because it is much harder to breathe in that position.

By that time I felt so bad I thought I couldn't stand up any longer, but those faithful boys just wouldn't let me lie down. They literally held me up for several hours, until I began to show some improvement. They wouldn't even leave me long enough to go and get something to eat, but had sandwiches and coffee brought to the stall. They shared their coffee with me, as coffee is a strong stimulant, and I needed all the stimulants I could get. When I realized how those boys were trying to help me, I began to fight for my life, and together we won, which just shows how much it helps if we all pull together.

I have now been showing for four years and realize what a lucky horse I am to have fallen into such good hands, because I have noticed that some of the other stables have boys who drink, and they are often rough with their horses, and sometimes neglect to feed and water them. My mistress doesn't drink, nor does she want men in charge of her horses who do; so we are always treated with kindness.

My mistress says that I am talking too much, so now I will give her a chance to say something.

Before going on with my memories of the Canadian shows, I should like to tell you about my feeling the first time Revie lost a championship ribbon, which was that night in Ottawa. As Revie told you, I was very proud of his winning record. After the class that Saturday night, I felt as though the bottom had dropped out of everything. I dreaded waking up the next morning and reading that Revelation was reserve champion, instead of champion, as he had been in Toronto and Montreal.

Throughout the years I have had many an argument with myself, and that night I surely gave myself a good talking-to. I said to myself: "Now, look here, if you are going to feel this way every time one of your favorite horses loses a ribbon, you had better get out of the show game. You can't expect to

win always. And did it ever occur to you that other people enjoy winning ribbons just as much as you do? And what pleasure are you going to get out of showing if losing a ribbon makes you feel so miserable? Come on now, be a good sport, and when you lose, come up smiling." And, believe it or not, I talked some sense into my own head. I must be honest and say that there have been times when I was more than a little disappointed with the judges' decision, but, thank goodness, I didn't allow it to make me unhappy; otherwise I should have given up showing horses years ago, instead of enjoying it for half a century.

Revie has given you most of the highlights as far as our classes were concerned, but I should like to mention a few pleasant memories. It was during the show in Toronto that I first met Miss E. Viau. In the many years that we have been showing, I have never met a more gracious little lady nor a fairer one, and she is, furthermore, a splendid horsewoman.

When we were in Montreal (the home of this charming woman), Miss Viau, quite unaware that I was in hearing distance, was talking with one of her friends. The friend evidently thought that Miss Viau's horses were not receiving fair treatment and said, "I think it is perfectly terrible the way the judges are giving that woman from the United States all the first prizes, when you have the best horses in the country." Miss Viau, speaking in her quiet modest manner, replied, "Miss Long has better horses than I and deserves every ribbon she has won." That is what I consider wonderful sportsmanship.

Then there were Mr. and Mrs. McSloy from St. Catherine's. Mrs. McSloy showed her lovely bay walk-trot horse, Confidence, in the classes in which we had entered Nancy Garland. It was nip and tuck between the two horses during the three shows. Sometimes Nancy Garland would be the winner, and other times Confidence would leave the ring in possession of the red ribbon, which made the three-gaited classes very interesting.

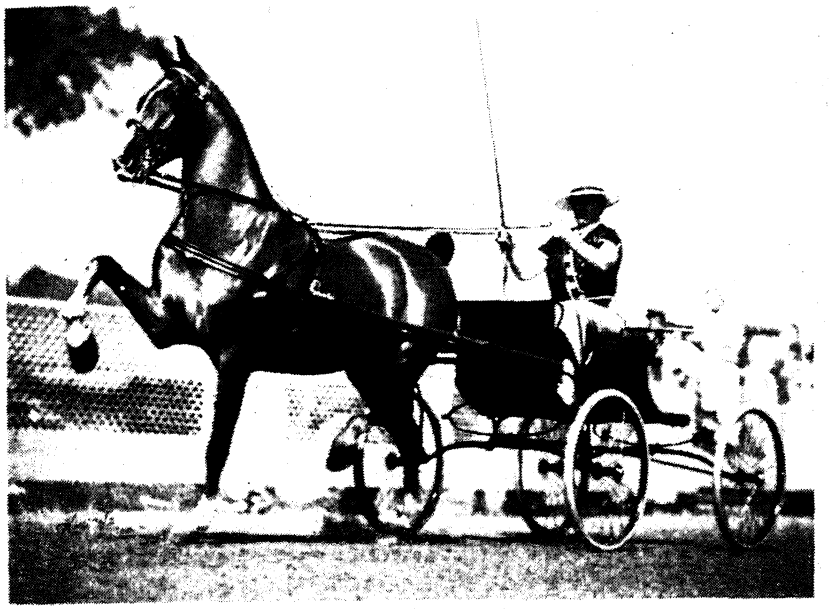
Doing a lot of riding in the hunter classes were the Siftons, Tom McCabe, Frank Hodgson, the Jarvis boys, and many others.

I think it was in 1921, when we attended the show held in Cobourg, Canada, that Captain and Mrs. Ellis, with their children, Martha and Robert, and our cousin from Kentucky, Birdie Read Ellis, were with me. It was a friendly, informal kind of a show, and our stay there was an enjoyable one. Martha had reached the age of fourteen and was having a good time showing her great saddle gelding, The Jester. The little horse was back in his native land, as we had bought him from Mr. Crow, of Toronto. We intended using him for a runabout horse but changed our minds after trying him as a saddle horse.

Members of the band who furnished the music during the show were dressed in kilts. We always managed to be there in time to see the Kiltie Band come marching in, as the swaggering way in which they marched caused their kilts to swing in such a fascinating manner. We were the only exhibitor from the United States. Every day the show was opened by the band's playing, "God Save the King," while the audience stood and the Union Jack was raised; then "The Star-Spangled Banner" was played, and the audience remained standing, while the Stars and Stripes were raised to fly beside the Union Jack. We thought that a very gracious gesture, and perhaps that is one reason why we have such a warm place in our hearts for Cobourg. I hope and pray that those two flags shall always fly side by side.

Since then we have been in Canada many times, and I am always pleased when I know that we are headed that way. I feel that we are going to be among old friends. Many of our best horses have come from Mr. T. A. Crow's stables, located near Toronto. I have mentioned before that Animation, Realization, and The Jester were Canadian-bred. Reputation, Temptation, Invasion, and many others were purchased

from Mr. Crow. One of our best pony stallions is Manor Smile, who was bred by that real horse lover, Mrs. G. A. M. Davison, of Unionville, Ontario. So you see, we have always had a great respect for Canadians, as well as for their horses.



Invasion

These are some newspaper clippings about the Canadian shows:

MISS LONG'S HORSES

The horses of Miss Loula Long of Kansas City were again in evidence both afternoon and evening in the harness and saddle classes. In all she won three firsts, two seconds, a third and two fourth prizes. Miss Long rode and drove her own horses, displaying great skill both as a driver and in the saddle, in which she rode astride. She has become a staunch favorite with the patrons of the show and received a great ovation on every appearance.

The driving of Miss Long is a constant marvel to the watchers. She has apparently no nerves, or else perfectly controlled nerve. With cool head and intuitive touch she guided her tandem without

a blunder, and her driving of harness horses is equally perfect. Though she is apparently cleaning up most of the prizes in her sections, no one can be anything but satisfied at the awards. Her Revelation and Realization are as perfect a pair of tandem work as has ever been judged here. Even with the red ribbon pinned to the leader's ear they were not the least fussy or conceited, and stepped out with high heads as becomes true nobility, especially when away from home.

Clever Display at Horse Show by Fair Owner From Kansas City

Miss Loula Long Meets with Consistent Success in Harness Horse Classes

Up to date of writing, the horse show has been a wonderful success. The classes have been remarkable both for the number and quality of the entries. Good crowds have attended, and great enthusiasm was shown in connection with the "high jump" over loose poles on Wednesday night. The most popular exhibitor so far has been Miss Long, whose wonderfully free and confident way of both riding and driving has won everyone's interest and admiration. Her horses, besides their looks and well-balanced way of going, have perfect ring manners. She has won in nearly every class in which she has exhibited, with the exception, so far, of the "pair of saddle horses" and here, tho her pair were well-mannered, well-matched, and very stylish, every one seemed to agree that Maj. Kilgour's pair were the better type of saddle horse, and appeared to give their riders a much smoother, easier ride. Miss Viau's "Earl Grey," purchased from and driven by Mr. Yeager, gave Miss Long's "Realization" quite a time to win the King Edward Hotel Challenge Cup. All Canadians would have liked to have seen Miss Viau win this, but we think "Realization" really had a little the best of it. She had a bolder way of going, and, perhaps, a somewhat better set-on head than the bay gelding.

Combination Saddle and Harness

A novelty in horsemanship was presented in the combination saddle and harness horses, in which competition was keen. The conditions required a horse suitable for both harness and saddle purposes. First the horse was driven around the ring attached to a runabout or other vehicle, and its merits passed on as a harness horse. The horses were then unhitched, and the drivers mounted them, showing off their paces around the ring as saddle horses.

Miss Loula Long, on her beautiful little chestnut mare, Nancy Garland, was the favorite of the crowd. First as a driver and later as a rider, she was greeted with cheers as she passed before the grandstands, and when the judges gave her the coveted award of the red ribbon, indicating the first prize, the applause was deafening. Blue Mouse was second and Miss Dainty third, both entered by E. J. Jones.

MISS LONG DRIVES TO VICTORY AGAIN

Montreal, like Toronto, Bows to Invincible "Lady from Kansas City"

Winner in Four Events

U. S. Horsewoman dooms Miss Viau, Canadian belle, to defeat

Canada is still hearing from "the lady from Kansas City," Miss Loula Long. After winning top honors at Toronto, where she virtually ran Canada's belle, Miss Viau, out of the show, Miss Long went to Montreal and made Miss Viau stand her ground. Then "the lady from Kansas City" trimmed the Canadian string proper. From Montreal the campaigners took their stables to Ottawa, the capital of the dominion, and there they are today. A night letter from this last engagement says "Revelation," Miss Long's premier, carried off the first prize for which he had been entered.

The "duel between the ladies," as the Montreal *Herald* styled it, was the all-absorbing topic at the show. How it was opened, carried on and ended is told by the *Herald* as follows:

"As Montreal Views It

"To those who did not go to the arena to enjoy the beautiful decorations or the galaxy of fair women in the boxes (and both were well worth enjoying for themselves) the rivalry between Miss Viau and Miss Long was the chief attraction. . . . And so when the time came for event 47 for mares and geldings in single harness driven by a lady, everybody was on the qui vive. There were eight entries but the contest at once resolved itself into a match between Miss Long's bay gelding, Revelation, and Miss Viau's bay gelding, Eye Opener. The result, however, was never in doubt. Miss Long's entry for manners and action was easily superior, and the judges had no difficulty in awarding the Kansas City lady first prize. . . .

"Wins in Close Contest

"Miss Long did not score such an easy victory when she took Revelation and Realization out in double harness to compete against Miss Viau's handsome pair, Duke of Connaught and Earl Grey. The verdict must clearly have gone on manners, for in action there was nothing to choose between the rival pairs. Miss Long's pair seemed to have more pace, but to anyone not actually handling the horses there was nothing but personal idiosyncrasy to divide between them. However, the judge drove both pairs, and when he had done so he awarded the prize to Miss Long. It was a close thing, but the Kansas City lady had handled her horses very cleverly, and although the crowd was anxious for a local victory, they applauded her vigorously, not only because of her cleverness but of the charming manner in which she took her honors."

. . . . . .

Miss Long's Four Victors

The rivals met in singles, tandems and in fours—that showiest of shows. "What happened to Mary" was told this way by the *Daily Telegraph:*

"The four-in-hands was won by Miss Long's Realization and Revelation as the leaders, and Consternation and Hesitation as the wheelers, the victory being an easy one, the team looking good, stepping lively and behaving very well. The four horses shown by Wild Rose Farm were second, while Miss Viau's Eye Opener, I Wonder, Earl Grey and Duke of Connaught were placed third, due to their bad behavior, Eye Opener being exceedingly nervous.

"Miss Long gave a clever exhibition of driving in the roadster class with Anticipation, taking a delight in letting the horse dash around the ring at full speed, although there were twenty-two roadsters in the ring at the time, which, however, pleased those present, for she was given loud applause every time she passed a competitor, which was often."

I could not leave the Canadian shows without speaking of the Royal Winter Fair, which is well named, as it is truly a royal exhibition. It seems that every kind of animal, as well as every kind of fowl raised on a farm or a ranch, was exhibited there, and fruits and vegetables were attractively displayed. One could walk for hours, viewing countless things

of great interest to the huge crowds which passed through those large buildings during the week.

The flower show alone was worth going miles to see. Dozens of orchids were arranged in a basket in a most artistic way, and the basket was placed inside a large picture frame, but never have I seen a picture as beautiful as were those living orchids. There were hundreds of huge chrysanthemums, with a lovely blending of colors among the yellow, bronze, white, and lavender flowers. Dozens upon dozens of fragrant roses perfumed the air, adding to the beauty of the picture. When walking through the bower of loveliness, one would hardly realize that real winter with its snow and ice was just beyond the walls of the large building.

Toronto had the best stabling I ever saw at any show. The large comfortable strongly built stalls were like those usually found in a privately owned stable.

The opening and closing of the horse show, held in connection with the Royal Winter Fair, was the most impressive I ever saw, especially the closing. The show started at eight o'clock on Monday evening, but the formal opening was not until nine o'clock. A few minutes before nine, one had a feeling that something unusual was about to happen, as men hurried about laying a red carpet from the entrance of the building to the box where the governor-general of Canada was to sit to watch the show. After that, no one was allowed to pass in front of the box until after His Excellency and his party had been seated. Everyone stood when the governor-general arrived and until "God Save the King" had been played.

There was much more to the opening than I have related, but a part of the closing was a repetition of the beginning, so I shall try to tell you about the closing. First of all, a large Kiltie band came parading into the ring, playing a stirring march, and after proceeding around the ring, lined up in the center of the arena facing the governor-general's box. Then

about thirty members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, in their colorful uniforms, rode in on their well-groomed horses and stood at the north end of the ring facing the center. Although I have seen the "Mounties" perform their musical ride many, many times, it never ceases to be a wonderful sight to me. The "Mounties" were followed by the gaily uniformed and perfectly drilled Royal Dragoons, which are known as the regiment of the governor-general of Canada. The Dragoons stood at the south end of the ring facing the center. The flowers from the flower show had been beautifully arranged on one of the large wagons used for showing the big six-horse teams. To the wagon was hitched the champion six-horse team of the show. There was loud applause when those six handsome Clydesdales came prancing into the ring with their load of fragrant flowers.

After circling the ring they lined up at the north end of the ring. Then the cheery sound of a coach horn was heard, and through the gates came four beautiful high-stepping horses hitched to a perfectly appointed coach, on which a party of young people were riding. The coach was lined up on the south end of the ring. In 1937 there were teams from five countries competing in the military jumping classes. They were the Irish Free State Army Team, Holland Royal Army Team, Belgium Army Team, the Canadian Army Team, and our own United States Army Team. Each team came into the ring preceded by the flag of its country, proudly carried by the color-bearer. The national anthem of their country was played, while the riders sat like statues saluting their flag, and when the anthem was finished, they lined up facing the box of the governor-general of Canada.

It was a proud moment for us when our splendid Army Team rode into the ring, and the triumphant notes of our great national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner," rang out clearly through that large building filled with people. The band played our national air with as much feeling and expression as when playing its own, "God Save the King."

The Canadian team was the last to enter the ring, and when the band sounded the first note of "God Save the King," a large Union Jack was unfurled from the ceiling. I forgot to say that the audience was standing from the moment the first Army Team rode into the ring. It was all so colorful, so beautiful, so dignified, that it made a powerful impression, but the something that left the deepest imprint on my memory, and on my heart, was the moment when the lights were slowly dimmed and the band played softly the beautiful old hymn, "Abide with me; fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide." The crowd left the building quietly, and I felt a reverence which I have never felt before or since at the conclusion of a horse show.

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AFTER showing in Canada in the spring of 1914, we were going to show in Springfield and Dayton, Ohio, before returning home. It was indeed fortunate for us that there was almost a month's time between the Ottawa and Springfield shows.

Revelation has already told you about his sick spell in Canada, and now I shall tell my side of the story. We had gone to New York directly from Ottawa. On our first evening there we attended the theater, and on returning to the Waldorf, found a telegram for Mrs. Hayne Ellis. I thought nothing of it, until Sallie read the message; then I knew from the expression on her face that the news was not good. Naturally, I wished to know what had caused her to look so distressed. She handed me the telegram. Dave had sent it to Mrs. Ellis, thinking that she could break the news in some way that wouldn't be such a shock to me. They all knew how much I loved Revelation. I read: "Revelation dangerously sick with pneumonia. Very little hope. Dave Smith." I felt as if a tight vise had suddenly been fastened around my heart, and it was slowly squeezing the breath out of my body. Unmindful of the many people in the lobby, I burst into tears. The only thing I was conscious of was that I might never see or drive

my much-loved Revie again. I am sure Revie knew how fond I was of him for he always seemed to be trying to do his very best for me.

We wired Dave to do everything possible to save Revie, and asked him to wire us every two hours as to the horse's condition. I tried to sleep, but I might as well have tried to fly. All at once, I again burst out crying and said, "Oh, Sis, what if Revelation should die, and they would send him to a fertilizing plant?" Sallie had been doing all she could to comfort me, and as always was very thoughtful: so she wired Dave telling him that if Revie should die, to try to have him buried. I felt sure that one of those understanding horse-loving people living near there would allow my pet to be buried on their place. I know that I would gladly allow a horse to be buried on Longview Farm under the same circumstances.

Each time I heard the footsteps of the bellboy approaching our door, my heart seemed to stop beating, and I was almost afraid to have Sallie read the message. The first three said, "No change." I never knew hours could be so long. When the fourth message came, it read, "Think there is a slight change for the better." I was afraid to build my hopes too high, knowing how treacherous pneumonia could be, but I kept on hoping and praying. Yes, I prayed for my horse. I am a great believer in prayer, and although the things I pray for are not always granted, I receive much comfort from praying, nevertheless.

When the next telegram came, it read, "Definite change for the better." It is needless to try to tell you how happy we were. We felt that Revie had passed the crisis and had a fighting chance to live, but the next few days were anxious ones as I had lost Beau Brummel with pneumonia and knew the end could come unexpectedly.

After learning how sick Revie had been, I knew I was not imagining things the night of the championship class in Ottawa. I could actually feel that Revie was trying harder than he had ever tried before to do his very best; but, of course,

he was too sick that night to make a brilliant showing. Anyway, he got well, and that was worth more to me than winning all the championship ribbons that have ever been given.

Both the shows in Ohio were held on race tracks, with the show ring in front of the grandstand. Springfield was the home of Mr. John L. Bushnell, and I am sure that his untiring efforts were largely responsible for the success of the show. I remember an amusing little incident concerning Mr. Bushnell that occurred during the Denver show; but I shall have to go back several years to give you the background for this horse tale (or perhaps I should say horsetail). We bought a bay gelding with a lot of dash and beautiful all-round action from the Waddington Farms in Wheeling, West Virginia. We called him Concentration, as we were going to use him as a mate for Consternation and thought the two names went well together.

Concentration had two faults. The more serious one was his lack of courage, which is one of the worst faults a horse can have. It is a wonderful feeling to know that you are driving a horse that will never quit, and that no matter how many times the judge sends you out, it will keep on trying. But what a different feeling you have when behind a chickenhearted horse. Concentration always came into the ring with a lot of dash, which immediately caught the eyes of the audience; but after circling the ring a few times, he began to fade and no longer received the applause of the crowd. No one admires a quitter.

His second fault was caused by the fact that he had been docked when a small colt; and his owners evidently never expected him to grow—at least, the length of his tail would give one that impression, as it was docked very short. When hitched with a horse with an average-length tail, it was very noticeable and detracted greatly from the appearance of the pair. Dave conceived the idea of getting a false tail for Concentration. It isn't difficult to fasten a false tail on a supposedly long-tailed horse, but it is quite a problem to get one to

stay on a horse that has been docked. Dave wanted to get the hide of a horse the same color as Concentration, a hide with the tail still attached.

That was before the automobile had become so general, and many horses were still being used. When the horses died, they were usually sent to fertilizing plants; if you have ever been near such a place, you know the odor could not possibly be mistaken for that of a florist shop filled with sweet-smelling flowers.

Dave knew that a fertilizing plant would be the place he would have to go to find what he was looking for. I am sure it was a day that he will never forget, as he had to stay there several hours. As each dead horse was brought in, Dave would look at it, hoping it would be the color of our horse. Concentration was rather an unusual shade of bay, so Dave was getting discouraged as none that shade had been brought in. And instead of growing accustomed to the offensive odor, Dave was becoming more and more nauseated by it. Finally his endurance was rewarded, and he found just what he wanted. He needed only the small piece of hide to which the tail was attached, but he had to buy the entire hide and have it tanned before taking what he needed to make Concentration look as he should.

The bone was taken out of the tail, then the hair was cut the proper length for the tail of a docked horse the size of Concentration. The skin of the tail was sewed up underneath and across the end. The piece of hide to which the tail was attached was stitched onto the two straps that form the crupper and which buckle into the backband. The false tail was quite a little longer than the little stub it was to fit over, so it had to be stuffed to hold it out at the end; then it fitted neatly when pulled on over Concentration's bandaged tail.

The first time we tried it on the horse, he didn't like it at all and acted as though he might kick the dashboard off the wagon. You can't imagine what a difference just a few inches on the end of a horse's tail makes in its appearance. He really didn't look like the same animal.

Now here's where Mr. Bushnell comes into the story. He was judging the heavy-harness classes at the Denver, Colorado, show. We were showing Concentration and Consternation in the pair class. After the workout, we were lined up, and Mr. Bushnell came around to look the pair over. He said to me: "Whatever became of the good-looking bay horse you owned that had such a short tail? If that horse hadn't been docked so short, it would have taken a mighty good horse to beat him." I said, "You are judging that horse right now." He answered, "I don't believe it," and started to examine the horse's tail. I warned him not to do so, as Concentration was never in very good humor when wearing his "make-up." I said, "If you will come to the stable after this class, you will see for yourself that the tail comes off with the harness." He said, "I think you are stuffing me, but I'll bite."

Sure enough, by the time the boys got the horses back to their stalls, Mr. Bushnell was there, waiting to see whether or not I was a truthful person. When the backband was unbuckled and the crupper came out from under the horse's tail, lo and behold, there stood Concentration with his little stump of a tail, and the heavy black tail that had adorned him in the ring was still fastened to the harness. Mr. Bushnell said, "Well, I'll be damned!" I forgot to tell you—the pair won first prize.

And now, another little tale about the horsetail: If any of my readers attended the shows in the Middle West and in California a few years ago, they will remember Mr. D. Schilling, known to many people as Pop Schilling. He was indeed an unusual character. For several years he managed the shows held in Omaha and Denver. He certainly put on snappy shows and was a real showman himself. He loved to drive a hackney and could show one as well as the best of the whips. It was surprising how well he looked on a horse for a man his size. And what fun it was to hear him tell about his first experience in showing a hackney. He was a born mimic, as well as a gifted storyteller, and could make his listeners laugh until their sides ached.

We were going to show in Los Angeles in January, and Mr. Schilling was going to show there, too. He had a pony whose tail reminded me of a Mexican hairless dog. Honestly, there didn't seem to be more than a dozen hairs on the entire tail, and they were in a tiny bunch on the very end. If the mare had had a decent tail, she would have been very attractive because she had splendid all-round action and a great deal of style.

Mr. Schilling evidently had seen the false tail we used on Concentration, so he wrote and asked if he might borrow it to use on his pony during the Los Angeles show. The tail had been made for a large horse, so it did not fit so well on a thirteen one pony. I can still see Pop Schilling as he looked when he drove into the ring that night. As I mentioned before, he was a good showman, and enjoyed dressing for the part. He wore a cutaway coat, striped trousers, white shirt, stock and white tie, a light gray derby, and chamois skin gloves. His hands were so light that he seemed to be handling something fragile when he had hold of the reins.

I hardly recognized the mare since she had been re-tailed. She was making a nice steady show, but Mr. Schilling wanted her to do more than that, so he gave her a tap with the whip. Up until that time the tail had been a huge success, and Pop Schilling thought he was sitting pretty; but when the mare felt the sting of the whip, she seemed to think a fly had bitten her, and gave her tail a quick switch hoping to dislodge the fly; instead, it dislodged the false tail. It really was a comical sight. The little bare tail was being held up proudly, and the lovely thick tail was hanging limply on the pony's quarters. Mr. Schilling leaned over and tried frantically to put the false tail back in place, much to the amusement of the crowd. His efforts were not successful, so he took the gate, and the crowd gave him a big hand as he drove out of the ring. Mr. Schilling was a good sport and enjoyed the episode as much as did the many spectators.

Now, to return to the Springfield show. Mr. J. Campbell Thompson was to be the judge in the heavy-harness classes.

While I was not exactly what you might consider a "young bud," still I wasn't too old to feel a bit excited over the prospect of showing before such a good-looking bachelor. My first appearance before Mr. Thompson was to be made driving a tandem. As a rule, Revie and Hesitation made a splendid showing in that class, so I was hoping to make a favorable impression. I had shown those two horses dozens of times as a tandem and won many blue ribbons with them. I can remember only twice when Hesitation hesitated about behaving himself, but, as luck would have it, that afternoon had to be one of the times.

Not one step would that horse trot! He just jumped up and down like a jumping jack. I tried to look unconcerned, but if that horse could have read my thoughts, he probably would have hauled off and kicked me. Maybe that was what I felt like doing to him. After we were lined up, Mr. Thompson came over to me and said, "Miss Long, would you object to having me drive your tandem?" I said: "No, indeed. It would be an honor." But, honestly, I was mean enough to hope that Hesitation wouldn't work for him either. Mr. Thompson got in the gig, fixed the reins and whip the way he liked them, and I could tell by the expression on his face that he was thinking, "All this tandem needs is a driver."

I decided that Hesitation must be a mind reader and knew what I was thinking, because he behaved just as badly when Mr. Thompson was driving as he did when I had hold of the reins. I knew Mr. Thompson was an expert with a four or a tandem; and since he couldn't make Hesitation settle down, I felt that perhaps I wasn't such a failure as a whip after all. It surely would have been humiliating if they had made a good show with the judge driving, when they gave such a miserable performance for me. Of course, it was Hesitation that did all the misbehaving. Revie always made a good show when I had hold of the reins, but sometimes he would take hold when Dave had him in the lead of the four.

As I sit here reliving the good times we had at the shows in bygone days, I wonder if we have as much good wholesome fun now as we had then. I do know that we had more unusual things in those days. For instance, at the Springfield show that year they had a half-mile race for tandems, one for runabout horses, and another for roadsters.

The rules in the tandem class called for heavy-harness horses to be driven at a trot, and they had to race in their showshoes. It was to be from a standing start. There were five entries of which Val Crane had two. Val drove one of his entries, and his stable manager, George Smith, drove the other. Frank Winterbottom was at that time with Mr. Fred Pabst and drove his tandem. I can't recall the fifth entry.

Both of our horses were trotting-bred. Beaucaire was in the lead, and a chestnut gelding we called Affection was our wheeler. Each driver was allowed to have a man ride with him in the gig. Dave was not going to risk touching his leader with a whip, as our wheeler was a nervous high-strung horse, and it took very little to upset him. Dave's groom carried small pebbles, so if his leader should need a little encouragement, the pebbles could be used instead of the whip.

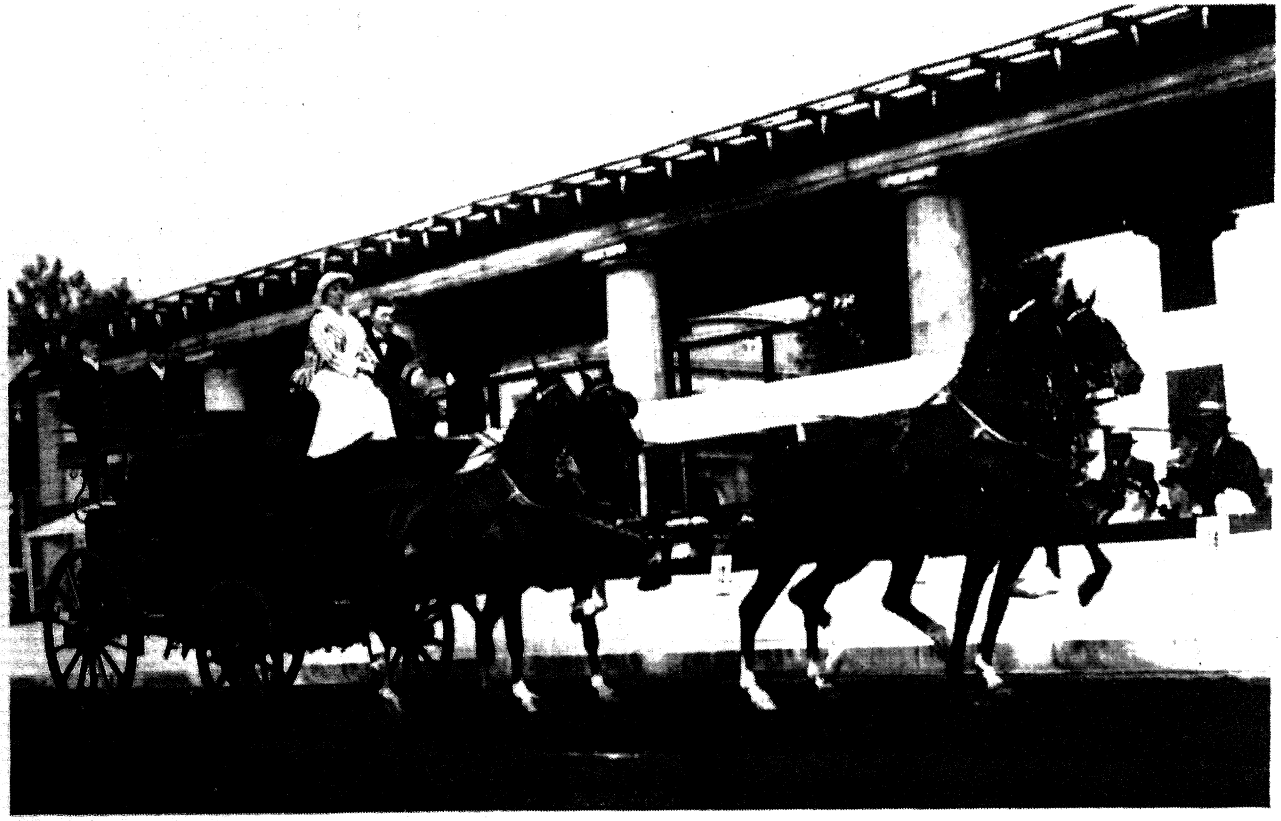
We won the race, and when Dave drove back and stopped in front of the judges' stand, Mr. Thompson came up to him and said, "Dave, did you know you broke the world's half-mile record for a heavy-harness tandem?" We had entries in both the roadster and runabout races, but we were not so lucky in those. We were second in the runabout race, and next to last in the one for roadsters.

It was at the Dayton show that I first met Mr. Samuel Walter Taylor. I think I am safe in saying that Mr. Taylor's splendid paper, the *Rider and Driver,* has been in circulation over a longer period of years than any paper published today in the interest of show horses. Mr. Taylor was the judge in the classes for heavy-harness horses.

The class that I shall always remember in connection with the Dayton show was the class for park fours. We were show-

ing four bays with white markings: Hesitation and Consternation were in the wheel, with Revelation and Realization in the lead. For some reason the class was called much earlier than its scheduled time. Dave thought he had plenty of time, and so was in no hurry to get out on that afternoon. I was always afraid that I would miss something, so was there when the gates opened. The boys in the stable had been notified that the class would be called earlier, so the horses were all harnessed but standing in their stalls. It was almost time for the class, and still Dave had not arrived. I was so nervous that I had almost worn out my shoes walking to the gate looking for him. I told the boys to hitch the wheelers to the coach, and I would drive them around a bit, as they sometimes took quite a hold if they were feeling too fresh. Dave had had his collarbone broken the previous winter, and it bothered him when the horses pulled. Dave got there about the same time the class was called, so there was a great deal of rushing around to get the leaders hitched and get down to the ring. I was going to get off the coach as I wanted to watch the class from the ground, but for some unknown reason, Dave wanted me to ride with him. I seldom chew gum because it was one of my Daddy's pet aversions, and I had been told ever since I was old enough to remember that it was a very unladylike thing to do. But sometimes I was troubled with indigestion, and a friend suggested chewing gum. Being a little upset by the changes in the program is probably what caused me to feel the need of gum then. I fully intended to get rid of it before we left the stable, but in the hurry and excitement I forgot all about it.

In the grand rush the horses were not bitted as they should have been, and, too, I think that nervous people make nervous horses; so when we drove down in front of the judge, the "ions" were not working as well as they usually did. I'll never forget how nice Mr. Taylor was to us. He knew that the class had been called ahead of the scheduled time and seemed to realize that we had had to rush to get in the ring, so he told us to drive up the track a little distance, get the horses straight-



Revelation, Realization, Consternation, and Hesitation

ened out, and then come back. Those words were surely music to our ears. All four of the horses were taking hold, and Dave's arm was beginning to bother him. We stopped, and the boys tightened the curb chains. We started out again, and after going a short distance, Dave said, "My arm is numb, and I can't hold them any longer." I said, "Give them to me, and I'll see what I can do."

By that time the horses had had enough work to take the edge off them; besides, Revie never pulled when I was driving. It seemed that he knew the minute I took hold of the reins. I always talk to my horses, but that day I pleaded with them to behave. They seemed to understand because they let loose their bits, and the four horses came down in front of the grandstand moving in perfect unison. We drove a figure eight, and they never made a bobble. Luck was certainly with me on that afternoon. Mr. Taylor gave our four the blue, and I honestly think they deserved it.

I was thrilled and excited, and people were most kind, coming up to congratulate me. When I went to our box, these were the words with which my Little Mother greeted me: "Loula Long, I was never so ashamed of you in all my life." I gasped, and exclaimed: "Ashamed of me? Why, Mother, didn't you see us win the blue ribbon?" Mother said: "All I could see was you chewing gum. The faster your horses trotted, the harder you chewed that gum." It made such a lasting impression that, if Mother still knows what I am doing, she knows that she will never have to be ashamed of me again for chewing gum in public.

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OF ALL the shows we have attended, I think the Devon Horse Show and County Fair, held in Devon, Pennsylvania, is by far the most distinctive. The setting is so lovely for a show, and it is most unusual in many ways. For many years it has been given for the benefit of the Bryn Mawr Hospital and has been able to turn over goodly sums to that fine institution.

The jumping and harness classes have always been exceptionally good at the Devon show. The outside jumping course is unusual, adding greatly to interest in the jumping classes. I always enjoyed the classes in which time counted when the horses were jumping over the outside course. I always associate Mr. Isaac H. Clothier, Jr., with those classes as he was keenly interested in that part of the show.

We showed for the first time in Devon in 1920. Mr. Robert A. Fairbairn and Mr. E. von der Horst Koch were the judges for the heavy-harness horses. There have been many changes during the years we have been going there; and each time that we have returned, new improvements have greeted us. There have also been many changes in the exhibitors since our first time there. I don't believe there was a single harness stable

exhibiting there on our last visit that was there in 1920. On our first trip to Devon we were stabled across the road from the show grounds. It was a large stable and, if I remember correctly, had been used for stabling polo ponies at one time. The ring was a lovely grass one: at least it was lovely the first day, before it was all cut up by the horses' feet. Attractive little shops were scattered around near the ring, but there were not as many of them as there are today. Everyone who has eaten in the cafeteria will look forward to going there again. It was all very delightful, and each year we were sorry when the show was over. We met many interesting and friendly people during the years we showed in Devon.

We spent many happy days as house guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Wanamaker, Jr. Some people have strange ideas about rivalry in the show ring; and while we were guests in the Wanamaker home, someone said to me, "I just can't understand how you and the Wanamakers can be such good friends outside the show ring when there is such keen rivalry between your two stables." Well, I can't understand why anyone wouldn't know that there is such a thing as friendly rivalry. I certainly wouldn't enjoy showing horses if I couldn't feel that the other exhibitors were my friends. In fact, once when Dave was driving our own horse and I was driving a horse belonging to someone else, I thoroughly enjoyed trying to beat him. When we were showing The King, I often drove a little bay roadster belonging to Mr. Don Riley, the man from whom we purchased The King. Jane Bogle was the name of the mare. She had more speed than The King, but she was a little on the plain side. I would try my very best to beat Dave, but, worse luck, I was never able to do it. Many people couldn't understand why I tried so hard to beat my own horse. I felt that if I could drive Jane Bogle well enough to beat Dave and The King, that would have been something worth talking about.

Judge Moore was the dean of heavy-harness-horse exhibitors on our first visits to Devon. When I first met Judge Moore,

George Chipchase was his stable manager, but in later years Walter Holtam was in charge. I first saw Seaton Pippin at the Devon show when she was a colt. I well remember the morning Walter came to our stable and said that he had a colt he would like to show me. He said, "Mrs. Combs, it is the kind of colt you like. It is a bay with white markings and as fine as a saddle colt." She was a beautiful little thing and had a great deal of natural style. After Judge Moore's death, when many of his horses were to be sold, I wrote to Walter and asked him for a price on Pippin, Harmony, and one other; but he replied that those three were not for sale. While I was disappointed, I was also pleased to think that my judgment was good, because they considered those three the best horses in their stable. Seaton Pippin fulfilled all the early promise she gave as a colt and was one of the most beautiful harness horses I ever saw; she won many blue ribbons and championships when shown by Mrs. Paul Moore and also by Walter Holtam.

Miss Isabella Wanamaker was showing her harness and saddle horses, which were winners wherever shown; and, as usual, Billy Pinch had them raring to go.

What fun it was to be a guest of Miss Gwen Martin for luncheon, served on top of her coach, parked beside the ring. We could watch the interesting classes and enjoy Miss Martin's hospitality at the same time.

And what nice times everyone had at the parties in the charming home of Mrs. Jane Gordon Fletcher. I remember Mrs. Fletcher's driving her father's (Mr. Charles E. Coxe) prize-winning hackneys when she was a young girl. It's too bad that such a wonderful whip as she is doesn't have hackneys along with her saddle horses. If Mrs. Fletcher and Walter Graham, who has so successfully shown and trained her saddle horses, would do as well with hackneys, they would be a great addition to the harness classes.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Macy Willets were regular exhibitors at this show, and their well-known ponies received their share of ribbons. When I first saw their ponies in the ring, Andrew

Little was their trainer, but for some time Dean Bigford has been in charge of the high-steppers from Cassilis Farm. The high-stepping ponies of Mr. Charles N. Hancher were also there with their trainer, Dick High, driving them to win numerous ribbons. Mrs. J. S. Sylvester, too, always enjoyed showing her horses at this attractive show held in May.

In later years Judy King was there, showing her hackney horses and ponies. Everyone enjoyed Judy and her Southern accent. Mary Fisher showed her beautiful saddle horses—I have never seen anyone who could outshow Mary on a three- or five-gaited horse. What a pretty picture she made, riding her game little chestnut gelding, Royal Irish, and riding on a sidesaddle. Mary was a natural-born horsewoman, and it was a joy to see her ride. The Devon show attracted people from all parts of the country. Judy's home is in Atlanta, Georgia, and Mary lives in Detroit, Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Dick, Jr., brought their great hackney ponies from Lake Forest, Illinois. Billie Hunter was in charge of their ponies and developed many winners for the Dickfield Farm. Highland Cora was one he trained, and she was an outstanding pony for several years.

Others from the Midwest included the Bridgeford brothers. I have known those two men (I started to say "boys," for they always seem like boys to me) for many years. They have proved themselves to be horsemen of the highest type. Reed is in charge of the harness horses of Mrs. James B. Johnson, Jr., of Rochester, Michigan. In fact, he was with Mrs. Johnson when she was Miss Frances Dodge, and the success of her harness horses is due to this fine young man. Lane was with the Carnation Farms for some time, but he has deserted the hackneys and gone to the runners.

Mrs. Johnson has shown a number of times at the Devon show. Any show that attracts her stable is indeed fortunate, for she has an outstanding one. Perhaps I should say *the* outstanding stable, as she shows hackney horses, hackney ponies, three- and five-gaited horses, as well as roadsters, and, until

very recently, showed Shetlands, too. Mrs. Johnson is equally at home, whether riding or driving a horse, or on the back of a trotter. She holds the world's record for a trotter under the saddle, which she made when she rode Greyhound a mile in 2′ 13¼″. Jimmie Johnson is also a splendid reinsman, whether behind a hackney or a trotter. Wallace Bailey was the head of the saddle-horse department of the Dodge stables, and did a grand job with all those beautiful horses. I have never seen better mannered horses, which is a splendid recommendation for a trainer.

E. J. Lehman, of Chicago, enjoyed showing his saddle horses and hunters in Devon, and John R. Thompson was another exhibitor who won many ribbons at this unique show.

The Heyl Pony Farm, of Washington, Illinois, had entries at all the big shows, so, of course, that includes Devon. The Heyl Pony Farm is really Harley and Ione Heyl. It is a real pleasure to see both brother and sister at a show or any other place. They are both sincere lovers of horses and know how to show them; anything they show is turned out to perfection. Many of the exhibitors from the part of the country in which I live will always seem like youngsters to me, since I have watched them grow up from childhood. My earliest recollection of Harley is at a show held in Denver. He was attending with his father, who was a judge. He was, I imagine, in his late teens and was extremely shy, but not too shy to have a sweetheart. I invited them to sit in the box with us one evening, and thought I was being the perfect chaperon when I sat in the back of the box. Since then I have learned that a well-trained chaperon takes the front seat. Harley and his sweetheart must have talked with their eyes, because I never heard them say a word all evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Browne, Jr., came from Orange, Texas, with their fine hackney ponies and took many blue ribbons home with them. Pete McDonald was their trainer for several years, but later Billy Black was in charge of the Pinehurst stable.

It was a great compliment to the Devon show when Mrs. William Roth, of San Francisco, California, shipped her horses all the way across the United States to make that one show. Mrs. Roth has done much for shows all over the country. When I first met her, she was riding and showing saddle horses, but the last time we met in Devon, she was driving hackneys; her attractive twin daughters, Lurline and Bernice, were showing saddle horses in the ladies' and amateur classes; and Frank Heathman was doing the riding in the open classes. Two of the best known saddle horses owned by Mrs. Roth were the beautiful gray mare, Sweetheart on Parade, and the great parader, Chief of Longview, shown by Lonnie Hayden in faultless style. Never, before or since that time, have I seen two such outstanding saddle horses in one stable. Everett Everett was in charge of the harness horses from the Why Worry Farm. Everett had been driving harness horses for quite some time. I first saw him when he was with Mr. C. W. Watson, of Baltimore, Maryland, who owned the then famous Lord Baltimore, Kittie Gray, and Chatterbox. Everett has a nice light pair of hands, which is an essential for a man who trains horses for a woman exhibitor. In the old days it was a treat to see Everett driving a park four.

In recent years Mrs. L. Victor Wiel added much to the Devon show by exhibiting her champion saddle horses and hackneys. Mrs. Wiel showed her hackneys, as well as her unbeatable harness mare, Vanity, while Frank Connor gathered in the blue and championship ribbons with saddle horses from the Fair City Stables. Frank is another trainer who always had his horses perfectly mannered, showing them as only an expert can.

I had seen coaching marathons for horses, but it was at Devon that I first saw a marathon for pony fours, and it was a lovely sight. Mr. Van Sinderen, driving his four roans to a perfectly appointed pony coach, Mr. Gambrill up behind his blacks, and a four from the Fox Hill Farm took part in the race. It was in the ring at Devon that I first saw Glenholme

Sovereign. To me he was almost perfection for a ladies' class. Archie Williamson certainly deserves great credit for the way he develops and shows those fine young ponies from the Glenholme Farm.

Mr. Webster Knight was another horse lover who enjoyed showing his horses at this popular show. Fred Marsman, who did the training and showing for Mr. Knight, seemed especially to enjoy driving a four-in-hand. Mrs. Marsman was also an excellent whip.

The beautiful saddle horses of Mrs. Samuel H. Schiffer showed under the name of the Kilkare Farm and were ridden in the open classes by Arno Funger, who always had them fit and ready to meet all comers. Mrs. Schiffer showed her horses in the amateur and ladies' classes very successfully.

Among other exhibitors in later years in the harness classes were Miss Rose Lawler, Mrs. Louis Kaiser, Mrs. William McColl, Mrs. William Cox, Mrs. Carl H. Hanna, Dean Bedford, Jr., Miss Gwen Martin, Mr. Russell Hoyt, Mr. Alfred Maclay, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Strong, and many others. Mr. John Cuneo came, with his hackney horses and ponies, from Chicago and furnished keen competition in every class they entered. Debonair Jack Sullivan was the one to bring horses from the Hawthorne Farms into the ring, and Jack not only prided himself on having his horses perfectly appointed, but took the same pride in his personal appearance.

The hunter classes were exceptionally well filled at the Devon show. Sir Clifford Sifton, the Eaton Stables, Muriel Cleland, and Murray Fleming brought their splendid hunters from Canada to compete with the outstanding horses in this country. I can recall a few of the women that rode in those classes; Mrs. William du Pont, on her beautiful hunter, Witchcraft; Mrs. A. E. Rubens, looking so tiny on her big horses and so cute walking around the show grounds leading her two miniature Doberman pinschers; Patricia du Pont, on her perfectly mannered King Vulture; Deborah Rood, on a lovely gray, which she rode beautifully; "Liz" Whitney, showing her fine

hunters and riding them with dash; Mrs. Bernard F. Gimbel and her daughters, winning many ribbons with their hunters. Mr. Isaac Clothier was always well represented in the hunter classes. I wish I had time to mention more of the great hunters and riders I have seen in the ring at Devon but I must get on with my story.

All the exhibitors of harness horses are greatly indebted to Mr. William Wanamaker, Jr., for the interest he has taken in the harness end of the Devon show. His interest continued long after he stopped showing. It was largely due to his untiring efforts that the excellent ring was made, and many exhibitors call it the Wanamaker Oval.

For years we had two Boston bulldogs, Merry Legs and Gin, who traveled from one coast to the other with our horses. To me they were as much a part of the appointments in my lady's phaeton as were the whip, lap robe, and raincoat. They seemed almost like a trade-mark for our stable, and year after year people would come to the tack room to see my two little pets. Both are gone now, and I will never have another pair of Bostons to fill their place. They lived to be twelve years old. It is said that one year of a dog's life is equal to seven years in a person's; and if that is true, they were little old ladies of eighty-four when they went away. They are buried in the yard, and I often put flowers on their graves. I suppose that many people will think it silly to feel that way about them, but I don't. I spent many, many happy hours with those two small dogs, and they loved me with an unfaltering trust.

One year we had a new companion for the Bostons. This latest member of our traveling troupe was a tiny runt pig of the Duroc Jersey breed, which had hair, or, I should say "bristles," of a reddish hue. We called the little runt "Mary." Perhaps you are wondering how we ever happened to call a pig by such a sweet old-fashioned name. This is the story: We had a young girl in the house by the name of Mary, and she had lovely light auburn hair. When I came through the

kitchen with my new pet, the cook said, "Why, that pig has hair the same color as Mary's," so, then and there, Mary Turner had a pig for a namesake.

It's remarkable how quickly a pig becomes a pet. Mary was kept in the room with the dogs, but she took her nourishment

Mary and Her Little Cousin

from a bottle, and how that little pig would squeal when I appeared with her food. In a few days she was my shadow and soon was as much at home on oriental rugs as she would have been in a hog wallow. She loved the dogs, and it was amusing to see her run and play with them.

I thought perhaps the folk in the Quaker State might be shocked to see a pig following a woman around, but Mary was belle of the ball, so to speak, and got more press notices than any horse in the show. Of course, Mary couldn't give her

autograph, but she was much in demand, because many people wished to be photographed with her. In fact, she was so popular that someone donated a little pig of the same breed on which chances were sold, and the money was given to the hospital fund.

One afternoon Billy Pinch was showing a flashy roan horse belonging to Mr. Wanamaker. It was a very handsome animal and just missed being a top show horse. Just as the class entered the ring, in dashed a little red pig, and try as they would, no one could catch the rascal. Mr. Wanamaker's horse must have been a city horse, unaccustomed to seeing farm animals, because the sight of the pig so excited him that he made the greatest show of his career and won the blue ribbon.

After several unsuccessful efforts to capture the pig, they came and asked me if I would please catch Mary. But I knew as soon as I saw the intruder that it wasn't my Mary; it was a *he* pig.

One of the Philadelphia papers carried this clipping about Mary:

> Mary, Mrs. Loula Long Combs's pet red pig, again broke into the public eye and tore around the crowded oval in pursuit of her owner's pair of harness horses entered in Class 53. Mary dodged in and out between the horses' hoofs, and ducked the waving arms and straw hats of her pursuers until she was finally captured after a chase among the cottages of the country fair. Mary is fast becoming the "publicity pig." She began her limelight career yesterday when she was admired and photographed as she trotted past the grandstand at the heels of her mistress. Today she nearly upset one of the feature events on the card by her fine running through a broken field. Great things are expected of Mary during the remainder of the show.

When Mary grew a little larger, I sent her over to the stable, where she was allowed to roam as she pleased. We then had several Russian wolfhounds, and it was a strange sight to see her out hunting with them. She was so fat that it was an effort for her to run, but she was game. She would run a short dis-

tance, then flop down and rest a bit, then she would be off again, but she could never catch up with the dogs; however, as long as they were in sight, she seemed satisfied.

At that time we were raising purebred hogs and often had as many as seven hundred and fifty. Hog raising was a matter of sentiment with my Daddy. Can you imagine anyone being sentimental about hogs? Well, this is how it happened. The very first money Daddy ever made when a young lad was from the sale of a runt pig which his father had given him. Daddy was so impressed with the amount of money he received for his pig that he made up his mind that if he ever owned a farm, he would certainly go into the pig-raising business. We won many blue ribbons as well as championships with our hogs, but soon after the end of World War I, Daddy decided to go out of the pig business.

Soon Mary was too large to be running and squealing around the stable, so we sent her over to one of the hog barns. It really was pathetic to see her; she didn't realize that she was a pig and was unhappy with her own kind. When she would see a person or a dog, she would become very excited and run up and down by the fence, hoping to get out. I hadn't seen her for six months, but one day I happened to be in one of the hog barns, and the man in charge said, "Mary is coming in with a bunch of pigs, so wait and see if you will know her." I answered, "All pigs look alike to me, and I wouldn't know Mary from the others." I had a Boston with me whose name was Billy Sunday, and he was the dog which Mary had picked for a pal when she was a "house pig." Believe it or not, I knew that big fat pig as soon as she came through the gate. I never realized until then that a pig had any expression on its face, but Mary's face was really different from the rest. It actually became animated when she saw us. I called her by name, and she came lumbering over to us as fast as she could. You never heard or saw such carrying-on. She jumped, whirled around, squealed, and grunted. I suppose she was talking pig Latin. She was so happy to see Billy Sunday, but since she had grown

so large, he was afraid of her, and you couldn't blame him. It really made me feel sad when I saw how that poor dumb animal longed to be with human beings, and I decided that I would never again make a pet of a pig or any other animal that I couldn't keep with me as long as it lived.

The first year or two we showed in Devon the prize money was handed to the exhibitor in an envelope before the ribbon was fastened to the horse's bridle. Miss Constance Vauclain was showing The Whip, and for several years the beautiful mare had been undefeated. Naturally, it was the ambition of all the exhibitors of harness horses to find an animal good enough to be placed over this great mare. Dave was driving Animation in the same class, and it was a class for high steppers. Tommy Clark handed out the envelopes on that afternoon: as he gave one to Dave, he said, "Dave, you should feel very happy, because Animation is winner of this class." Dave had a right to feel happy, for when he bought the mare she was being shown as a roadster and he had developed her into a champion heavy-harness horse. The day Dave bought Animation from Mr. Jones in Brampton, Canada, Mr. Jones said, "Now, mark my words, when you get this mare ready, she will beat The Whip." At that time we thought his prophecy too good to be true. It was too bad that Mr. Jones didn't live to see his prediction come true, because he would have been proud to know that the chestnut mare came up to his expectations, as the following clipping will show:

MRS. COMBS' HORSE DEFEATS THE WHIP

Western Entry Outshines Miss Vauclain's Famous Chestnut on Last Day of Devon Show

Women Lead in Honors

Feminine exhibitors led the field in honors won at the concluding events of Devon's biggest and most colorful Horse Show today.

Twelve of the eighteen blues carried off during the morning and early afternoon went to women owners or riders.

Miss Frances Powell, Miss Mary du Pont, Mrs. Charles A. Munn, Jr., and Miss Isabella Wanamaker were among the Philadelphia and Main Line blue ribbon takers.

Mrs. J. K. Dering, of Chicago; Mrs. Loula Long Combs, of Kansas City; Mrs. S. Peabody of Hinsdale, Ill., and Mrs. Frank P. Garvan, of New York, were the visiting winners.

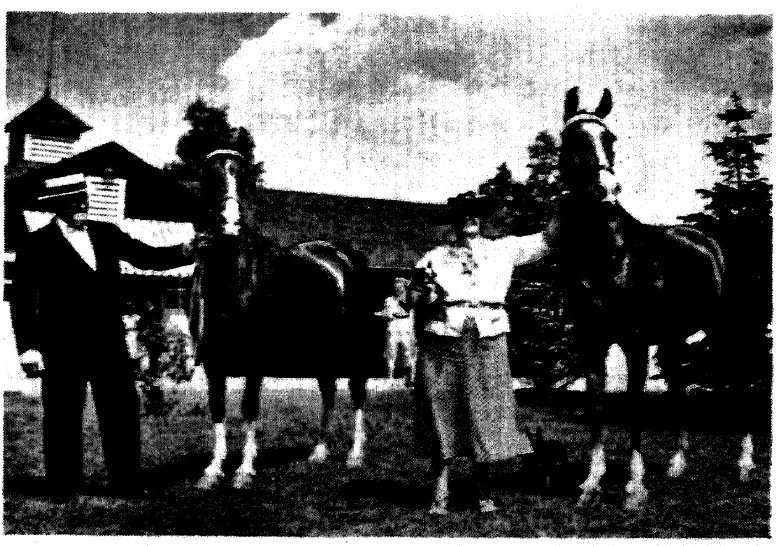
Of these, Mrs. Combs scored most dramatically with Animation defeating Miss Constance Vauclain's champion, The Whip, and winning in two other events. Mrs. Peabody and Miss Powell both won two first ribbons.

The award to Animation was made after long study by judges who required extra rounds of the ring by both before they announced their decision. The Whip was awarded second place. Both Mrs. Combs and Miss Vauclain drove in the event.

Mrs. Combs' entry, Reputation, won an earlier blue in the class for harness horses, 15 hands and over, defeating a noted rival in Ruxton, Harry Newman's entry, which won the red.

Animation's victory came as a surprise to the many spectators who have learned to regard The Whip as almost invincible. The Whip "broke" several times in the class in which style, conformation and action counted.

Seldom has the always picturesque Devon show risen to as colorful a climax as it reached today. The program of the afternoon was replete with ovations. Apart from the regular classes an exhibition event for road coach and four was held.



Captivation and Invasion

The last year we showed in Devon, 1940, was the first and only time we have ever shown in the hackney pony breeding classes. We were very much pleased with the showing made by our home-bred ponies. We were first in the class for two by the same sire, first for two out of the same dam, first for the best five ponies in hand, first in the two-year-old filly class, and finished up with our two-year-old being champion pony mare of the show. I think we had cause to feel pleased, don't you?

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REVELATION speaking:

In January of 1925 we went to the Denver show, as we usually did each year. At that time I was nineteen years old, and although I did not feel old, I found that I did not have as much endurance as I once had. Somehow it was harder to pick my feet up as high as I could a few years before.

The night came for the gig class. I usually won that class but I realized that I was slipping and would have to try harder than ever before, which I did. The judges gave me the blue (I have often wondered if I really deserved it) and then they asked the others to leave the ring and asked my mistress to line me up in the center of the ring. That upset me, as I was usually the first one out the gate, so I pawed and fidgeted around like a colt until someone came and stood at my head. Then a man began speaking over a loud-speaker. I shall just copy the write-up from the paper, as I never could remember it all. Here it is, as it appeared in the *Breeder's Gazette*, April 23, 1925.

REVELATION THE WONDER HORSE

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant," was the life sentence pronounced on the wonder horse Revelation by the judge, Walter Palmer, at the late Denver Horse Show, as he pinned on the steed's

bridle the last blue ribbon that he will ever carry out of a show ring. Revelation, as this incomparable horse was undoubtedly correctly named, has been perhaps the best-known and most beloved harness horse that has ever pranced over the tanbark in America, and his record of prize winning has never been equaled.

A Standardbred bay gelding, he was purchased from the Tichenor and Grand Stables in Chicago nearly 20 years ago by Mrs. Loula Long Combs of Kansas City, Mo. He won his first blue ribbon at the Denver Horse Show 15 years ago, and in the years that have rolled by since then he has appeared in the rings from Madison Square Garden to the Pacific Coast, and at all of the important shows in the north and south between these two points.

Few of the 8,000 persons who crowded the stadium of the Denver Horse Show on the evening of Jan. 22 last knew that this was to be the last public appearance of the horse that they had learned to love. As Revelation appeared with Loula Long Combs at the reins, a storm of applause from the audience arose, as this horse was entered in a gig horse event. A blue ribbon was pinned on his bridle. As the other entries drove out of the ring, the judges asked Mrs. Combs to remain in the ring for a moment. She had no intimation of what was to happen. The shrill notes of the band stopped suddenly, and the judges and ring attendants removed their hats to do homage to the winner of the blue. The audience immediately sensed the fact that something unusual was about to take place. The din of conversation died away, and a silence came over the huge oval which would have made a whisper audible. H. W. Hailey began to speak, his voice amplified by the loud speaker, and in a short address rivaling the late Missouri Senator Geo. G. Vest's tribute to a dog, he told a story that brought tears into the eyes of thousands:

"It is with a feeling of mingled joy and sorrow that we pause for a moment to pay homage to the world's best-known and most popular harness horse. Fifteen years ago in this arena, a 4-year-old colt made his initial bow to a horse show audience. Tonight, by a strange prank of fate, we are confronted by a condition unparalleled in the history of the show ring. The lady who drove that young horse to victory, the judge who awarded the ribbon and the splendid animal that we please to honor are again with us. Through all the changing years, nearly every one of which has marked his appearance in Denver, the name of Revelation has become a household word wherever man's best friend is known and honored, and revered. A thousand equine stars have come and gone and been forgotten. Fame and fortune unpurchasable have come to this fair owner through his

constancy. Countless ribbons have been affixed to his bridle, and countless thousands have been charmed by his beauty and versatility. The name of Revelation stands for honesty and sincerity and intensity of purpose. Those who know him best love him most. He is easily the most picturesque and best-loved show horse in all the world. Tonight he stands before us for the last time, full of years and of honor. When those gates close behind him, his show ring career will have ended, and the tanbark ring will know him no more. At the end of the week, he will be returned home to dream away his declining years beneath the azure skies of old Missouri in the luxuriant pastures of Longview Farm."

Mr. Hailey then read several verses written by Walter Palmer, who, besides being one of the country's most noted judges of harness horses, is also the author of several volumes of verse:

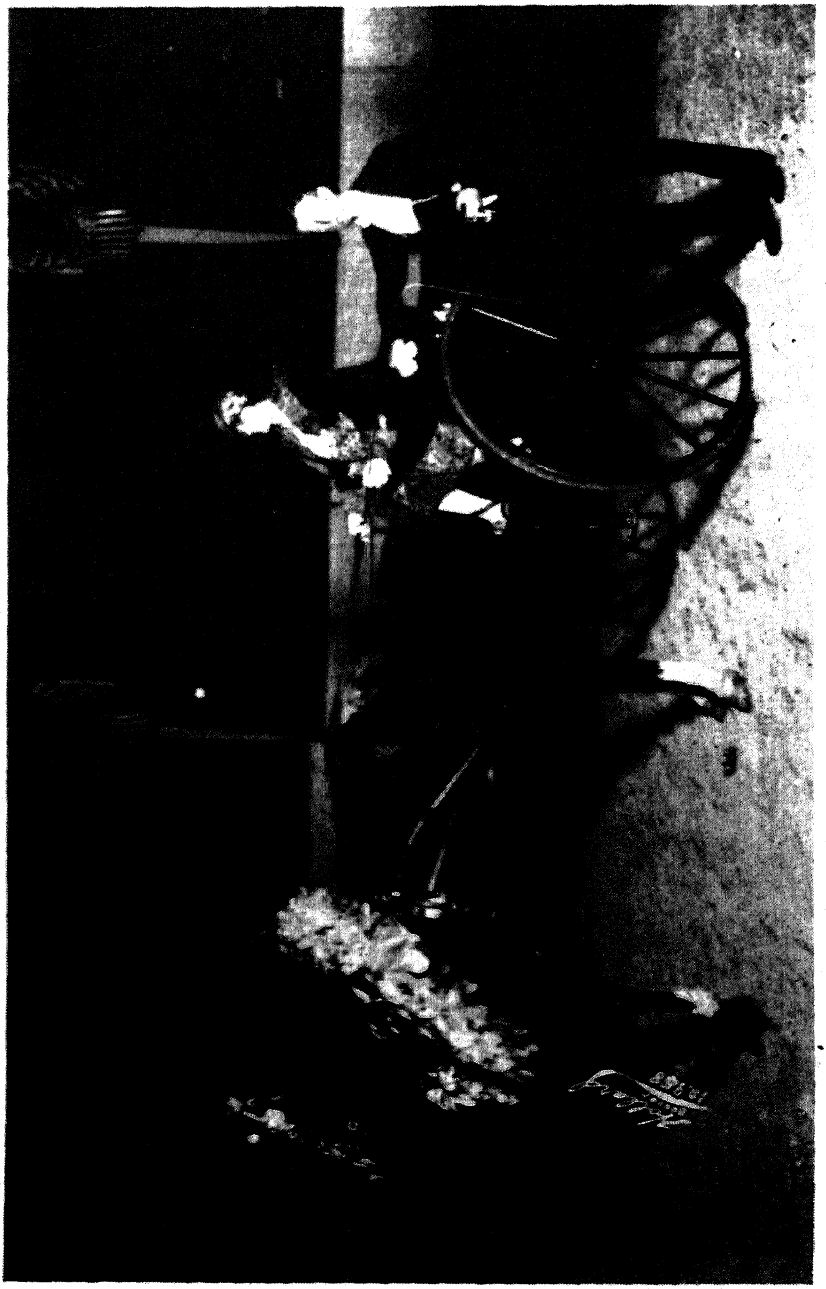
"Goodbye, Old Pal; the parting gives me pain;
No more I'll see you prance around the ring;
No more you'll feel her touch upon the rein
Or hear the multitudes proclaim you king.

"Goodbye, Old Pal; the tears unbidden start;
I placed you first so many years ago,
And O! you've played so wonderful a part
Among the steeds that have been mine to know.

"Goodbye, Old Pal; I would not have you stay;
I grant you this last blue and vainly sigh.
And then I'll gladly speed you on your way:
Goodbye, Old Pal; Goodbye! Goodbye."

Mrs. Combs dropped her head and wept. The gate opened, and two attendants brought a huge floral horse-shoe into the arena. Revelation became impatient at the delay, such as he had never known to occur at any show before. He pricked up his sensitive ears and began to prance nervously as the attendants placed the floral tribute around his shoulders. From beneath the stands, where the Longview horses were quartered, came the sobs of a hostler, who, unable to witness the retirement of his idol, had thrown himself upon a cot, across the aisle from Revelation's stall, and with his head buried in his arms, could not restrain his emotions. In another moment, at a slight touch of the reins, Revelation was "Off" again on his last round on the tanbark, and as the gates closed behind him, there ended the glorious career of the world's most admired show horse.

—Paul E. Kendall, Jackson County, Mo.



Revelation's Farewell to the Show Ring

It really was a great honor, for I was the first show horse ever to be given a farewell party during a show and in the presence of a large audience.

It was quite a coincidence that I made my first and my last show in Denver, that the same person had owned and shown me during all those fifteen years, and that Mr. Walter Palmer had given me my first and last blue ribbon.

I must admit that I felt very sad that night after all the excitement was over. I enjoyed the thrills that went with showing, and winning ribbons never grew to be an old story with me, but now, such things are only happy memories to keep as long as I live.

I have always had my own paddock on the south side of the show stable. It is an ideal place for there are large shade trees which I have enjoyed so much when the weather was hot. In cold weather I spent most of the time in the stable, just stepping out in the paddock for a little while in the middle of the day.

I have spent many pleasant hours reliving some of the exciting times we had at shows and I must admit that I have missed the excitement I felt when winning a ribbon.

My mistress must have thought that I was lonely, because one day they put a little mare in the paddock with me. Her name was Baby List. She, too, had served my mistress faithfully for a number of years and was to enjoy a carefree life as long as she lived. It was nice having someone with whom I could talk. I never knew a more lovable animal. She was sweet and gentle and never said an unkind thing about the other horses. I grew very fond of her indeed and considered her mine.

One day the gate opened, and in walked Buck, a twelve two pony. He was a comical little fellow, and seeing him in his stall or in the paddock, one would never dream that he was a great show pony: when he was in harness, it was another story. I never saw a pony that could use his hocks like Buck,

nor one that could put his knee higher. And the little fellow didn't know the meaning of the word "quit." If he had to make two or three shows in one evening, he would show as much courage in the last class as he did in the first. Buck's show name was "Fascination" and he was well named, because he fascinated all who saw him and won dozens of blue ribbons. He had an attractive mate, whose name was "Fashion." She was a dainty little miss and, with Fascination, was unbeatable for several years as a pair and in the tandem classes.

Buck was an impudent little rascal. He came trotting over to where Baby List and I were standing and started right in trying to win Baby away from me. He was so brazen about it that I lost my temper and decided to teach the little runt a lesson that he would not soon forget. So I hauled off and intended to let him feel the sting of my heels good and hard. I should have realized that I was too old to be acting like a silly youngster. In trying to kick, I dislocated my stifle and was lame for a long time. That taught me a lesson, and after that I controlled my temper and tried to behave in a manner becoming to my age.

One day a bunch of colts were put in the paddock next to mine, and they were a bold lot. The old saying, "Blood will tell," is certainly a true one and was proved by one of those colts. He was the son of Carnation, so it was not surprising that he behaved differently from the other little roughnecks. I am sure his mother had given him a lot of good advice because she was a real lady. She had been a champion in England before she came here but was always humble and modest and never even mentioned the many ribbons she had won.

There was an unusually pretty chestnut filly with white markings in the bunch, but she seemed shy and didn't have much to do with the others. After they ran and played until they were tired, they came over and stood by the fence that separated their paddock from mine. I was standing there

thinking about things that had happened when I was a colt and realizing what those colts had before them. I was hoping that their mothers had been as thoughtful in preparing them for their future as my mother had been with me.

One bold little bay colt said, "Look at that old has-been standing over there."

The little chestnut filly spoke up and said: "Aren't you ashamed of yourself for talking like that? Some day you will be old, and you won't enjoy being called a 'has-been.' And, anyway, you will never be able to do what that horse has done. I heard the men talking about him, and they said he had been a wonderful show horse and had won more blue ribbons than any horse that ever lived, and I think he is still handsome."

Then the bold little bay said: "Oh, who wants to be a show horse anyway? They are nothing but a bunch of sissies, standing in the stable with blankets over their bodies and funny-looking things around their necks. They have their feet washed every day, and when they go out for exercise, they pick their feet up high 'cause they're afraid they'll get some dirt on 'em."

Another little roughneck said that he would rather be a bucking bronco and go around to rodeos. He said the cowboy that could stick on his back would have to be a real rider 'cause he was going to have all kinds of tricks to throw 'em off.

Another wanted to be a race horse. But the shy little chestnut filly admitted that she would like to be a show horse. The others said, "Oh, you would; you're always posing around trying to look pretty, and picking your feet up high to keep those white legs clean."

I let them rave on and then said: "Youngsters, you have a lot to learn. If you belong to someone who really loves horses, you will be lucky to be a show horse. I know, because I have seen both sides. I lived on a farm and saw how hard my mother had to work, and I have been a show horse. Of course, there

are some things about being a show horse that are not pleasant, such as having your tail set and then cut off, but after you have lived as long as I have, you will realize that you can't amount to much without paying for it in some way. So take my advice, and when they break you, do your very best, and maybe you can be a show horse instead of having to pull a heavy wagon or a plow all day, or being sent to a riding school where all kinds of people would ride you. Some would be good to you, but others would treat you as though you had no feelings at all."

The hard-boiled ones said, "Oh, shucks," and walked away, talking among themselves. The little filly stayed, and after the others got far enough away that we could talk without being heard, I thanked her for standing up for the old "has-been." She really seemed embarrassed, because she had spoken to the little brats in such a low tone she was surprised that I heard what she said.

Then she began asking me what you had to do to become a show horse, and I told her as well as I could. I realized that she was unusually timid, so I tried to prepare her for what was in store for her. I told her that in the winter they would begin to break her and of the different things that would be done. She was such a nervous little thing that I felt sorry for her. I told her that there was nothing to dread as Johnny was very kind and patient with the youngsters.

We became great friends and spent many happy hours visiting together. She was a smart little thing and tried to do everything I told her. I noticed that she always stood with her head up, and when she trotted around the paddock, she practiced using both her knees and hocks. That winter Johnny broke her to harness, and when they turned her out in the spring, she came over to the fence and thanked me for telling her what to do, saying that, although she was very nervous, she had no trouble.

The tough little know-it-alls were quite subdued after their lessons in harness. I watched the chestnut filly with great interest, for I had never seen a youngster with so much promise. She seemed to have everything that was needed to make a success in the show ring. When she was three years old she told me that she had been named "Captivation" and asked if that sounded like a good name. I told her it couldn't be better, because it meant that our mistress believed she would captivate the judges as well as the audiences, and she does that very thing every time she goes into the ring. She won her first championship when she was four years old and has been winning ever since.

In 1935 I heard my mistress say that they were going to have a Gay Nineties class at the American Royal Show in Kansas City and that she was going to drive me. Ten years had passed since I had been in a show ring, and I actually felt a little timid because I was afraid my show ring manners would be somewhat rusty. Styles change in horse shows as well as in other things. But as the time drew near for the show, I began to feel the old thrill of expectancy. The boys spent a great deal of time fixing me up, and I thoroughly enjoyed it and almost forgot that I was an old man of twenty-nine. My mistress gave me a short drive every day, and it was remarkable how soon my coat began to take on its old-time luster. And maybe I imagined it, but it also seemed that my joints were not so stiff. When they took me to Kansas City in the truck, they drove very carefully. I felt that I must be very important.

When I was settled in my comfortable stall in the American Royal Building, many of my old admirers heard I was there and came down to see me, which made me very happy. It was nice not to be forgotten after being away ten years. The night of the class I was very excited; and when they were hitching me up, I was as nervous and fidgety as I was on that January night in 1910, when I was being hitched up to make my first appear-

ance in the show ring. And when the band began to play, I could hardly wait for the gates to swing open.

My mistress was all dressed up in a funny old-fashioned costume, with a huge hat trimmed in feathers. Actually I didn't know her until she spoke but I would know her voice any time, anywhere. The footman was faithful William, who had been with my mistress even before she started showing horses and who was now over seventy-five years old. When we got in the ring, the excitement of showing again got in my blood, and I found myself trying to go as I did when I was a youngster. William was also enjoying himself immensely, and my mistress seemed to be having a wonderful time, too. When they fastened the blue ribbon to my bridle, the years seemed to roll away, and I felt that I was again a young and dashing show horse.

Many people came down to the stall to see me after the class, and I heard more than one say that I was the proudest-looking horse they had ever seen. Perhaps they were just saying that to make me feel good, but I might as well 'fess up and admit that it did please me very much. No matter how old we are, we are never too old to appreciate kind words or kind deeds.

I was quite proud of all the nice write-ups the *Kansas City Times* gave about this show. My mistress kept this clipping about it:

BACK TO "GAY '90s"

Costumes at the American Royal
Recall the Horse Shows of long ago.
Sidesaddles and Boas.
Gibson Girl, Leg o'Mutton Sleeves,
Side Whiskers and Loud Checks match strange equipages.
Even a horse of the Past.
Mrs. Combs drives her Revelation,
Which began winning Blue ribbons in 1910.

The pages of horse show history were turned back last night, giving visitors to the American Royal a glimpse of "The Gay Nineties" and the men and women who were responsible for their gayety. It

was the last feature on the evening program and one of the most popular in the annals of the American Royal.

Into the arena swept a long procession of strange looking vehicles carrying ladies in even stranger looking costumes, men, in loud checks, side whiskers and coats of peculiar cut. Gibson girls in picture hats with willow plumes, leg o'mutton sleeves and wearing long feather boas drove their own smart traps or rode in drags, tallyhos or phaetons.

A Champion Horse of 1910

The first to enter was Mrs. Loula Long Combs driving her famous horse Revelation, who began winning blue ribbons for his owner in 1910 and captured more than 60 more before he was retired on his honors. Revelation was the first great show horse of Mrs. Combs's stables and he held the lead for many years. The cheers that greeted him and his owner-driver were renewed at every circuit of the ring.

In the basket phaeton behind the famous horse were not only Mrs. Combs, but also her first footman, William Nabb, now more than 76 years old. On the seat beside the driver sat a small girl in pigtails, on her lap a pug dog. Pug dogs were the doggiest of all pets in the nineties, and they have been out of fashion so long that there are rumors they are coming in again.

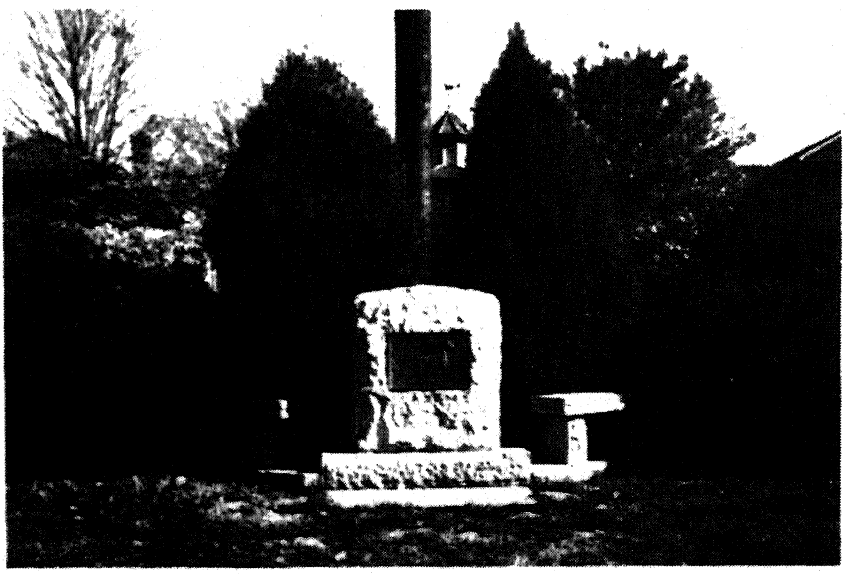
The second equipage to appear was a coach on which rode girls in baby blue satin frocks with plumes to match and the inevitable boas. A trap followed and a one-horse side bar buggy driven by Mrs. Ralph Peak in a sedate bonnet with ribbons tied under her chin.

I wish all horses' lives could be as happy as mine has been. And I owe much of that happiness to my mother back on the farm who told me always to do my very best at whatever task I was given. It's true that we get out of life just about what we put into it.

My mistress has a beautiful peaceful spot among lovely shade trees and stately evergreens, where her faithful horses go for their last sleep, but my last resting place is to be in front of the harness-horse stable, where I have spent so many happy years. I realize that for me the peaceful night is fast approaching.

Revelation died a month after the Kansas City show in 1935. He is buried in front of the harness-horse stable and has a monument designed by the sculptor, Joe Krstolich.

I thought that since Revie had lived to such a good old age, I wouldn't feel too sad when he went away, but anything a person loves never seems old, and one is never ready to see it go. Revie went away early one morning. We had friends for dinner that night, but I didn't even go to the table. There was such a big lump in my throat that I just couldn't swallow. I had lost one of the most faithful pals anyone ever had and I felt sad and lonely.



Revelation's Monument

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MY DADDY and Little Mother made my life one of such happiness that I had never known any sorrow greater than the loss of some animal that was dear to me. Practically my every wish was granted, and I knew nothing of sorrow in its deeper sense until Mother went away on November 24, 1928.

I had been with friends when such losses came to them, and I thought that I sympathized with them; but I had no real conception of their grief until Mother, after a few hours of suffering from a hitherto unsuspected heart condition, passed into that land from whence there is no return.

Mother, in her quiet sincere life of unfaltering, devoted service to her family, her friends, and her church, set us an example of the highest type of Christian. The friends who knew her best, loved her most, for she was kindness, gentleness, and love personified.

It was during the American Royal Horse Show in Kansas City that Mother left us. I shall never forget the kindness of friends who were there, or how I was touched by a simple act of sympathy—a great basket of flowers, placed each evening in our vacant box at the show.

This was the first break in our family. I came, after long months, to be reconciled to this loss; but since then there has

been an empty place in my heart which nothing could ever fill, for when the mother goes, the very heart of the home is silenced, and it is indeed a lonely place.

This mutual sorrow drew my Daddy and me even closer, if possible, than before. We turned one to the other in this time of need, and the bond of union strengthened between us.

Then on March 15, 1934, when my Daddy left me, a large part of my life went with him. He seemed to know even the thoughts in my mind and the longings of my heart, with an understanding that was almost superhuman.

I was not the only one who suffered a great loss, for Daddy had spent his life helping others—orphans, the aged, widows, and those in trouble. He was never too busy or too tired to listen to someone who needed help. He helped not only in a material way, but he also had a great and sympathetic heart and understood the problems of suffering humanity. By this God-given power he could encourage and strengthen others, giving them renewed hope and courage.

It was a bright sunny morning the day after my Daddy had gone, and I couldn't understand how it was possible for the sun to shine or birds to sing when Daddy wasn't there. Beautiful flowers came to the house that March day—lovely large wreaths, graceful sprays, and sweet little bouquets, each brought by someone my Daddy had befriended; all were a tribute to a great soul, a true Christian who had practiced the Golden Rule every day of his life.

For weeks, even months, after that unforgettable day in March, I was absolutely numb, felt not the slightest interest in my surroundings and, like a wounded animal, I wanted to hide in a dark place and be left alone. Only faith in the certainty of reunion in the hereafter guided me out of this grief. Too, the understanding of my husband helped immeasurably through those dark days.

After several months I resumed my morning visits to the stable. My pets seemed to understand that I was sad and

lonely. They tried in their way to comfort me, and being out in the sunshine with my favorite horses seemed to soothe my tired and aching nerves.

The horse show was to be held the end of October. At first I felt that I could not show, but Daddy had always said that he wanted us to go on living normal lives when he was gone, so I tried, although nothing seemed normal without him.

Two days before the show, we sold 122 saddle-bred horses. I was still so dazed that I didn't realize that I would feel so bad about seeing them go. Although the sale was held on the farm, I could not get up courage to attend.

If I live to be a thousand years old, I shall never forget the first time I drove in the show that year. I didn't know what to do. I wanted to drive but I was afraid that people might not understand, thinking that I was not showing proper respect to my Daddy.

I drove Adulation and Admiration to my phaeton, with my two devoted little Bostons on the seat beside me. The horses and dogs seemed to sense that things were different, and I had a feeling that they were trying to help me through a difficult time.

As soon as we were in the ring, the applause followed us all the way around; it impressed me as muffled applause, understanding applause. I felt as if everyone in that large audience had silently reached out and gripped my hand. No one will ever know what it meant to me. When I left the ring, there was a lump in my throat and mist before my eyes, but my heart had been warmed by those understanding people.

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WHEN the Farm was in the early stages of development, we had the first big gathering of note. We entertained the American Bankers Association with a picnic on September 27, 1916. Headlines of a clipping from the *Kansas City Times* of that date give in a nutshell the facts concerning this picnic: "Picnic to 6,000 Bankers"; "Biggest party ever given the Association an official says"; "To Longview and back the 1,200 loaded motor cars were driven without a mishap—crowd exceeded that expected."

A few statistics may also be of interest: number of guests, 6,000; number of cars, 1,200; number of miles traveled, 52; number of show horses, 115; number of Jersey cattle, 235.

Here are a few excerpts from the clippings:

The biggest entertainment ever given to the American Bankers' Association was staged at Longview, twenty-five miles from Kansas City yesterday. "There has never been anything to equal it," George Lewis of the Public relations department of the Bankers Association said, "It was the most unique entertainment we ever had. The largest previous attempt at giving a luncheon was at Seattle when two thousand were served."

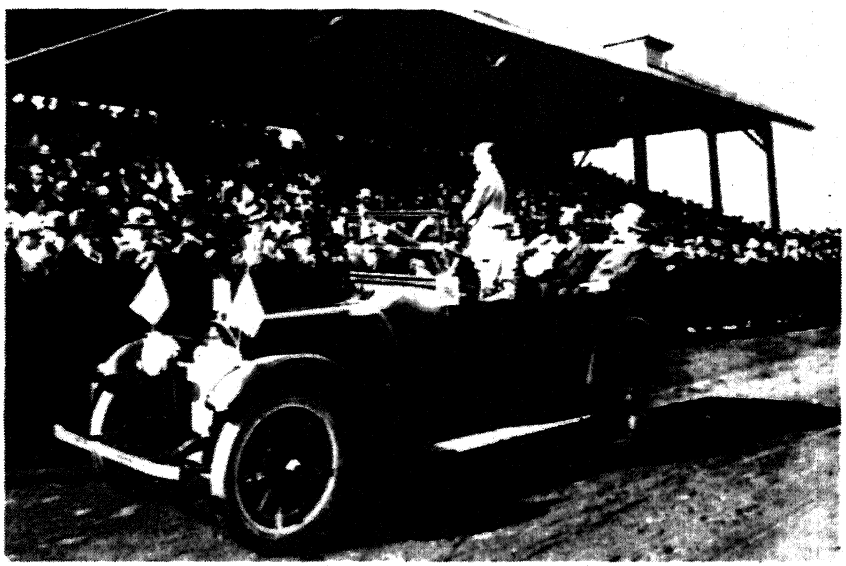
There were six thousand present when the horse show began on the ½ mile track in the natural amphitheater. They overflowed the

Log Club House and the grandstand and filled the slopes on the edge of the track.

It was a typical picnic on a huge scale. Everybody breezed around and greeted everybody else with a hearty handshake and a slap on the back.

The utmost good humor prevailed. R. A. Long, the host, laughed and said, "The more the merrier."

The picnic luncheon was a huge success.

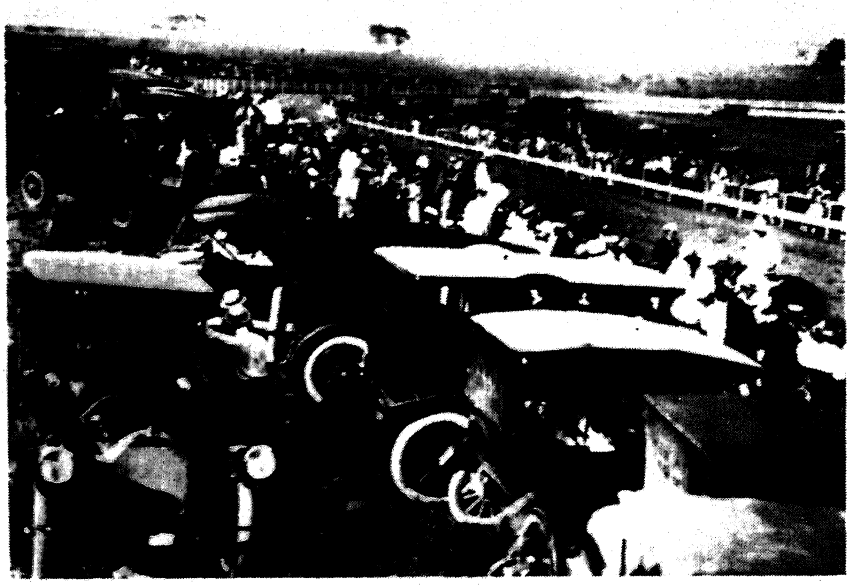


Bankers Welcomed to Longview Farm

On June 4, 1920, we entertained the National Association of the Real Estate Board when they held their convention in Kansas City, Missouri. An excerpt from the *Kansas Citian* had this to say: "A trip to Longview Farm had been scheduled as one of the up-to-date institutions on dress parade." Twenty-five hundred men and women, using seven hundred automobiles, attended this horse show. You may be able to get an idea of the size of the crowd from the picture on the following page.

As the years have come and gone, our Farm has entertained great groups of people, composed of many notables. The most

outstanding event of this kind was held on October 31, 1921—a horse show in honor of the head of the British Fleet, Admiral Earl Beatty. It was at the time of the meeting of the American



Real Estate Board Entertained

Legion in Kansas City. The famous leaders of the Allied forces attended, namely: General Baron Jaquez, of Belgium; General Armando Villoria Diaz, of Italy; Marshal Ferdinand Foch, of France; General John J. Pershing, of America; and Admiral Earl Beatty, of England.

Also coming to our city to honor the American Legion, whose national commander was John G. Emery, were other distinguished leaders of that time, including the following: Vice-President Calvin Coolidge; Rear Admiral Hugh Rodman, U. S. Navy, aide to Admiral Beatty; Admiral R. E. Coontz, chief of naval operations, U. S. Navy; Lieutenant Commander H. W. Hill, aide to Admiral Coontz; Lieutenant Commander

Frank Spicknell, aide to Admiral Beatty; Captain Hayne Ellis, U. S. Navy; Marshall Field III, of Chicago, nephew of Admiral Beatty; and Governor Arthur M. Hyde, of Missouri.

The homes of Kansas City were thrown open to these visitors. Our town house guests were Admiral Earl Beatty, Admiral and Mrs. R. E. Coontz, Admiral Hugh Rodman, Marshall Field III, Lieutenant Commander Frank Spicknell, and Captain and Mrs. Hayne Ellis.

The following is a clipping from a Kansas City paper, announcing the horse show at Longview Farm:

ENGLISH HORSES FOR BEATTY

At Longview Farm tomorrow Admiral will see high-steppers.

Five prize-winning, high-stepping hackneys, brought back from England by R. A. Long, will be exhibited for the first time in the country at the horse show and races in honor of Admiral Earl Beatty at 2 o'clock tomorrow at Longview Farms. Mr. Long bought the horses in England last summer, when he met Admiral Beatty and invited him to be his guest.

Daddy Exchanging Horse Views with Admiral Beatty

The public is invited to the show. The grandstand and parking space will be open at noon, two hours before the show starts. Admiral Beatty will enter the grandstand from the race track just before the show begins.

Mrs. Loula Long Combs will ride and drive in the events. Mr. Long will ride one of his prize horses. Admiral Beatty is a horse fancier.

Distinguished Guests

Father and Mother brought the guests from the town house to luncheon with us the day of the show. Shortly after luncheon we were taken in cars to the grandstand.

It was a rare October day, the sun bright, the air crisp and exhilarating. All nature seemed to lend its greatest charm to make the occasion truly "a day of days." Swaying in the gentle breeze from the flagstaff of the bandstand were the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, as well as Admiral Beatty's personal flag.

Kendricks' and Lotts' 140th Infantry Band of twenty-five pieces played inspiring patriotic music. The crowd gathered

early, seeking points of vantage for a better view of the notables, as well as to see the show of horses.

We invited 250 guests to a tea at our clubhouse at the conclusion of the show. The clubhouse was a bower of loveliness formed by arrangement of white, yellow, and bronze chrysanthemums from our farm greenhouses, and great clusters and branches of colorful autumn leaves.

No meeting of the American Legion has ever been attended by so many world leaders, and it was a rare privilege for us to be honored by the presence of such guests.

Now, most of these great ones of earth have answered their "last call." They served their countries well; at the end of World War I, we had again a world of peace, and America continued to be "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."

Longview brings me so much peace and restful happiness that I like to have others see it and enjoy its beauty. Here, I am surrounded by the beauties of nature: trees; flowers; rolling pastures, through which the Little Blue wends its peaceful way; a lake of clear water, shimmering in bright sunshine; colorful sunsets; bright moonlight and starlit nights. All these bring to mind the words of the Psalmist, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork." Therefore, over a period of years we have had a number of charity horse shows. By helping others, I could express my thanks for such a home.

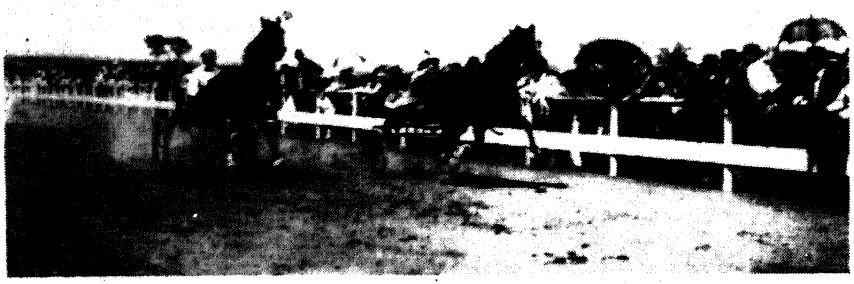
One for Mercy Hospital raised $20,000. It was a rainy, stormy afternoon, but a staunch crowd of 3,000 people braved the weather, so that the gate receipts were $3,500.

Between classes, Homer Rodeheaver, song leader for Billy Sunday, who was holding a meeting in Kansas City, rode out in front of the grandstand and made a plea to raise that sum to $5,000. He sang a verse of "Brighten the Corner Where You Are" and started the contribution with a $5.00 bill. Soon the $5,000 was raised, and the generous crowd joined in singing the song Rodeheaver had started. Their hearts rejoiced because

they had helped brighten the lives of the suffering crippled children who passed through Mercy Hospital to be made whole.

A number of public-spirited men added $15,000, which made the grand total of $20,000.

The American Red Cross was another organization for which benefit shows were held. The fund realized from one of these was used for the relief of soldiers of World War I. Two thousand dollars was turned over to the organization as a



Exciting Finish in a Trotting Race

result of that effort. We had the usual show of our best horses, consisting of classes of three- and five-gaited saddle horses, trotting and pacing races, as well as the more dignified heavy-harness and tandem exhibits. Also, our prize-winning Jerseys were paraded for the crowd to view.

A unique feature of the afternoon show was the sale of a five-year-old pony, the gift of Metzer Brothers. It was auctioned off to help swell the sum for the Red Cross. Frank Huffakir volunteered to serve as auctioneer, and the bidding was most spirited. The first sale price was $135. Each buyer resold the pony, these sales being repeated many times until finally a thirteen-year-old boy, whose pony had died, bought the gift pony for the grand total of $410. The boy, Ben Patt, was the happiest person at the sale.

In 1915 and 1930 we held charity shows for the benefit of the Animal Rescue League. A human being can ask for help, voicing his distress; but a dog can only look with pleading eyes at indifferent mankind until someone senses his need and relieves it.

I never have much faith in a person who beats and kicks a dog. Such treatment indicates an innate cruelty and meanness of spirit that would come to the surface in connection with the human family if an occasion should arise.

My heart goes out to abused animals of all kinds, so it gives me great satisfaction to have aided these dumb sufferers by the shows we have held for the League. The good people of Kansas City, by their large attendance, varying from 2,000 to 5,000, made possible the splendid sums we were able to turn over to this tenderhearted charity for homeless and helpless animals.

Here are some excerpts from a clipping, "The Show at Longview Farm," by "Jumps" Cauthorn:

> The most brilliant horse show ever witnessed in Missouri, was the verdict unanimously acclaimed by those who saw the Loula Long Horse Show Saturday afternoon.
>
> Kansas City Convention Hall show never attracted a more fashionable crowd. There were 900 automobiles, ranging from the limousines of the millionaires to the "jitneys" with their loads of massed humanity parked about the track. About $2,000.00 was turned over to the Animal Rescue League. The total attendance was more than 5,000.
>
> The snappy program, which varied from dignified equipages of the gigs, heavy harness and coaching fours, to the humorous events of trick mules, potato and costume races made the show highly enjoyable to the visitor.
>
> Miss Long took a part in every performance with the exception of the costume race which demanded her supervision at the judges' stand.
>
> It was a hard fight for John Hook, manager of Miss Long's Show horses; quite naturally Miss Long took his favorite mount in each saddle event, and though Mr. Hook entered every class with a strong determination to win the coveted ribbon, he did not receive a blue tie

during the whole show. This was the only thing that really made the show different from the city horse show, as Mr. Hook for several years has carried off the honors in nearly every event in which he took part.

The first event on the horse show program was for heavy harness horses in pairs, and the entire throng assembled cheered Miss Long as one voice and from this event on during the entirety of the program it was very evident Miss Long was the idol of the audience.

R. A. Long made his first public appearance in a show ring and the way he handled his mount, the good mare, Maurine Fisher, and the splendid seat and generalship displayed, it was soon evident to the "rail-birds" that he would win his class, which was for five-gaited saddle horses and by far the most popular of the dignified events on the program.

Another event that created much interest was a trotting race, in which there were six record horses entered and that was won by Miss Long against professional speed drivers. The time of this event was 1.11 and Miss Long's entry was only a second ahead of the second money winner.

The potato race made one part of the program where Miss Long, a valiant contender against five men, was not able to prevail. The potato race is fought rather than played with long sharp pointed laths. The object is for each player to see how many potatoes he can spear from his saddle in one box and carry to another.

It was proper for one to hamper any of his opponents by knocking against his spear, maneuvering against his position with his horse or otherwise interfering with his progress.

In this case each of the men contenders appeared to realize that in Miss Long's expert horsemanship they had a dangerous opponent, and they paid much attention to keeping her from spearing her potatoes or carrying them down the line.

This event was won by C. J. Tucker, General Manager of Longview.

The entire farm populace displayed its faith in Miss Long by the eagerness displayed in making the show a success and much credit is due the entire populace of this wonderful estate in the great success that followed.

Rufus Jackson and "Jumps" Cauthorn of Mexico were guests at the farm and assisted in the event.

An amusing incident happened in connection with one of the shows held for the Animal Protective Association. At that time there were a number of men working around the stock-

yards in Kansas City who called themselves the Rough Riders and were anxious to do something to help make our show a success. They brought their ponies out to the show to put on the potato race, musical chair ride, and to perform in other ways to help entertain the crowd. As a surprise they brought along a bucking bronco, and he really was a mean one. They had quite a time trying to saddle him, and after much tussling the horse threw himself down. While he was down, they put a twitch on his nose, and for some reason, one of the Rough Riders was biting the horse's ear. The horse was so mad he was squealing, and I didn't blame him. I walked out into the ring and said, "Boys, I'm afraid this act does not fit in with a show being given for the benefit of the Animal Protective Association." They didn't understand what I was talking about, so I had to tell them that we had seen enough broncobusting. One of them said, "Why, Mrs. Combs, you ain't seen anything yet: this is the best part of our act." When I explained to them that animal lovers thought it cruel to treat a horse in such a manner, they were thoroughly disgusted, as well as greatly disappointed at not being allowed to show how they could conquer that wild and dangerous horse.

Another type of benefit show comes to mind at this point. Shows of this kind were given for worthy individuals who were in need. Such a show was held on Saturday, June 28, 1928, for Daniel Capshaw, who was the traffic patrolman at Tenth and Walnut. The Thursday before, bandits had robbed the Home Trust Company, and Capshaw had been wounded in the resulting gunfight. The family of James H. (Happy) Smith received part of the proceeds.

These excerpts are from a clipping of that time:

> Mrs. Loula Long Combs believes the city owes a debt of gratitude to the crippled patrolman, who already is in need of funds. . . .
>
> The Show will take about two hours. The general admittance will be fifty cents, with box seats $1.00 additional and grandstand seats 50 cts. extra. . . .
>
> About 1,000 seats and parking space for many more in motor cars will be available. . . .

During World War II, one incident, in particular, pleased me more than I can tell. In July, 1942, Larry Smith and Joseph Walsh, associated with the Pathe News, spent twelve days making a picture of my pets at Longview Farm. It was a short called "Show Horse." When I saw the preview, I thought horse lovers might find it interesting, and I have received many nice letters from over the country which I appreciate very much. But I appreciate even more the ones that came from boys (most of whom I have never met) in the armed forces in all parts of the world. From camps in England, Scotland, Ireland, Italy, Spain, Australia, Panama, India, Alaska, the Fiji Islands, "somewhere in the Pacific," and numerous other places, came letters telling me how much they enjoyed seeing "Show Horse." Many of them had seen our horses showing in different parts of this country and said that seeing the picture made them feel they were back home for a few short moments. When I received a letter, I gave the horses an extra handful of oats (they would have preferred sugar, but it was out for the duration) and told them that it was from some fine boy who had written about them from some distant country. I am so very happy to know my pets gave a little pleasure to those brave boys who gave so much for us.

I am sorry that I did not keep all the letters that came from boys stationed outside the United States, telling of having seen the picture, "Show Horse," but here are some excerpts:

It is obvious that you will wonder who I am, etc., so in the following paragraphs I will endeavor to explain the reason for this letter.

At present I am located somewhere in Sicily, and am a member of the U. S. Army Air Force. We have what is known as a special services section, which is for the purpose of bringing about all types of entertainment for the men. Last night, in our open air theatre, we had a short, titled, "The Show Horse." The little short to me was the most pleasant entertainment I have had since leaving the continental limits of the United States. It dealt entirely with the Longview Farms, its raising and training of Hackneys, plus scenes of your trainer and yourself driving. The picture was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and our Allies, the English, even remarked over your fine horses.

I have seen your exhibitions year after year at Madison Square Garden, and have always enjoyed them very much, hence you can well imagine how I liked the short on my favorite hobby, and the reason for this letter.

Another wrote:

Saturday night one of the shorts at the post movie was "Show Horse," and I certainly don't need to tell you about it. But imagine my surprise and immeasurable delight to see Longview way down in Panama. You, the horses, the dogs, the home, just everything proved to be a real tonic. I felt as if I'd had a visit with home folks, and the other fellows enjoyed it too, all marvelling at the precision beauty of every step of your champion family.

Now I am sure you can understand the pleasure it gave me to know my pets had given our fine boys, as well as the boys of our Allies, even a few short moments of entertainment.

I truly love Longview Farm, and as is the case with a fond mother for her child, I am always anxious to have it looking its best on special occasions when many visitors are to be entertained. On a place as large as Longview there are many things to be done: keeping 250 acres of lawn cut, trimming around the many shrub and flower beds, and edging up along the roads, all of which takes hours of labor.

The press was far too kind to me, because the reporters gave the impression that I practically made the shows, when in reality I was the smallest part of them. I believe in giving credit where credit is due. Without the unfaltering help of our capable trainers and boys in both the harness and saddle stables, the shows could not have been held. The men were as painstaking in fitting their horses for charity shows held at Longview as they were when making preparations to attend an important show where the competition was unusually keen.

The shows were usually held at a time when there was much work to be done cultivating the crops. This, too, was a period when flowers in the greenhouses required constant care. The

employees were not only willing but glad to work longer hours, so that my Daddy's dream child would be arrayed in all its glory when the day of the show arrived.

We have had three managers on Longview Farm. Compton Tucker was with us from the spring of 1913 until the fall of 1927, and Homer Spencer was assistant manager during those years. Ira Drymon was manager from January, 1928, until early 1937, when Russell Parker took over. He is still doing the job and doing it well. Mr. Parker grew up with the farm, for he was manager of the greenhouses and landscaping for more than twenty years before he became farm manager. All four of these fine men, as well as all our other employees, have been tireless in their efforts to make a horse show or anything else held on Longview a success. They seem to take great pride in having the place look its best.

There are three other men who have been members of the Longview family for more than a quarter of a century. They, with their helpers, have done more than their share to have everything in readiness for visitors, as well as the exhibitors:

J. L. Sechler, who has been with us thirty years as maintenance man, does everything from building houses to rescuing excited dogs trapped in a sewer pipe. (This happened when the dog chased a cat or a rabbit far up into the pipe and it became necessary to dig a hole and break open the pipe to extricate the dog, which was too frightened to back out and was unable to turn around.)

Jack Burch is in charge of the greenhouses and landscaping. Our horses have not been the only blue ribbon winners on Longview. At the National Flower Show in 1925, cut roses from our greenhouses were awarded blue ribbons.

The third man belonging to our quarter-of-a-century club is Dave Crawford, who has charge of putting in the crops and seeing that they are harvested.

During all these years we have had but three different men in charge of our Jerseys: Fred Barber, Ted Fancher, and Roy Buell. Roy is now head of the cattle department and has been

for the past fourteen years. At one time we had one of the outstanding show herds of Jerseys in the United States, which brought fame and numerous ribbons to Longview Farm. I hate to admit it, but the most beautiful silver trophy in our possession was won by the Jerseys. We had the honor of being the first American breeder to breed a cow that became grand champion cow of the National Dairy Show. We won that high honor in 1925, with our home-bred Raleigh's Oxford Thistle. We also won the class for the grand champion cow at the National Dairy Show held in 1920 with Fairy Lad's Sly Puss, but she was not of our own breeding.

During our charity shows the best of our herd was led out for the visitors to enjoy, so they, too, did their part to make the shows interesting.

Mack Buxton is another member of our Longview family who has made it possible for us to have these shows, as well as to attend other shows. He not only makes all the shoes our horses wear, but also keeps their feet trimmed and in good condition at all times. He has been doing this for thirteen years.

For eleven years Charlie Bishop has helped to get the harness horses ready to meet all comers. And what would we have done without Martha Shannon and Bobbie Norfleet in the office to attend to the many details in connection with the shows! I never knew two more willing young people. Their middle names should be "Information," because they seem to know all the answers.

Another man, while not a member of our Longview family, has for more than forty years looked after the health of our horses. I am speaking of Dr. Arthur Trickett, of Kansas City.

I can't let all the honors go to the men for the success of our shows. There is a small group of women (some of whom do not live on the farm), attending the Longview Chapel who belong to a Sunday school class called the Willing Workers, and I have never known a group more appropriately named. This group of women is willing to undertake tasks that seem impossible to most people!

Our last two shows began at 4:30 in the afternoon, and the Willing Workers conceived the idea of serving a buffet supper at the close of the show. It really was an undertaking. We expected 1,000 people, but, of course, many would not stay to eat, so it was hard to know how much food to prepare. The supper was served down by the lake, where there are many trees, among which electric lights were strung. Tables and chairs were scattered around the lawn, and it was a happy crowd of 500 that gathered there to enjoy the delicious supper of country-fried chicken, ham sandwiches (lots of ham in them), cheese sandwiches, large juicy "hot dogs," deviled eggs, potato chips, pickles, cottage cheese (made from Longview milk and cream), potato salad, homemade pies and cakes, ice cream, watermelon, iced tea, milk, lemonade, and coffee. It makes me hungry even to think about it, for those women were not only "willing workers" but excellent cooks as well.

The help we have had from others does not stop there. After my Daddy went away and we sold our saddle horses and trotters, we could no longer give shows with just our own horses. However, no finer or more loyal people than the owners of horses in and around Kansas City are to be found anywhere, and they are always willing and anxious to do everything they can to help make a charity show a success. Our last two shows were made possible by these generous horse lovers, who gladly trucked their beautiful horses to Longview to take part in a show in which the prize was only a ribbon. One exhibitor trucked three hackney ponies and a fine harness horse all the way from Omaha, Nebraska, a distance of 250 miles, to do his bit in helping to make a show given for charity a success.

Mr. Harpool, living in Overland Park, brought his group of young riders. They called themselves the Santa Fe Trail Riders, and how those youngsters could ride. Both girls and boys did all kinds of trick riding as well as square dances on horseback. They were an attractive addition to our last two shows. The audience thoroughly enjoyed the quarter-mile race

put on by the boy and girl riders. I am sure that Earl Sande, Eddie Arcaro, and any other well-known jockeys were never more serious when riding to the starting gate in the Kentucky Derby, or any other important race, than were those children as they rode their fat ponies to the far side of the half-mile track and tensely waited to hear the starter yell, "Go!"

As our charity shows have proved, people who love animals have kind and generous hearts. I am proud to be known as a horsewoman.

20

FOR many years Longview Farm was one of the well known nurseries in this country for saddle-bred horses In an earlier chapter I mentioned the buying of My Majo Dare. We hadn't owned him very long when Daddy and Mr Hook made another trip to Kentucky. While there, they saw a beautiful black horse named Kentucky's Best, and they thought he might be quite a challenge to My Major Dare in the stallion classes. We needed another stallion anyway for by that time we had quite a collection of brood mares.

As far as competition was concerned, Kentucky's Best would never have caused us any worry. He was truly a picture horse and, I believe, would have made a sensational fine-harness horse; but that class was not included in prize lists in the days when he was showing. My Major Dare had more dash and personality and proved to be a much better sire than did Kentucky's Best.

We bought a stallion registered as Independence Chief to use as a teasing stallion. He was a well-bred animal with a beautiful body and a nice long neck, but a very homely head He was a horse with worlds of personality and animation There was so much to admire about him that one almost forgot the plain head, as this incident will prove.

During one of our charity shows we had a class for five-gaited saddle stallions, and all three horses belonged to us. Mr. Hook was up on his prize pet, My Major Dare; Lonnie Hayden was on the picture horse, Kentucky's Best; and Inde-

Kentucky's Best

pendence Chief was Spec Markham's mount. We decided to let the audience judge the class, so that the horse receiving the most applause would be awarded the blue ribbon. Independence Chief was a very bold-going horse, with worlds of courage. He could trot like a standard-bred horse, and when the ringmaster gave the order to "rack on" he was in his glory. It really was amusing, because we had never thought of taking Chief to a show and we considered My Major Dare the star among our saddle horses; but that afternoon, Independence Chief had what it took to catch the eye of the crowd, and they were for him almost 100 per cent. Of course, he was given the blue ribbon, and Mr. Hook and Lonnie looked rather embarrassed when they rode their beauties out of the ring.

Later, we sold Kentucky's Best to Mr. O. H. Brown, who had a breeding farm in New Hampshire. Mr. Hook's former partner, Johnny Woods, was manager of Mr. Brown's stable. Johnny and his wife, the former Grace Brunk, a splendid horsewoman, showed many fine animals sired by Kentucky's Best.

Do you know how the first $10,000 stake came into being? Well, "Jumps" Cauthorn was living in Missouri at the time and was greatly interested in horses. The nickname "Jumps" was certainly ideal for Curtis P. Cauthorn because he was never still a minute and was always doing something to stimulate interest in saddle horses. He wrote many interesting articles for horse papers and at one time was the publisher of one.

He conceived the idea of having a $10,000 stake for saddle horses at the Missouri State Fair. Such a large amount had never been offered anywhere, and "Jumps," as well as many others, thought it would be wonderful for Missouri to be the first state to sponsor such a stake. Kentucky had always been known as the home of saddle-bred horses, but now fine saddle horses were being bred in Missouri. It would have been quite a feather in the cap of Missouri breeders to pioneer in giving such a large amount of money for saddle-bred animals. "Jumps" felt sure that he could raise $5,000 from horse lovers if the state would give a similar amount. He went to see the governor of our state and laid the plan before him, but was not able to interest him. "Jumps" refused to be discouraged; if he couldn't have a $10,000 stake in Missouri, he wanted some other state to have it.

At that time Mat Cohen was commissioner of agriculture in the state of Kentucky, and Mat was another chap who was always interested in something out of the ordinary. "Jumps" went to Mat, explained his idea, and told him he had failed to interest the governor of Missouri in his plan. Mat didn't let any grass grow under his feet. The first $10,000 stake was given at the Kentucky State Fair in 1917.

About the middle of July of that year we bought another stallion, Easter Cloud. He had had very little work for quite

some time and was really not fit or ready for such competition as he was to have at the Kentucky State Fair. But we thought that as long as we were taking My Major Dare, Maurine Fisher, La France, Martha Lamar, and several others, we might as well take him along and show him in the stallion stake. We would have two entries in the stallion stake and two for the mare stake.

Easter Cloud was a rather dark chestnut and, if I remember correctly, he had two white ankles behind. He was very masculine looking and had splendid conformation. I have seen horses with longer necks, but I have never seen one that could hold itself in a more majestic manner. He had a nice bony head, with a smart pair of well-set ears that he used to great advantage. When he was in motion he thrilled all who saw him. He was a bold-moving horse, with worlds of speed as well as all-round action, and his hocks were always right up under him, which is unusual for a saddle-bred animal.

Dave and I were showing the harness horses in Springfield, Illinois, that week but intended leaving there on Friday so we could be in Louisville Saturday night to witness the championship stake. Early in the week I had a letter from Mr. Hook, telling of a slight injury which My Major Dare had incurred in the car en route to Kentucky, making it impossible for him to be shown in the stallion stake on Monday night. Of course, he would be ineligible for the grand championship stake to be held the last night of the show. Easter Cloud had placed third in the stallion stake, because he was too short of work to show to advantage in such a long workout. Our two mares, Maurine Fisher and La France, had placed first and second in the mare stake, but somehow I didn't feel the keen interest in them that I felt in My Major Dare.

My niece, Martha Lamar Ellis, was with me in Springfield. She was just a little girl but had shown keen interest in horses since she was a tiny tot and I enjoyed taking her to the shows. I was indeed in a quandary. Martha had a very bad cold; My Major Dare would not be shown; and I thought I was not

greatly interested in seeing Easter Cloud show, because we had owned him only a short time and he had placed third on Monday night. So I didn't know whether it was worth while to make the trip or not. Mother and Daddy were in Louisville, and I knew that they would be disappointed if we didn't join them, so I decided to carry out our original plan.

In 1917 the Sealbach was the hotel where most of the horse lovers were staying. When we arrived that Saturday morning, the lobby was filled with people, and the chief topic of conversation was the championship stake. I didn't hear Easter Cloud's name mentioned as a likely winner. Later in the day, after talking with Mr. Hook, I felt that perhaps Easter Cloud did stand a chance to be placed well up in the class.

When we drove out to the fairgrounds that night and I saw the large crowd of people going into the Coliseum, I realized that I was much more interested in the stake than I imagined I could be without My Major Dare's being one of the entries.

Charlie Green, of Moberly, Missouri, and Mr. J. Miller Ward, of Kentucky, were the judges, with Judge Eugene A. Bridgeford, of California, acting as referee. Charlie Green was young but a natural-born horseman, and impressed me as being able to judge a horse ever since he was old enough to look at one. I am sure that that is one trip Charlie will never forget. It was not only the first time he had judged at the Kentucky State Fair, which was considered a great honor by all horsemen, but it was also the first time he had had the pleasure of introducing his lovely blonde bride to many of us. The stay in Louisville was part of their honeymoon.

In the years since then Charlie has judged at many of the important shows in this country and at the Royal Winter Fair in Canada. He has successfully managed a number of shows; and, as a horse-show announcer, to my way of thinking, he should be awarded the grand championship ribbon.

At last, the stake of stakes. Not only was every seat taken, but people were standing in every available space. People were four deep all around the promenade, and those in the

back were standing on their toes, craning their necks, trying to catch a glimpse of the beautiful horses as they came dashing into the ring.

At the sound of the bugle, the band, which had been lined up at the entrance of the arena, marched forward, playing "My Old Kentucky Home." At the first note everyone in the building was on his feet, while the band, on reaching the center of the ring, stood playing that inspiring tune, so dear to the hearts of Kentuckians. The proud beauties came prancing in through the gate. Each horse appeared to be trying to carry itself more proudly than its rivals. They made a scene one would not soon forget: their lovely flowing manes, long graceful tails, beautiful glossy coats shimmering like satin, as they stepped gracefully around the ring, causing a surge of sincere admiration from that great throng of horse lovers. In came Easter Cloud, Richelieu King, Cascade, Maydan, Admiral King, Crimson Chief, Maurine Fisher, Lady Beautiful, St. Cecilia, Fashion Plate, and Johnnie Jones.

My Daddy was one of the fairest persons I ever knew, and he could always see something to admire in the other fellow's horse. On that particular night he said, "Now, honey, let's try to forget that we own a horse that is showing in this class and look at them all through unprejudiced eyes." However, I soon found that Daddy and I were watching one horse more than all the others. After watching the class for a few minutes, Daddy said, "Don't you honestly think that Easter Cloud is outshowing any horse in the ring?" And I think he was right.

The first workout was a long one, and we were glad to see them line up because we knew Easter Cloud was short of work. After the judges looked them over for conformation, they were again sent out. After the second workout, the two judges conferred together but could not agree, so the referee was called in. That meant there must be still another workout. That was asking a great deal of a horse that was not hardened up for a long show, but Easter Cloud was game and was still

giving all he had. Everyone realized that the contest for first place was between Easter Cloud, the Missouri-owned horse, and Richelieu King, showing in his home state. Those were tense moments. Naturally, the Kentuckians wanted that championship ribbon to stay in their state, but Easter Cloud had a lot of admirers in the crowd, too. The applause was almost deafening.

At last the horses were called in, and the judges and referee got together. Those few minutes seemed like hours to me, and the suspense was wearing on my nerves. Mat Cohen was in the center of the ring, and just before the winner was announced, Mat looked toward our box and held up one finger. Then I knew that Easter Cloud would be the horse to wear the championship ribbon. Wouldn't it have been terrible if I had decided not to go to Louisville to see the stake?

As far as I know, only two Missouri-owned horses have won the $10,000 stake: Easter Cloud, in 1917; and the beautiful chestnut mare, Easter Serenade, in 1944. The latter is owned by Mr. Temple Stephens, of Moberly, Missouri, and was ridden by Welch Greenwell, one of the outstanding trainers of saddle horses. It is interesting to note that Easter Serenade is a granddaughter of Easter Cloud.

I want to tell you about Bim Smith, the Negro boy who took care of My Major Dare. There was never a more loyal caretaker than Bim. He was so devoted to My Major Dare that when we were away at the shows, he slept in the stall with the horse. It was a sight to see Bim lying there, sleeping soundly, and My Major Dare stretched out with his head resting on Bim's body.

We had another Negro with the saddle horses for a number of years—Ollie Cross. He was quite a good judge of horses, as well as a good caretaker. One year we were showing in Los Angeles. A man by the name of Spiers, who had at one time looked after the brood mares at Longview but was then employed in a stable on the West Coast, was boasting to Ollie that he was going to show a mare in the novice class that was

really a wonder. He finished by saying, "Now, Ollie, you watch that mare and after the class tell me what you think of her." The mare was shown that night but was still a novice after the class was judged. The following morning Mr. Spiers met Ollie and said, "Well, Ollie, did you see my mare show last night?" Ollie answered, "I sure did." Mr. Spiers then said: "Ollie, she made just one mistake. Can you tell me what it was?" Ollie replied: "I sure can. It was when she went in that gate." The judges seemed to agree with Ollie.

We often see Ollie around the shows and always enjoy hearing him tell of his experiences when he helped us win many ribbons with the saddle horses. It is true that a good caretaker deserves a great deal of credit in the making of a show horse. Many a good horse has been ruined by a careless or ignorant stable boy.

We have been asked many times what we considered the best saddle horse we ever bred. I think the answer is "Chief of Longview." In my opinion, he was as good as anyone ever bred, at least for a show animal, although not as a sire. It is strange how these great show animals show up when you least expect them to.

I shall have to go back a number of years to tell you the history of Chief of Longview. Mr. Langhorne Anderson, a friend of ours, living in Maysville, Kentucky, had a walk-trot mare by the name of Myrtle Dickey that he had been showing with success, but she met with an accident which ended her show ring career. Mr. Anderson was a great admirer of My Major Dare and said that he would like to make us a present of Myrtle Dickey if we would breed her to the bay stallion. Of course, we did as he wished. She had two colts by My Major Dare, but they were very disappointing. We wrote Mr. Anderson to that effect. He then told us to breed her to anything we liked. We tried Kentucky's Best, but we were still not pleased with the offspring. We had bred her to our two high-priced stallions with poor results, so in 1921 we bred her to Independence Chief, the stallion for which we had paid $250.

Later that year a man from Texas came to the farm and wished to buy a number of brood mares in foal, and Myrtle Dickey was one of the mares he selected. He paid for the mare and made arrangements to leave them here for an indefinite period. We were to breed them again the next year, and he was to pay us for the board of the animals as well as the breeding fees. He paid for a few months, and then the checks ceased to come. We let him know when the mares foaled and about their being bred again. In 1922 Myrtle Dickey had a nice chestnut colt. He was much the nicest-looking colt she had ever had, so naturally the mare was bred back to Independence Chief.

After sending the owner of Myrtle Dickey numerous bills and receiving no answer, we notified him that the animals would be sold to pay their board bill. Still no answer came, so we bought the horses in, and Chief of Longview was one of the colts. I do not remember much about Chief of Longview until he was about a year and a half old. He was kept in a paddock which I passed each day when exercising my horses. I became conscious of the lovely chestnut colt, for whether in motion or standing still he was a thing of beauty, standing out as a superior animal in comparison with other colts. It was not until January, 1925, that he even had a bit in his mouth, or had been given a name. At that time we were showing saddle and harness horses in Denver. John Woods, a man experienced in breaking colts, was working for us (not the John Wood who was Mr. Hook's partner when they had a training stable in Paris, Missouri). While we were away, he decided that he would begin breaking the chestnut colt. Before we returned home this colt showed such promise that Tuck (the manager of our farm) priced him for $500.

Soon after our return from Denver, Lonnie saw John working the colt and said, "From now on I'll work that one." I never saw a horse with a more outstanding personality, nor one that learned so quickly. In March he was priced at $5,000, in May, $10,000, and in June, $15,000.

The American Royal in Kansas City was held in November that year, and that was the first time Chief of Longview (that was the name we had given the colt) was ever off Longview Farm. He was so full of life that we were a little concerned about how he would react to the crowds, bright lights, and applause, for we knew that there would always be applause when he was in the ring. But he loved it. The more excitement, the better he liked it. He was so outstanding in the stallion class and the junior stake that the workout was hardly enough to be considered exercise for him. In all the years I have been attending shows, I have never known a horse to create such a sensation: people even wired horse lovers to come to Kansas City to watch our sensational colt show Saturday night in the stake.

Mrs. Matson had asked for a price on Chief of Longview early in the week. We weren't at all anxious to sell the horse, but we priced him at $25,000. The night before the stake, Mrs. Matson decided that he would make a perfect Christmas present for her daughter, Lurline Roth, so she bought the horse. I shed a few tears when Tuck told me the horse was sold, but I must be honest and admit that by that time I had become more interested in harness horses than in saddle horses.

On Saturday afternoon one of the saddle judges came to me and said, "Don't you think it is asking a lot of a three-year-old to go in there and show against those older horses?" I answered, "Well, I don't think it a disgrace for a colt to be defeated by mature horses." I knew that there would be many people disappointed if the Chief didn't show in the stake that night. Perhaps it was because we bred Chief of Longview, but it seemed to me that there was more expectancy in the air that night than I have ever known before any stake class. All the top riders and horses were in the ring. Lonnie was a great showman, and his entrance that night was well timed. Everyone was watching for the appearance of the much-talked-of Chief of Longview. Twelve horses were in the ring, when

suddenly a gorgeous chestnut stallion trotted boldly into the ring, and the ovation he received was one befitting a king. The crowd went wild over Chief.

I am going to copy an article written by Jay Shillingford, which describes beautifully the first time Chief of Longview was crowned King of the Saddle Horses, and that was just the beginning of countless victories for the Chief:

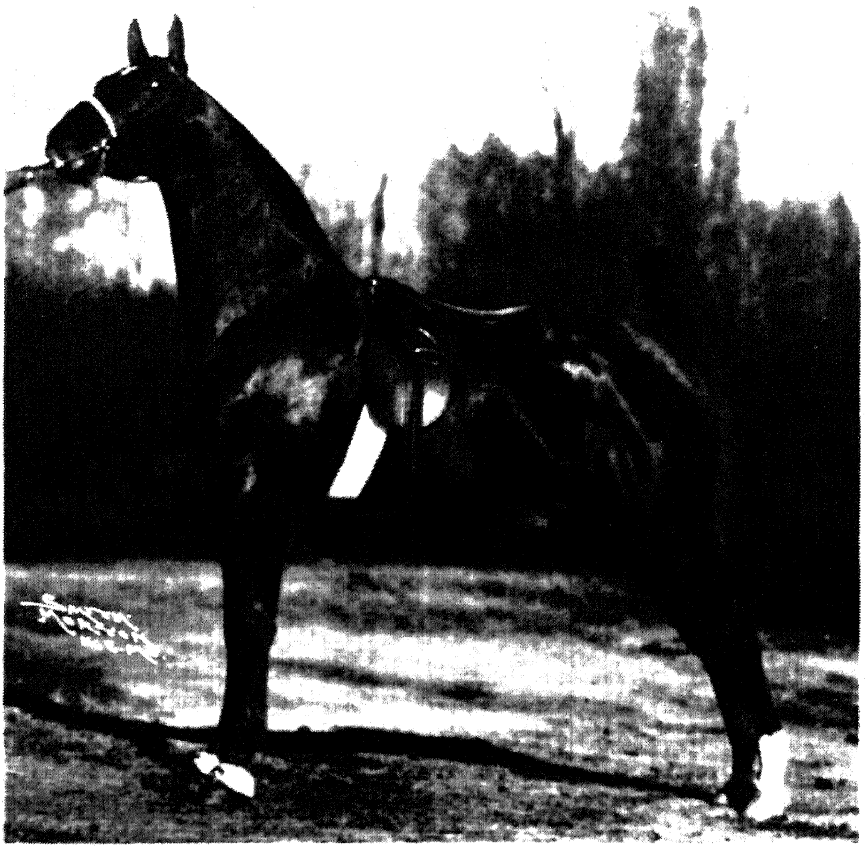
The crowning of a king is always a spectacular affair, generally planned long ahead of time, expected, more or less, by right of succession, not only in the world of humans, but also that of equines. When age is about to dethrone an undefeated warrior of the tanbark arena, the cognoscenti are pretty well assured of the heir-apparent about to be crowned. Rules, however, have been proven by historical exceptions, such as Henri of Navarre and Vagabond Kings.

In the same way, an unheralded knight upset all the prognoses of those "in the know," and with youthful pride and arrogance tore up, not only the straight aways and turns of the famous American Royal Horse Show ring, but the very pages of American Saddle Horse tradition.

Veritably, a new king was crowned that night in November, 1925, in Kansas City. This unknown, three-year-old stallion, Chief of Longview, won the championship! The championship stake of the show! Won it by out-classing every other horse in the ring. There, where champions of the world competed for the grand championship!

There, where horsemen came from every section of America, to honestly hail the victory of an unknown outsider, whom a few days before, they would have bet a hundred to one against.

Thirteen horses were entered, which were the very cream of the country as far as five-gaited saddle horses were concerned. The battle for first honors finally dwindled down to five near champions. Every owner of that five expected to win. It was then that with the terrific applause of the throng came the realization that the startling youngster who had previously won so sensationally the Stallion and Junior Championships, was the horse they had to beat, and who, down in their hearts, they felt was unbeatable. It was just as though some fairy had waved her wand and asked for a perfect horse. As he passed before the crowd, the entire house went wild with enthusiasm. It had never seen such air and animation in a horse, and it liked his coltish freshness, his speed and brilliancy. His rack was swift as an



Chief of Longview

arrow, his canter a dream; his slow gait was poetry in motion, and his trot the most brilliant and the boldest ever seen.

He was crowned—King of Saddle Horses.

His mighty opponent, Miracle Man, winner of the gelding stake and champion of the west coast, was awarded the reserve ribbon. He was wonderful, so wonderful that before the appearance of Chief of Longview, it would have seemed impossible for him to have been beaten. Owned by that Pacific Coast sportsman, Mr. E. A. Stuart, who was the first to send his congratulations to Mrs. Combs, Miracle Man was a gelding of unusual presence, an outstanding performer, and the personification of beauty. . . .

It was again a tribute to Longview Farm, in regard to horsemen as well as to horses, that Don Reavis, who piloted Miracle Man, was also one of its own products. Incidentally he has since become one of the finest ring generals who ever sat a horse.

Thoughtful decision and sincere judgment must have steadied the hands of the judges who marked on their cards below these two first victors, such famous names as Easter Star, winner at New York, ridden by that master showman, Roy Davis; and Colonel Stuart's Let's Go, with that beloved character of the horse show world, Ross Long, astride: Roxina Chief, winner of the mare championship, owned by Herbert M. Woolf, leading horse enthusiast of Kansas City . . . and others of similar ilk.

Following his maiden appearance at Kansas City, Chief started out on his real adventure in life, one which was to take him eventually to every part of the country, but one which was immediately taking him to the home where he would rule as undisputed master, where his name would be revered for generations, and where his progeny would carry on the fame of his noble lineage at least for decades to come, maybe as long as the American saddle horse exists.

From the breeding of Myrtle Dickey and Independence Chief, besides their illustrious son, Chief of Longview, we had Laird of Longview, Polka Dot Chief, and Reveler. We sold the four horses for more than $45,000. Independence Chief was also the sire of Brown Jug, Kittie Lightner, Night Flower, and many other real show horses. The gift mare and the $250 stallion were by far the most profitable pair we ever owned.

Independence Chief was the sire of Lady Jane, a great winner for a number of years. When no longer young she sold at auction for $14,000. She was out of the great mare, Katherine Grisby, that Daddy bought when she was a three-year-old. Katherine Grisby had a number of good colts by My Major Dare. When we were breeding and selling saddle horses, we used this slogan in all our advertisements:

"We sell our show horses, and show our sale horses."

In an earlier chapter in my story I have mentioned the names of a number of saddle horse trainers who helped Longview Farm gain such a splendid reputation in the show ring. "Slimmy" Bryant was with us for awhile, and Garland Brad-

shaw was in charge of our saddle horses when we had our sale in 1934. I have never seen a rider with better hands than Garland. The horses he trains always set their heads beautifully, yet have nice light mouths.

We have been breeding hackneys for a number of years and have shown a number of our own breeding. There is a hackney mare that has been as outstanding in the harness division as Chief of Longview was in the saddle classes. Her name is Captivation. She was foaled on Longview Farm, and that is where she will be buried. Captivation is a chestnut with four white stockings and a white stripe in her face. She stands fifteen one. She was foaled in 1929 and was out of Imported Glenavon Hostess by Imported Ambassador A 1. She could have easily been spoiled, because she was a nervous, high-strung animal and at first was inclined to be suspicious of everything. She was the only horse I have ever seen that was afraid of her own tail blowing around her body on a windy day. She was less nervous after she was docked. I heard Dave and Johnny say many times, "If we can get this mare broken without spoiling her, she will be hard to stop in the show ring." They were very patient and spent many hours in training her. Their patience was rewarded, as she won her first stake when she was a four-year-old. Later on, I will tell you more about "Cappie," as we affectionately called her.

While writing this chapter, which mostly concerns saddle horses, my thoughts turn to the many fine trainers and riders whom I have known throughout all these years. When I first started showing, Miss Belle Beach was outstanding among women riders and, of course, rode on a sidesaddle. In my memory pictures I always see certain riders and horses together. In turning the leaves back to the first pages of my book of memories, I see Mr. Howard Ball on the beautiful chestnut mare, Sadie Macey; also on the dainty bay mare, Gypsy Queen, which he sold to Mr. Thomas Lawson of Boston, for $5,000, at that time considered a very high price.

Mat Cohen on beautiful Edna May won many a blue ribbon. Edna May is the dam of the well-known stallion, Edna May's King, who was shown so successfully by Mr. Revel English of California. Billy Shropshire on the brilliant little chestnut mare, Hazel Dawn, was one combination that Mr. Hook and My Major Dare were never able to beat.

Others that are memorable include: Ed Moore, riding the beautiful gray mare, Princess Eugenia; Carter Nagel, on Lou Chief; Trev Anderson, on Astral King; Del Holman, on Mass of Gold; Bob Moreland, on Cascade; John Woods, on Cigarette; Edgar Doty, on Maydan; "Splint" Barnett, on Senator Stone; Dr. W. C. Gadsby, on Dudette McDonald; Chester Caldwell, on King Genius, making a brilliant show; Frank Heathman, on speedy Midnight Star; Roy Davis, on Nancy Highland, a grand chestnut mare that had more glamour than any walk-trot horse I have ever seen; Quin Davis, on Bohemian Actress, a mare with worlds of quality; Charlie Cook, on Jonquil, a gold-colored mare who had more all-round action than many hackneys I have seen in the show ring; Charlie Dunn, on Night Flower, a mare with a wonderful trot and slow gait; Mary Fiers, on her fine mare, Roxie Highland, one of my beautiful memory pictures; Owen Hailey, on dashing Mountain Echo; Bob McCray, on The Feudist; Audrey Pugh, on many beautiful horses in my memory pictures; Tom McCray, on Rhododendron, burning up the ring at a rack; Don Reavis, on Carnation Hour; Lonnie Hayden, on Chief of Longview, a picture that will long be remembered by horse lovers; "Slimmy" Bryant, on Queen of All; Jimmy Lynch, on Silver Lady; Ray Harney, on Parade of Elegance; Dick Duncan, on Jacqueline; Cape Grant, on Chief of Spindletop; Hugh Dempsey, on stately Lovely McDonald; Vic Johnson, on the dainty mare, Reo Nannete, bred on Longview Farm; Garland Bradshaw, on Nellie Pidgeon; Wallace Bailey, on the animated little mare, Etta Kent; Frankie Connors, on Moreland Maid, leaving the ring with a blue ribbon attached to the chestnut mare's bridle; Mary Fisher, on Royal Irish, an almost unbeatable pair;

Harry Lathrop, on Hell and Maria, another chestnut mare that had a great deal of quality and speed; Walter Graham, on My Golden Dawn; Arch Graham, on Wild Honey; Miller McAfee, on Lady Jane, another great animal bred on Longview Farm; Lee Robey, on Oakhill Chief; Ray Kentman, on Midnight Streak; Welch Greenwell, on Easter Serenade, making a sensational show; Lil Rollins, on Daugherty Dare; Doc Young, on Buccaneer; Lee Butler, on Anacaho Shamrock.

Then there is the Teaters family, truly a family of horsemen. And among my memory pictures, I see Lloyd Teaters, on Clara Bow; Earl Teaters, on Belle Lee Rose; and Jay Teaters, on Jane Eyre. Besides these three brothers, there are Earl's two young sons, who have already proved themselves to be real showmen. It is indeed a treat to see them show their five-gaited pony.

I see two other brothers that are also great horsemen, Ross and Eli Long. Ross drove Rohn Adair in the fine-harness classes to win numerous blue ribbons.

I see Miss Nola Minton as she rode a number of different horses, and what splendid rides she gave them all. I believe she knew more about saddle horses than any other woman I ever met.

Another treasured picture is that of a father and son competing in the same class. The father was Mr. Christian Barham, who rode the dashing Man of Destiny, while his son, Eddie, rode the haughty Lady Louise.

Since we no longer show saddle horses, I do not know many of the fine trainers of today. Nevertheless, I still enjoy watching them show their beautiful, well-trained horses.

21

I HAVE mentioned the many people whom I enjoyed as friends and competitors at the shows held in the East. Now, I should like to tell you about the ones showing heavy-harness horses in the Middle West who helped to make the shows in this part of the country such a success.

I have known many people over this long period who became interested in showing horses, but few of them stayed with it very long. At this time, most of the outstanding hackney horses and ponies, as well as the larger breeding farms, are in the Middle West. So it is not surprising that the shows in this part of the country are outstanding.

As I glance through the program of a show held many years ago at the South Shore Country Club in Chicago, I see the names of John R. Thompson, John Bushnell, Harry Newman, John Hertz, Val Crane, William Dee, and O. W. Lehman.

In later years, John R. Thompson, Jr., became interested in the show game and owned many outstanding hackney horses and ponies. It was he who imported as a two-year-old the wonderful pony stallion, King of the Plains. Mr. Thompson was the breeder of Highland Cora, who won numerous championships, as well as many others that helped make show ring history.

In another program I find the entries of the Cedar Crest Farm, which was owned by Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Dering. The brown gelding, Rio Saxon, which Mrs. A. C. Thompson showed with such great success, was bred on Cedar Crest Farm. Mrs. Thompson has added greatly to the shows, not only in the Middle West, but, in fact, all over the country. I have seen her drive everything from a tiny Shetland to the big hackney horses, and from a single hitch to a four-in-hand. She also rides saddle horses and jumpers. Mrs. Thompson is one of the outstanding horsewomen of this country and was indeed fortunate to have Glen Wilson in charge of her stable for so many years. Glen was not only a splendid trainer, but, so far as I know, was the only manager that did the shoeing of the horses he trained.

I want to tell you a little more about my impression of Rio Saxon. In all the years we have been showing, I have seen many horses, and Rio Saxon is one of the best I have ever seen in heavy harness. He has as much quality as a saddle-bred horse, he bears himself regally, and his action is indeed beautiful. What a sight it would be to see Seaton Pippin, Rio Saxon, Killearn Beauty, Wensleydale Pilot, Eve, Carnation, Solitaire, The Whip, Field Marshal, Knight Commander, Charm, Knight Bachelor, Lady Dilham, Princess Sheila, Bountiful, Animation, Captivation, and Invasion all in the same class. I feel sorry for the man that would be called on to judge those beautiful animals.

The Heyl Pony Farm has for many years been showing outstanding horses and ponies in the Middle Western shows.

Reed and Lane Bridgeford started showing horses in this part of the country when they were very young men.

Mr. George Peak and his sons, Mark and Ralph, for a number of years confined their showing to the roadster classes, and the competition was always keen when they were in the ring, because they are natural-born horsemen. In later years, they added heavy-harness horses and ponies to their stable. Mrs.

Mark Peak is an able assistant to her husband in showing the ponies. Mark trains the beautiful hackney and Shetland ponies belonging to Mrs. J. A. Smith, of North Hollywood, California.

Mr. John Hubly added greatly to the shows with his three beautiful black mares. Their white markings made them a very striking trio.

Mr. Harry Gorham and his two sons showed many fine animals, Chuck riding the jumpers, and Jimmy, when a small boy, helping his father show the ponies. Mr. Gorham was the breeder of our stallion, Quo Vadis, which unfortunately we lost several years ago. To me, Quo Vadis was the nearest to perfection in conformation of any horse or pony I have ever seen.

Doc Flannery is another exhibitor who made his debut in the show ring behind a roadster. His spectacular driving has thrilled horse show audiences all over the country. Mr. Flannery, as well as his wife, is also expert in handling hackneys.

In later years, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Campbell, whose horses show under the name of the Argyll Farm, have added much to the many shows they have attended. Mrs. Mary K. Holt is manager of the Argyll stables and is the only woman I know in charge of a stable of heavy-harness horses. She does a splendid job of training and showing their entries.

Another of the later exhibitors and breeders is Mr. John Cuneo, whose horses are entered in the name of Hawthorne Farms. Mr. Cuneo enjoys driving his beautiful four-in-hand around his farm, so it is not surprising to see the splendid performance they give in the show ring. His son, John, who is in his teens, drives a horse like a veteran of the show ring. His daughter, Consuelo, who is even younger, is furnishing keen competition to us grownups in every class she enters.

The Nan Su Farm, owned by Mr. Melville Rothschild, was another stable that won numerous ribbons. When James Gilchrist drove Nan Su horses in the ring, the other exhibitors realized that they had better have their horses in top form.

E. W. Beghtol, better known as "Shorty" Beghtol, has bred and sold most of the winning Shetland ponies being shown today. "Shorty" has now added hackney ponies to his breeding farm and is already making his presence felt in the hackney classes.

E. Phillip Schandein started in the show game with hackney horses but now is showing and breeding both hackney horses and ponies.

Mr. Carleton Elmes, of Golf, Illinois, is also a breeder of hackney horses.

I have spoken of Mrs. James Johnson and her wonderful stable before but I am going to mention her again, for we are proud to claim her as a Midwesterner.

Mr. Russell Abdill comes from Danville with his heavy-harness horses.

All of these stables, with the exception of Mrs. Johnson's and Mr. Bushnell's, are located in Illinois.

Mr. J. Parish Lewis, of Milwaukee, is another hackney pony enthusiast who enjoys both showing and breeding this type.

Mr. Adolf Storz, of Omaha, derives much pleasure from showing his hackney ponies and saddle horses.

From Texas we had such splendid exhibitors as Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Browne, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Proctor, and Mr. and Mrs. John Kennedy. Another Texan who has given audiences many a thrill is B. B. Tucker, who introduced the beautiful roadster, Senator Crawford, to the show ring. In my opinion, Senator Crawford was the most sensational roadster I have ever seen, perhaps because there is something about him reminiscent of my beloved Revelation.

Mr. Joseph F. Allhoff is a Missourian who enjoys showing roadsters and ponies.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Standley are also exhibitors from the "Show Me" State who show and breed hackney ponies.

From California came Mrs. William Roth with her splendid harness and saddle horses and dainty Mrs. J. A. Smith with her beautiful ponies. The Bellebrook Farm's fine hackney horses

and ponies were trained and shown so splendidly by Neil Mulcahy. The well-known trainer, Harry Daniels, was in charge of the saddle horses and roadsters from the Bellebrook stables.

Exhibitors from Indiana included petite Mrs. M. H. Fuller and Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Sprout, who, with their ponies and horses, helped to make many a show a success. Miss Virginia Penfield and Mrs. Carl Hanna, from Ohio, are two of the fair sex who are exhibitors of hackney ponies.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Jones, from Salina, Kansas, are, as I remember, the only exhibitors of harness horses from the Sunflower State.

I am sorry I haven't space to mention the many exhibitors of saddle horses, but I do want to say that after seeing the number of wonderful riders and horse lovers among the young people of today, I feel certain that the future of the saddle horse is assured.

In the South such excellent young horsewomen as Jane Gardner, Mary Jane Pidgeon, Anne Boyd, Mariam Williams, Jean McLean, Judy King, and many others will, I am sure, never lose their love for a fine horse.

Around the Middle West such splendid youthful riders as Mary Jane McGrath, Ernestine Morris, Sissy Atlas, Anna Mae and Ruth Joyce Joa, Bonnie Osmundson, and numerous other talented riders will keep the interest in saddle horses alive in that part of the country. In Kansas City we have three outstanding young lady riders: Gayle Gray and Florence Schutte, on saddle-bred horses; and Carrol Hagerman, who can hold her own with the best of riders when it comes to riding a jumper or a stock horse.

Many people have wondered how I became so interested in harness horses, when saddle horses were my first love. For several years I was bothered with asthma, and the doctor gave orders that I was not to ride but could still drive. I suppose if

we had found that being around horses was the cause of the asthma, I should have suffered with the disease as long as I lived. Thank goodness, such was not the case. After several months, my asthma was so much better that I was again permitted to ride, but in the meantime I had become very much interested in harness horses and their beautiful high action. The showy harness and attractive rigs also appealed to me. And, to be perfectly honest, as I became older, I found it easier, and I might add more becoming, to drive than to ride. My advice to girls who show horses would be this: Have a pair of hackney ponies to carry along with your saddle horses. I am sure that you would enjoy them. Besides, you can wear your pretty clothes when you drive. Then, when you grow older and your balance is not as good as it once was, and your knees seem to have lost their grip, you will feel much safer sitting in a wagon than on the back of a spirited horse; and yet, you can still enjoy the companionship of an intelligent and lovable horse.

Of course, I realize only too well that I can't drive as well as I could when I was younger, but I am still able to compete in the open classes and enjoy it fully as much as I did when I started showing many years ago. Do you know of any woman my age that is still riding in the open, or even in the amateur classes? I think you will have to admit that I have something there.

And while on the subject of harness horses, I think we all owe a vote of thanks to William A. Simpson, who writes the column, "Hackney Kingdom," for the *Saddle and Bridle,* one of our outstanding magazines devoted to the horse. Mr. Simpson has done more than anyone else I know to maintain interest in the showing and breeding of heavy-harness horses and ponies. In spite of being stationed hundreds of miles from home while serving in the Army, he wrote countless letters to exhibitors in this country and Canada and kept his "Hackney Kingdom" very interesting indeed.

This tale of fifty years in the show ring would be incomplete without the name of A. P. Fleming in it, as he has been and still is the manager of several of the most important shows in this country.

As I come to the close of this chapter I should like to say just a word about the judges who have put us "up and down" through all the years we have been showing. They are a splendid group of men and deserve the thanks of the exhibitors. Judging is a thankless job, and, as we all know, it is impossible to please everybody. In particular, I should like to mention one judge, because in a way he is responsible for the writing of this story. This man was a great admirer of Revelation, and many years ago he spoke to me a number of times about writing the story of Revelation's life. I started it, and then something happened that caused me to feel I wasn't capable of writing the story. Yet, here I am, writing page after page of what I suppose you would call "just stuff."

Going back to the man whom I am "blaming" for my feeble efforts—he has been judging for many years and judges all types of horses. He is also much in demand for judging cattle. It would be hard to find a person who has done more judging than this honest, modest man, who is now dean of the School of Agriculture at the University of Missouri—Professor E. A. Trowbridge.

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AFTER reading this far you have no doubt surmised that my niece, Martha Ellis, and I were great pals. We were both horse lovers, so when Martha was a plump little miss of five, she would ride with me when I was exercising the horses. One morning I first drove Consternation, who was a very straight-going horse; then I drove Revelation. At a certain gait Revie winged with his right foot, and so you may be sure that when I was showing him in competition, I never allowed him to go at that gait. I noticed that Martha was leaning over to one side looking at something and seemed very much interested. I wondered what was going on in her young mind. Presently she straightened up and said, "Aunt Lou, should a horse go like this [making her small hands move like a horse that goes straight] or like this [giving her right hand a little twirl]?" I was surprised that a child so young would notice the difference in the action of the two horses. At an early age she knew what was meant when we spoke of a horse's having hock action.

One of the little boys living in our neighborhood was the proud owner of a goat and wagon. One day he took Martha for a ride, which he considered the greatest honor he could bestow upon her. When he helped her out of the wagon, after

they had driven around the block, he said, "Well, Martha, what do you think of my goat?" She replied, "Junior, you have a nice goat, but he hasn't any hock action." Junior didn't understand horse terms and when he got home he went to his mother and said in a hurt tone, "I'll never take Martha Ellis riding again as long as she lives." His mother wished to know the reason and was very much amused when she heard what had caused the injury to her son's feelings.

One Sunday, Dr. Combs took the text for his sermon from the Book of Revelation. During his talk, he mentioned Revelation several times. Martha, then a small girl, whispered to me, "Aunt Lou, why does he keep talking about your horse?" In the sermon several words were used ending with "ion," and I whispered to Martha, "A good name for a horse." She said, "Aunt Lou, you get lots of good ideas during church, don't you?" I agreed with her, but the names for my horses were the least of the good that came from sitting there listening to the beautiful music and fine sermons.

Martha knew how fond I was of Revelation. When she was about nine years old, she wished to give me something for Christmas that she thought would make me happy. She drew a picture of Revie hitched to the phaeton, and wrote the following, which I treasure more than the most beautiful poem ever written. Here is what the dear child wrote:

Here he comes so proud and grand.
Never was seen his equal on the land.
Look at him bow that beautiful neck
He has come from a proud sex.
See how high he raises those feet.
Never was a horse so hard to beat.
Chicago is where he was bought,
And many a man would have frought
If they had known such a beautiful creature was there
Horse lovers would have come from everywhere.
His mother was driven to a plow.
But he is so beautiful, I don't see how,
His father was a racer and was very fleet

But Rev was nothing like him. Rev must have been a freak.
The thing he most loves, I will tell you
It is his Mistress, dear Aunt Lou.

Martha was not the only one inspired by the horses to become poetical. This one is copied from the *Kansas City Star* and must have been written about thirty years ago:

A Poem to Miss Long

To The Star: It seems as though we should give a word of commendation to our illustrious Miss Loula Long and her noble steeds, who give us such splendid entertainment and a new love for the horse, who helped to make our country. For this reason:

We salute you, Miss Loula Long, without Hesitation
And pronounce you the queen of the horse loving creation.
Your riding with "Major Dare" was a most pleasing Revelation
Far exceeding our greatest Expectation.
As was the riding with the beauty, Appellation.
Causing the thousands to applaud in spontaneous acclamation.
Your Demonstration was an apt and pleasing Illustration
On the tan bark track of electric Illumination.
You and your horses created a Sensation
Which caused among your rivals great Consternation.
Your horses seemed to share your smiling Determination
To uphold the fame and honor of Kansas City's station
In this great sport loving nation.
Your winning of each event in conspicuous rotation
Showed hard work and practice gave you your Reputation.
As the great audience gave you their Approbation
And their loving, proud and sympathetic Appreciation.
So the judges gave you the blue ribbon consideration
Crowning you the empress of the whole aggregation.
Yours truly, Frank J. Knight, poet, not by occupation.

Please do not think that I am copying these simple little poems and letters to try to give you the impression that I am outstanding in any way. I have never been considered pretty by even my most loyal friends. I am decidedly awkward in my movements and am anything but a mental giant, but I have truly loved horses all my life and tried to do my best when

working with them. I think these little things I am telling you will show that there is always someone who appreciates your efforts.

These letters came to me years ago and had been put away in the box in which I kept clippings covering the shows of long ago. Until I started to write this story, I hadn't read them for many years. I must confess that they mean much more to me now than they did at the time they were written. It is nice to know that something you were able to do brought pleasure to someone else as you traveled along life's pathway.

Of all the letters I kept, I think part of this one would please my Mother and Daddy most of all:

> I shall never forget the thrill it gave me when you were awarded the blue ribbon. Since that night, I have read with interest many articles about America's Greatest Horsewoman, but today I say, America's Greatest Woman!
>
> Surrounded as you have been with luxury and every opportunity to make of your life just what you choose, you have truly set for the world an example of noble Christian character. Your influence is infinite. Your words ring with sincerity, and love of nature.

You know, when you receive a letter like that, it rather puts you "on the spot" and makes you feel that you must never do anything to disappoint the woman who was kind enough to write it.

After reading this next excerpt, I am sure you will agree with me that there must be something in the high altitude of Colorado that has a peculiar effect on people. This one came from Gunnison, Colorado, and was written on January 29, 1914, by a man I had never met. Think of it, over thirty years ago. It makes me realize how fast the years are flying by. It reads:

> Dear Miss Long:
>
> I hope you won't think me impertinent, but thought it would interest you to know that your absence from the recent National Horse Show held in Denver was a great disappointment to the people of Colorado. Many came especially to see you and the inquiry could be

heard on all sides, "Where is Miss Long?" There was a fairly good exhibit but they lacked an intangible and indefinable something—efficiency, physical and mental. You have a way of doing things that no one can imitate. You have the wonderful power to project the image of your magnetic personality, shedding a sort of a spiritual radiance about which has a peculiarly clarifying and calming effect. How poorly this expresses it.

Yours truly,

_____.

I have written about some of the nice things that have come to me because of my great love for horses, and here are two of the amusing instances:

Feb. 10th, 1911

Dear Miss Long:

Being an admirer of horses, and being one of the best western plainsmen riders and ropers, I thought it would be no harm in writing you this letter.

I saw you riding on Grand Ave. one day and admired the way you rode and your pretty horse. I used to ride wild ponies in the west and held the record in tieing held at Boise City, Idaho. I am a large fellow 6 ft. 1 in. have brown hair and eyes and horse and cattle. Was foreman on a cattle ranch for 12 years. I am considered good-looking and can go in any company but I am poor and have not got the means to enjoy horses and life. I am a dead rifle and pistol shot and I would dearly love to have a horse ranch in Montana and would like to show you the life of a western horse ranch when you are tired of the city. I have a horse hair bridle which I will send to you with my photo if you answer this letter. The bridle is very fine work and is worth a $100. If I could only make your acquaintance I would be happy. I am 36 years old and never drink or smoke. You will think I have my nerve to write you, but you know they say faint heart never won a fair lady, and I know you would like to see the photo of the man who wrote this letter, so if you will answer I will send it and then should I not hear from you, I will not trouble you any more.

I am, very truly yours,

_____.

P.S. I am a stranger here and should you favor me by writing it would be quite a romance. I saw you and took a fancy to you before I knowed who you were. Now I know you have many admirers but when you see my Photo, maybe I will be numbered with the lucky ones.

The other chap didn't waste words:

July, 1913

Miss Lula Long,
Kansas City, Mo.

My wife died Oct. 28, 1912. My home is Austin, Tex. I came here July 25th. I want a wife to go back with me. I learn today of you. I am a Christian.

Truly ————————,
Gen. Del. St. Louis, Mo.

P.S. If you do not care for my pictures, please return them.

They were returned.

There have also been pathetic letters—those that have come from people who are real horse lovers, but who could never afford to own one. Their pleasure was derived from watching the beautiful animals in the show ring and from coming down to the stables where they could get a close view of the horses and sometimes pet them. I have been asked many times if we would object to their giving our horses a piece of sugar. I can easily understand their feelings and am glad to have them pet our horses, but we have had a number of horses that objected to being touched by a stranger.

There have been many incidents during the shows that have brought us much happiness, and I hope I shall not bore you by telling a few of them.

One night during the St. Louis National Horse Show, following the harness stake, which Captivation had won, I was asked to drive the mare back into the ring. I thought it rather strange that I should be asked to drive her, as Dave always shows the mare. I supposed that they were going to announce that Captivation was a Missouri-bred mare and perhaps give her another ribbon. Instead, I was asked to line up in the center of the ring. Then Charlie Green, in his usual gracious way, went on to say such nice things about me that I was truly embarrassed. Mayor Bernard F. Dickmann presented me with a scroll and a large brass key to the city of St. Louis. But what pleased me most was a beautiful basket of flowers with a card

on which was written, "With love from the people of St. Louis." That was another time I drove out of the ring with tears in my eyes.

A breakfast at the Deshler-Wallick, given by the Horse Show Committee of the Ohio State Fair, held in Columbus, Ohio, is another pleasant memory. They always have something unusual at those delightful parties. This particular year they gave ribbons for various things, and I was awarded the championship ribbon for being the nicest person at the party. Of course, I knew it was given to me because I was the oldest exhibitor present: so, you see, age does have its compensations.

Many people have asked how we select the "ions" in naming our horses. Well, there is a reason for some of them.

I have already told you how *Revelation* was named, and here's the way some of the others came about:

Meditation.—We meditated several days before we bought her, but it was too bad we didn't meditate indefinitely.

Temptation.—We had two very good horses over fifteen two. We were in Canada trying to find an outstanding horse under fifteen two, when we saw a beautiful bay horse, but he was fifteen two and one-half. The temptation was too great for us to resist, so we bought him.

Consternation.—We hoped he would cause consternation among the other exhibitors, but we were a bit disappointed.

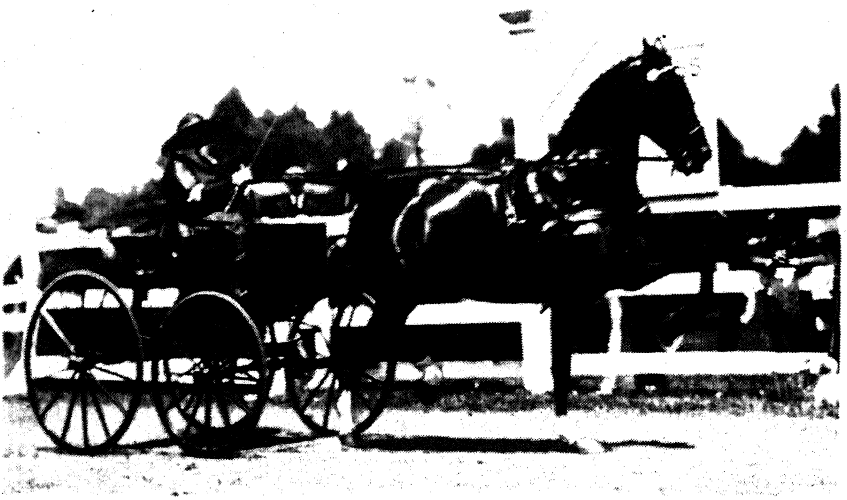
Realization.—When we saw the dainty mare we felt that we were about to realize something we had long been looking for, a mate for Revelation, and we were not disappointed.

Captivation.—We felt that she would captivate both the judges and the audience when she entered the show ring.

Decoration.—Foaled May 30.

Reputation.—We bought her partly because of the reputation of her sister, Lady Seaton, who was an outstanding mare in the show ring.

The "ions" have been shown in the following states: Arkansas, California, Colorado, District of Columbia, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, and Wisconsin. We have also shown in England and in Canada.



Reputation

I have always been greatly impressed by the loyalty of the people of Kansas City for our horses, but I was completely swept off my feet when, after the showing of the Gay Nineties class at the show in 1935, Mr. James C. Swift, at that time president of the American Royal Live Stock Show, read the following:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—FRIENDS OF THE AMERICAN ROYAL:—

I crave your indulgence for a moment while I enjoy the privilege of saying a few words in appreciation of the Horse Show's best friend. We are glad you enjoyed the GAY NINETIES, made possible by her generosity and enthusiasm, supplemented by the coopera-

tion of her splendid friends, and bringing vividly before us the startling changes of a few brief years.

But the Gay Nineties is not only pictorial and historical but it serves to again remind us how each year increases the indebtedness which the Royal and its friends owe to our outstanding sportswoman, Mrs. Loula Long Combs. The name Long has always stood for big things in Kansas City, done in a fine and generous way, and the story of the years presents no more intriguing picture than the narrative of Loula Long Combs and her horses at home and away, carrying the banner of Longview and of Kansas City, many times to victory—sometimes to defeat—but always with a dignity and charm that accords with the best ideals of true sportsmanship.

And so I am privileged to say these few words of appreciation, recording as I know the unanimous feeling not only of the Royal family, but of all lovers of horses and horsemanship—of sports and sportsmanship—and in that great class of generous rivalry as to who is first among the many splendid friends of the American Royal I award the Blue Ribbon to that gallant woman, Mrs. Loula Long Combs.

At the conclusion of the reading, my first thought was, "I hope Mother and Daddy are listening." If I am worthy of even a small part of what Mr. Swift was gracious enough to say, my parents deserve all the credit, for it was their example and training that made me what I am.

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You who have never attended the American Royal Live Stock Show in Kansas City, Missouri, in the fall of the year will probably think that I am prejudiced in favor of this show, held in my home town, when I say that I am saving the best until the last. The American Royal is different from any other show in the country, and I feel that any of you who have witnessed the show will agree with me. Many people come from a distance, some as exhibitors, but greater numbers as spectators.

Of course, it is not strictly a horse show. In fact, there are many more cattle than horses, and there are also mules, poultry, pigs, and sheep. The 4-H Club has a very important part in making the show the success it has always been. The horses hold the spotlight in the afternoon and evening shows, and what a great performance they give.

Mr. William R. Weeks, affectionately called "Billy" by his many good friends, who was the president of the American Royal Horse Show for a number of years, was largely responsible for the great success it attained. He was ably assisted by Mr. Allen Thompson as manager.

One of the many things that makes the American Royal a great show is the large and enthusiastic crowds that attend. There is seldom a vacant seat at any performance.

Monday is designated as Missouri Day. The governor of the state is usually present to welcome the throngs of loyal Missourians, who are proud to make that day one of the best, at least from the point of attendance, of the entire show.

High school bands come from many towns in Missouri. These bands are composed of enthusiastic young people who spend long hours practicing for this great occasion. It is regarded as a high honor to be asked to perform before an American Royal audience. At the opening of the matinee, these bands parade in their bright-colored uniforms—an inspiring sight. After marching through the arena, they assemble in the ring. It is a thrilling and colorful scene: a thousand or more happy young people, grouped together to play two inspiring selections.

Tuesday is Kansas Day, and Wednesday is the day set aside for Oklahoma. On those days the bands come from those states; the governor, or some member of his staff, is also present. There is great rivalry between the two states as to which will have the largest crowd on its special day.

Perhaps you would be interested in knowing how this great show came into being. As early as 1880, pure-bred Angus, Shorthorn, Gallaway, and Hereford cattle were being brought into the Central West and Southwest. By 1883, strong rivalry existed between the breeders of this section as to the relative merits of the different breeds. At first, it was known as the Kansas City Fat Stock Show Association. Their first show was held in 1882 in River View Park.

In the annual edition of the *Daily Drovers Telegram* of January 1, 1901, an editorial captioned "Call it the American Royal" recited a conversation between Dean Curtis, of the Iowa State College of Agriculture, Ames, Iowa, and Walter P. Neff, editor of *Drovers Telegram*, in which Dean Curtis is quoted as saying that the Hereford, Shorthorn Show just held

compared very favorably with the British Royal Live Stock Show. In reporting a meeting of the four cattle breeders associations, in August of 1901, the *Drovers Telegram* used the heading, "The American Royal is Coming." Thus was christened what was destined to be one of the most far-reaching events in the Middle West. From coast to coast, from border to border, from Hawaii to Puerto Rico, came interested participants and spectators to attend the most outstanding comprehensive livestock and horse show in America.

The housing question was always a serious one. In 1908 a large one-story stucco building, called the American Royal, was built at Twentieth and Genessee streets, for use primarily as the arena, in which livestock was judged by day and the horse show was held in the evening. At that time it was considered an outstanding horse show exhibition building.

By 1912 the business of the Kansas City Stock Yards and the American Royal Live Stock Show had grown to such proportions that it was impossible to take care of both with the facilities then available. The American Royal was held in 1915, 1916, and 1919 in Convention Hall, and in 1917 at Electric Park, at Forty-fifth and Paseo; but neither of these locations was satisfactory. In 1922 the present home of the American Royal was built. The arena floor required for the American Royal Live Stock Show and Horse Show facilities is now approximately ten acres, and in addition has five acres devoted entirely to parking-space.

I shall never forget the opening night of the horse show, when held for the first time in the new building. That year I was to make my first show behind a breedy-looking roadster whose name was Redfeather. We have never ended the names of our saddle horses or roadsters with "ion." As usual, I was the only woman driving in the class where speed is essential. There wasn't a horse in the class that could outstep Redfeather, nor one that had better conformation. Up until the time we reversed, everything seemed to be in our favor. The parade of fat cattle had taken place just before the roadster class. The

footing in the ring was very soft and had been badly cut up by those beautiful cattle that were so fat they actually waddled around the ring. By the gate through which the cattle entered the ring, the going was very rough. As Redfeather and I were going at a merry clip around the turn by that gate, two men standing on the rail seemed anxious for me to know that they were pulling for my horse; they clapped as loud as they could as I drove by close to the rail. It frightened Redfeather, and he made a lunge. In so doing he jerked the front wheels of the road wagon off the ground. When they came down, one wheel landed in a rut. I could feel the wagon starting to upset and tried to shift the weight of my body to straighten the wagon but couldn't quite do it. When I realized that I was about to be thrown out, I put up my left hand to protect my head from hitting the rail. The next thing I knew I was standing up and, womanlike, trying to straighten my hat. I had the feeling that I had injured my left arm and found that I couldn't lift that hand. Looking down at my arm I thought to myself, "I didn't know my arm was such a queer shape."

All this time Redfeather was tearing around the ring, dragging the wagon, which was turned on its side. The other drivers were trying to line up in the ring to get out of the path of the frightened animal, while the men from the center of the ring were trying to stop the runaway horse. You can imagine the excitement in that building filled with people. Someone standing near the rail shouted, "You'd better get out of the ring or you'll get hurt." I retorted, "Oh, no; when they catch the horse, I'll finish the class." Much to my disgust, however, my finish was in an ambulance, and I was hustled off to the hospital.

Fortunately, Mother and Daddy did not attend the show that evening because Daddy was ill. Mother arrived at the hospital just as I was brought down from the X-ray room. Her first words were, "My dear child, are you suffering much pain?" Isn't it wonderful—regardless of one's age, we are always children to our parents. The X-ray showed eight breaks in

my arm between the wrist and elbow and a badly dislocated elbow, which accounted for the queer shape of my arm. At first, the doctor thought that I might never be able to drive again, for, besides all the breaks, a nerve was severely injured. That is the reason I always drive with handholds, and they seem very awkward, especially when driving a pair. But considering the many years I have been showing, I have been fortunate indeed in having had so few accidents.

If I should try to tell even a few of the many great classes which have taken place during the American Royal it would fill many pages. Most of the outstanding saddle horses, roadsters, heavy-harness horses and ponies, and many of the great hunters and jumpers have shown there and have been greeted with great enthusiasm. The people in and around Kansas City are real horse lovers, quick to pick their favorites and let it be known by their applause.

The stake for heavy-harness horses at the show held on Friday night, October 24, 1941, was the most outstanding stake for horses over fourteen two shown that year. There were eleven entries. All the outstanding harness horses, with the exception of Kilteam Beauty, answered the bugle call that October night.

Dave was driving Captivation, the mare bred on Longview Farm, in Jackson County, Missouri. For five years she had been undefeated in harness, and for two years before that, Invasion, another of our horses, was the only one to be placed over her. Captivation had become so accustomed to being called out to receive the blue ribbon that the minute the announcer would say, "The winner of this class is —," Captivation would make a quick jump to go out to where the ringmaster was standing with the ribbons. I felt that I just couldn't bear to see her placed second to any horse after the brilliant record she had made. I realized that age tells on animals the same as on human beings. Captivation was eleven years old and had been giving us the best she had for eight years. She had been shown at many of the big shows from one coast to the

other. She had been champion both times she was shown at Madison Square Garden in New York. In 1939 she was champion of the World's Fair Horse Show held on Treasure Island near San Francisco. She had been champion harness horse at the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto, Canada, and at numerous shows in various parts of the country.

It was hard to make up my mind to retire her while she was still on top, and yet I felt we owed it to her. How much better it would be for her to make her last appearance in the show ring as queen of them all instead of a has-been. So earlier that week, we decided that the harness stake would be Captivation's last show in competition and she would be retired on Saturday night. But this was unknown to anyone outside the family. Do you wonder that I felt sad when the night came for the stake? I was driving Invasion but I am afraid I didn't give him a good drive, as I found my eyes following the chestnut mare, and once more I saw her win the championship ribbon.

It became known to the public late Saturday afternoon that Captivation would be retired that night. News travels fast around a show, and Captivation had hosts of admirers. She was spoken of by many as the "white-legged mare" (we in the stable call her "Cappie"). When the harness stake was called, you could hear some of the railbirds say, "Wait until you see that white-legged mare come through the gate, then you'll see something worth looking at."

That Saturday night, many people came down to the stable and asked if it were really true that Captivation was going to be retired from the show ring. They just couldn't picture a show without her. You see, she was a Missouri-bred mare, and the people of this state were very proud of her record.

I usually go down to the stable in the evenings before the show starts. That night, when I saw the beautiful floral blanket that was to be placed on Captivation, a big lump came in my throat, and I couldn't keep the tears back. I wanted Dave to drive the mare in the ring that night, as he had driven her to all her victories, but Dave insisted that I do the driving.

When the gates swung open for Captivation to make her last appearance in the show ring, every seat in the large building was filled, and people were standing crowded around the promenade. You could hear many saying, "Here she comes." Cappie and I were both nervous, and she didn't settle until we had gone around the ring a couple of times. Then she began to move as does a piece of well-oiled machinery. The applause she received would be music to the ears of any great performer. I lined up, and Dave came in and stood at the mare's head. Charlie Green read the following:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It is always with a feeling of genuine sadness that we bid goodbye to a real champion of the show ring. And such a goodbye is what we are now saying to this beautiful mare, Captivation. Tonight marks her last appearance in a show ring for tomorrow she goes home to deep blue grass pastures and shady trees at Longview Farm where she was foaled.

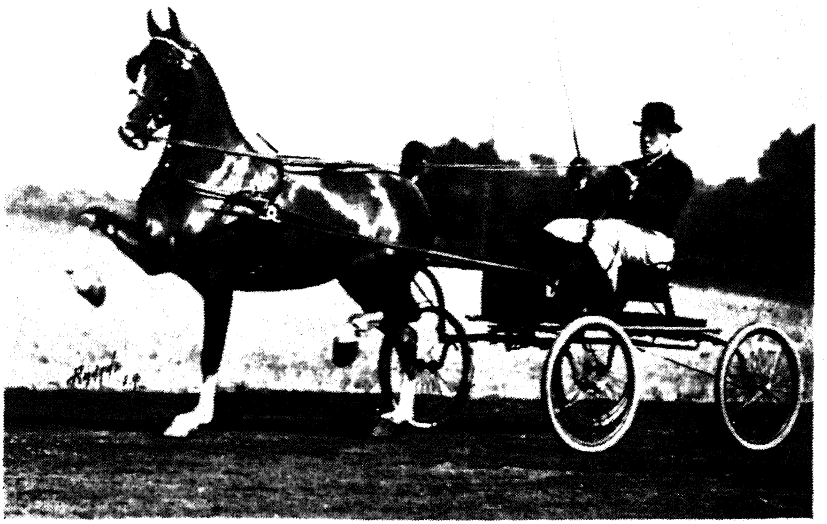
This champion product of Jackson County is owned by Mrs. Loula Long Combs and trained by Dave Smith, the man now standing at the head of this queen of show horses. Smith has been in charge of Mrs. Combs's show horses for over thirty years and has driven Captivation in every class in which she has been entered, hence in all her victories.

So we bid her goodbye tonight with regret at the passing of such a gallant champion but with the knowledge that she goes to a well-earned and secure future in the green pastures of her native countryside.

Then a blanket that covered her body and came down below her knees was placed on "Cappie." She was a very nervous, high-strung animal, and I didn't know how she would behave when the hanging flowers, which formed tassels on the blanket, hit her on the legs; but she put her dainty head high in the air and stepped out in a way befitting a queen.

If Cappie understood what was going on, I am sure the applause that followed her as she said good-by to her many loyal friends must have made her very happy: still, I imagine there was a feeling of sadness, because I am sure that she enjoyed her years in the show ring. She always did her best.

Dave and I had tears in our eyes when she left the ring, and I noticed many people wiping their eyes when Captivation made her glorious exit. Many people came to the stable to see the mare once more and to take a flower from her floral blanket.



Captivation

With the closing of Captivation's show ring career I bring my story to a close. Because of my age and the number of years I have been showing, I am truly the grandmother of the show ring. And to you, my grandchildren, my parting word is: Be a good sport. When you lose, lose with a smile.

Everyone is in competition of some kind, so to all my readers, my wish for you is that you may be humble when you win and brave when you lose.

May God bless you all.

[Continued from front flap]

the turn of the century will bring back many a nostalgic memory to older readers and will be of educational value to the younger. Over sixty illustrations have been inserted at appropriate places throughout the book.

What evidently started out to be a simple story for the entertainment of members of the family continued to grow until it reached the proportions of an autobiography running into hundreds of pages, with friends and admirers from many quarters clamoring for its publication. The book is brought to an end with the closing of Captivation's show ring career, late in 1941; the author's career, however, is by no means at an end, and her interest in horses continues unabated.

In dedicating the book to her father and mother, Mrs. Combs gives the key to the high idealism which characterizes the content of its pages. Robert Alexander Long will be remembered as the Kentucky farm boy who turned his eyes westward and became a pioneer lumber man, carving a fortune from the virgin forests of the frontier, and built the vast business that came to be known world wide as the Long-Bell Lumber Company; great Christian layman and philanthropist, who, in his busiest days, always took time for communion with God and service to his fellow man. Ella Wilson Long, blue-eyed, golden-haired native of Pennsylvania, one of nine children from a God-fearing Quaker household, brought a lasting influence to bear upon the life of her daughter, which no sensitive reader of these pages can fail to appreciate.

Loula Long Combs is a living proof that one does not have to surrender one's ideals in order to be popular, even among those whose views regarding personal conduct may be quite different from her own. She takes pride in the fact that she does not drink or smoke. She never swore but once (you'll love that story from her childhood, as related in Chapter 3). She does not bet on the horses. Yet throughout her brilliant career, she has been constantly surrounded by multitudes of admirers. Her philosophy of life may be summed up in these two points, which ring out as clear as a bell as you turn the pages of this book:

Hold God in reverence; respect your fellow man; be kind to all animals.

Be a good sport: a humble and generous winner, a brave and cheerful loser; follow the rules; play a clean game.

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